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VOL. XV.

NO. 1.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

October, 1885.

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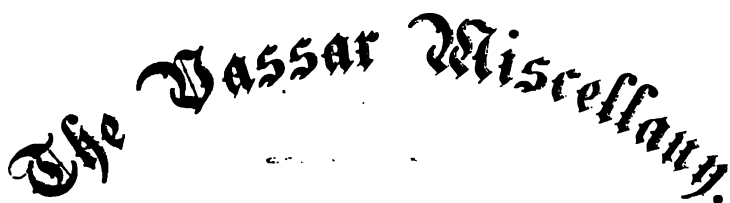
TERMS: *Two Dollars per annum* payable in advance. Single copies twenty-five cents. Address

MISS E. WITKOWSKY, BUSINESS MANAGER,

Vassar Miscellany,

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No. 1.

A young man destined for active life is often warned against all studies that do not bear immediately on his chosen department. The fineness of mind that is created, or at least increased, by the study of letters is supposed to incapacitate him for the drudgery by which eminence in practical affairs is gained. The justness of such a caution cannot be denied in the case of philosophers such as Pythagoras or Hegel, whose speculative genius carried them far beyond the bounds of common-sense, nor again in the case of scientists like Agassiz, who devoted their whole being to the pursuit of knowledge.

But there is another type of scholar which includes those men who, by long and patient efforts, whether under college

professors or by themselves, have developed the power to think.

In all departments of life there is at least one common agent. The lawyer in his arguments, the statesman in his politics, the merchant in his transactions, all employ one common means in attaining their ends. This is thought, the power of generating and grouping ideas. Who has this power if not the scholar—the man or woman whose method of thinking is so perfected that his thought has precision and intelligible meaning. And with this power many most noble qualities are associated. No scholar has acquired the knowledge that gives him a right to his title without also acquiring the habit of close application and power of concentration of mind which marks the educated will. He has, besides, a taste for sober manners, an ideal sense of honor and a contempt of success when earned by a desertion of these principles. The contour of his mental character is rounded out by moral qualities.

Transfer such a man from his library to daily contact with so-called practical men. They may smile at his ideal morality, but they cannot fail to respect it. He may be subjected to poverty, neglect, and discouragement. But give him time to adapt himself to his new circumstances and he will become a power in the community. He will act nobly, because he thinks and feels nobly; he will work effectively because he thinks clearly. His habits of investigation will lead him to make researches where men of shallower intellects have been content with the ways of their grandfathers. It is owing to the superior education of the Germans that they have lately become such formidable competitors to the English in China and India.

The advantages a scholar possesses are not solely for the world but also for himself. An enlarged mind embraces greater objects. If worldly wealth and success are wanting he has other means of happiness and dignity. The love of letters fosters an independence and delicacy of mind that

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act as preservatives against a servile homage to fortune. This refinement removes from both men and women all capacity for the enjoyment of shallow society and empty employments, but does not decrease an interest in public affairs. The scholar may withdraw from the turmoil of party politics but he still makes his influence felt. At crises in national affairs, he comes forward and turns the scale. Few opponents are more powerful than the political men of letters, for "so long as the mind governs the world and thought rules action, so long will literature be close to politics." In the struggles of the Commonwealth, Milton left his poetical labors to take a responsible official position and wielded a pen mightier than Cromwell's sword. Mr. Gladstone who stands to-day as England's greatest financier, has brought to his political work the same fire and quick sensibility that he has given to the study of Homeric heroes.

It has been urged that the fine sensibilities of a literary woman unfit her for practical benevolence. Yet who was it that answered the cry for help when the yellow fever was raging with all its horrors in the South? Sisters of Charity, a band of women refined and sensitive to the highest degree, yet carrying consolation and substantial aid to even the most degraded. The success of Florence Nightingale resulted greatly from her quick and perfect methods, the manifestations of a well-developed mind. Her knowledge of medicine and music underlay the work of the hospitals at Scutari. Margaret Fuller was the most brilliantly educated American woman of her day, and it was through her that order was brought out of chaos in the Italian hospitals.

It often happens that the scholar in spite of his receptive mind, his expanded faculties, and his power of thought, is a failure in practical life. He may lack common-sense—certainly a great essential to success—but this scholarship can neither create nor destroy. Often the failure is only apparent. His ideal of success is very different from that of the men who strive only for worldly prosperity. Success is the

4 *Resolved, That the evil effects of Newspapers are
greater than the good effects.*

attainment of a proposed object, and if in practical life, a scholar aims at ends that others consider unwise, he is still entitled to credit for accomplishing what was attempted. Nor should the world lose sight of the debt it owes to men whose ideals are not solely of mere personal good.

M. E. E., '85.

RESOLVED, THAT THE EVIL EFFECTS OF NEWS-
PAPERS ARE GREATER THAN THE GOOD
EFFECTS.

It was Wendell Phillips who penned these lines : "The millions have no literature, no school, and almost no pulpit, but the press. Not one man in ten reads books. But everyone of us, except the very few helpless poor, poisons himself every day with a newspaper. It is parent, school, college, pulpit, theatre, example, counsellor, all in one. Every drop of our blood is colored by it. Let me make the newspapers and I care not who makes the religion or the laws." And Napoleon said : " A journalist ! That means a grumbler, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations ! Four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than one hundred thousand bayonets." And another has said : " After all, the Press is king." Startling, indeed, are these affirmations—but apparently as true as startling. We are convinced of the power of the press when we consider the enormous circulation of our leading papers. The *New York Tribune* alone issued one hundred and eighty-eight thousand, six hundred copies on the day following the late election. Newspapers fly to the most remote corners of the land, being nowhere strangers. They follow each other in quick succession. New ones are born weekly, semi-weekly, morning and evening. These periodical visitors are everywhere cordially received. They accompany us to the break-

fast-table. We take them to the office, and at night we indulge in a final chat with them. "They furnish the daily reading of millions. They furnish the exclusive reading of hundreds of thousands." It is little wonder, then, that they sway the minds of the people. If the influence which they exert is exclusively wholesome and elevating, of course we have nothing but approval and commendation to offer. But some of them work the greatest evil in our midst. The bad newspapers, however, are so offensively poor, often abounding in vulgarity and blasphemy, that they merit only our contempt. Therefore it is only the so-called good newspapers that we shall suppose any of us have the inclination or the time to peruse.

More than one foreigner, after spending a time in our delightful country, has returned to his friends and passed the verdict upon us, that the American people are always in a rush; and probably none are more conscious of this fast living than are we ourselves. It seems impossible to pause and draw a long breath when everything about us is whirling. This hurrying through life is certainly not a matter for congratulation. The hasty performance of duties does not conduce to the best performance of them. If this haste is apparent in our physical lives how much more so is it in our mental lives! We no longer consider it worth while to pay attention to long dissertations, when reviews and condensed summaries are at hand. Critics crowd into a brief essay the extensive works of a deep thinker, and we seemingly master a distinguished author in a few hours. In our newspapers we find our literary food in a nutshell. "They inquire, reflect, decide for us. For five pence or a penny they do all the thinking of the nation. They present us with ready-made opinions clearly and forcibly expressed." Certainly labor is abbreviated, but with alarming risks. This sort of reading must make us superficial. We allow others to do our work for us, and in most cases it is very

6 *Resolved, That the evil effects of Newspapers are
greater than the good effects.*

imperfectly accomplished. We accept their mistakes and misconceptions. Pursuing such a method of reading we obtain a general idea of many subjects, but learn nothing accurately or thoroughly. A few questions reveal our real ignorance. Second-hand information is also liable to render us decidedly narrow. We refrain from going to the source of a matter, but depend upon our party journal. We read arguments which bear upon but one side of a question, which is as liable to be the wrong as the right view of the subject. Or, if we extend our reading so as to include all opinions on a subject, we run the risk of becoming sceptics;—and hardly anything makes us more offensive in society or less contented with ourselves. We have truth presented to us in so many forms that we lose all confidence. We become dazed. We know not what to believe and tell ourselves that nothing is worth believing. We grow to take a sort of pride in doubting. But consideration should teach us that nothing so weakens character as indecision and scepticism.

Newspapers, moreover, are crowded with horrible tales of want, suffering, misfortune, and crime. Most of these cases lie quite beyond our power of helpfulness. We begin to believe that the world is so full of suffering that it is useless to attempt to alleviate any of it. And each story of woe, which comes under our notice without a possibility of assisting the afflicted, hardens our hearts. And an unsympathetic nature is one which we cannot admire or desire to cultivate.

On taking up a morning journal, do we ever stop to wonder how much of its contents will prove, before night, to be nothing but fiction? The press also deals largely with what is mere speculation and not of the slightest permanent importance. There is much in the future for which our good sense bids us prepare, in case Providence has good or ill in store. But there is more in regard to which

we are entirely powerless, and which will not affect us in one way or another. Is it not more sensible, in these cases, to wait for results and to act in accordance with them, than to spend our time and efforts guessing what they may be? And, besides, journalists are prone to meddle with what lies beyond their sphere. They have sometimes forced our generals to act hastily and rashly. Unless our rulers are wise and strong enough to govern without asking leave of these conceited advisers, or caring for their stabs, trouble befalls the country. Also, contributors to our journals often go far beyond propriety by flaunting before our eyes what, in most cases, might better be veiled. Let me quote from an article concerning the late Greely expedition to the Arctic regions: "The sensational press never seemed so hateful as it did when it went prying into the horrors of the last month of that struggle for life. The cap-sheaf was put on indecency by a pictorial paper, which gave the picture of one of the dead men, and printed underneath, that after he was dead his comrades ate his flesh. The shamelessness of such journalism cannot be rebuked; civilized language has no adequate terms."

The press has created a peculiar style of writing which is bold and trenchant. In place of pure, simple language, we meet with artificial and careless excess, to say nothing of the bad English, bad diction, bad logic, and unsound doctrine, which so often distress us. Newspaper editors are always very positive in their statements, and unwilling to retract or correct what has once appeared in their columns. They tell their readers what is novel and sensational and present their news in a striking, exaggerated form, with little regard to truth. And the slander and fierce invective which appear anonymously are truly disgraceful. If we were to believe all that appears in our journal on the evening before election, it would seem impossible for our country to pass through the coming crisis without open war. Yet

8 *Resolved, That the evil effects of Newspapers are
greater than the good effects.*

we find that the vital question is peacefully decided and that the world moves on as usual.

During the last century or two, the world has taken long strides in the direction of improvement, but some of the "good old ways" are being sadly neglected. There are books, full of sound wisdom, which were once considered a necessary part of the reading of any well-informed man. These have been largely supplanted by newspapers. It is astonishing to see how many people there are whose sole literature is their journal, unless they read their Bible and occasionally a novel. Thus are cultivated peculiar habits in reading. No pleasure is taken in more elevated reading than is found in newspapers, and no patience is left for more solid literature.

It may be urged that at special times—in great crises in the nation's history—the value of journalism cannot be overestimated. This is granted, and at such times they should be carefully read; but it is everyday life, and not crises, that we have been discussing. In general, then, what should be our attitude towards newspapers? We would by no means advise one not to open his journal, week in and week out, and so isolate himself from the rest of the world. If such a thing were possible, we would advocate the wise plan of seeking "the golden mean which lies contentedly between the lesser and the great." But this is not easy advice to follow. Yet we would most earnestly counsel everyone, and particularly a young person, not to make newspapers his sole or even his chief reading. And we should do everything in our power to raise journalism to such a standard that it will nobly discharge the work within its sphere, and become a power for good in our country.

L. L. N., '86.

SOME SCHOOLS DEPICTED BY DICKENS.

Nowhere in fiction do we find pictures of child-life so beautiful as those in the novels of Charles Dickens. The author's interest in all that is for the good of mankind has led him to expose social evils ; while his love for children has induced him to set forth the bad effects of cruelty and neglect, as well as the beneficial influence of kindness and affection. Taine ascribes the evident love of Dickens for the young to the physical and mental characteristics of English children. But, is it not owing rather to the author's broad humanity ? He would doubtless have been just as ready to defend a black-eyed, French *Oliver Twist*, or to sympathize with a hot-headed Italian *David Copperfield*, had fortune brought him a knowledge of their woes. As it happened, his lot was cast among the little folks of England, whom he found in need of the sympathy of his kind and loving heart. Knowing this we are not surprised that in most of his novels he takes us into the society of children, at home and in school. He has given us some strikingly vivid pictures of the school-life of English children, especially of those under masters having nothing in common with their pupils, and as unfit for their position as they would be for that of prime minister.

In the preface to "*Nicholas Nickleby*," Dickens mentions that his knowledge of the traits ascribed to Mr. Squeers was gained by personal observation. He succeeded so well in bringing about an intimate acquaintance between his readers and that gentleman, that several Yorkshire schoolmasters threatened to sue the author for libel. Mr. Wackford Squeers is, however, only the representative of a class which existed in England about fifty years ago. A man of the most repulsive personal appearance, coarse and vulgar in the extreme, cruel almost to brutality, and utterly without moral principles, he is yet allowed to bear the name of

school-master and to undertake the guardianship of young children. He is assisted in the government of the school by his wife, who differs from him in that she is the *better man* of the two. Squeers is sneaking and cowardly, while his wife fearlessly displays all the cruelty of her nature. Of the two characters, if there is room for choice, we prefer the woman, unwomanly as she is.

The influence of the school itself is best shown by its effects upon Smike, one of the scholars, or rather—victims. Smike, when about six years old, was left with Mr. Squeers by an unknown man. For a time, the child's expenses were regularly paid, but suddenly the money ceased to come. Squeers kept the boy and made him work to pay for his board. When the reader makes Smike's acquaintance, the lad is nineteen years old, tall for his age, but so pitifully slight that he can wear the clothes of a child. He is taunted by his master for being a burden, is compelled to do all the drudgery about the place, and is beaten unmercifully upon the slightest provocation. Cruelty and neglect have so weakened the poor fellow's intellect that even the ignorant little wretches by whom he is surrounded, can afford to laugh at his stupidity. The school goes by the expressive name of Dotheboys Hall, and has about fifty scholars. They are a miserable, half-starved set, and are looked upon by Mr. and Mrs. Squeers as enemies. Usually, they are sent to the school to be out of the way, and are kept to bring money into the pockets of the greedy master. A show is made of teaching them something, but what that amounts to may be judged from the fact that the school-master himself can scarcely read. The incidents of daily life at the school—the frozen pump, the dosing with brimstone, the recitation of the "first class in English spelling and philosophy"—are portrayed with great vividness, and would be most humorous if they did not call up a picture of such extreme degradation.

In the description of Dotheboys Hall, Dickens has shown the effect of cruelty and neglect. In the picture of Dr. Blimber's establishment, he sets forth the evils of too great attention to learning. The school is aptly described as a hot-house, where the boys are the plants, and the teachers are the gardeners, or forcers. Mr. Dombey reflects with pleasure, when he takes his son there, that the school is very aristocratic and exceedingly high-priced. Everything about it is as stiff and starched as the collars of the young gentlemen. The scholars, ten in number, range from six-year-old Paul Dombey to twenty-year-old Toots. Toots has completed the course, and we find him at the end with plenty of good-nature, but no brains. Little Paul, after about six months of the forcing process, suddenly breaks down and never recovers. He was a weak little fellow, but his ambitious father sent him there to be taught everything. The forcers found him unusually bright, and consequently forced him all the harder. Scarcely able to read, he began with books which comprised (to use the author's language) "a little English and a deal of Latin, a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information." When he had studied the lessons as carefully as he could "whether twenty Romulus made a Remus, or hic, haec, hoc, was troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus, a bull, were open questions with him." The effect of such training is naturally enervating. If a boy comes through it alive, he is either fit, like Toots, to chuckle and wear the latest fashions, or he becomes, like Mr. Feeder, the assistant, a mere machine, useful for cramming into others what it grinds out of itself.

The descriptions of all connected with this school, are inimitable. We feel a keen interest in the fair Cornelia Blimber, Paul's teacher. She is described in such a way

that it is impossible to find out whether or not she is hand some, but certain it is that she is very learned, that she knows it, and that she makes others know it. There are plenty of Dr. Blimbers and Cornelias in the world. Many children go through a ten-years' course in our public schools and are able to tell their admiring teachers, parents, and friends that they have studied reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and general history; algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and astronomy; English literature, rhetoric, physical geography, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, civil government, and political economy, to say nothing of drawing, music, French, German, Greek, and Latin, which have been thrown in occasionally. The parents and teachers do not often stop to enquire at the end of that course how much the pupil knows, or in what condition is his mind. It is enough that he has learned by rule, recited by rule, been marked by rule, and been graduated in the same way. Some vigorous constitutions may pass through such a course of cramming without serious injury, but there are many whose health and intellect have to pay dearly for such an education.

Let us turn, by way of contrast, to another boy's school where a cruel master tyrannized over those beneath him and encouraged habits of deceit and lying. Such is Salem House, the school which David Copperfield attended in his earliest years, and "Old Creakle" is the master. It is not a pleasant picture. The master, belonging to a somewhat higher grade of society than Squeers, is hardly superior to him in any other respect. He is an ignorant, brutal, cowardly man, fond of walking up and down the schoolroom and letting his cane come down upon the backs of the unoffending victims. The smaller boys are, of course, the usual sufferers. Among the larger boys is one whom the cowardly master recognizes as his superior and whom he does not dare to touch. This is James Steerforth. It

is in this school that David became acquainted with Steerforth, and the description of their friendship is an interesting example of hero-worship. It is here that the nobler qualities of Steerforth's nature received their first turn in the wrong direction. Placed among those who were avowedly his inferiors, he could give full sway to his domineering spirit, his selfishness, and arrogance. These qualities might have been checked, and the good in him brought to light, by a teacher whom he would have been forced to respect and by companions whom he could have recognized as his equals.

David's schooling, however, was not to end at Salem House. We find him again, after a few years, making the acquaintance of an old gentleman, careless in dress, with a pre-occupied expression, but kind and pleasant-looking, nevertheless. He is Dr. Strong, master of a day-school, which differs further from those already described, in that it is the author's ideal of a school. The boys are not only well taught and well treated, but each is placed upon his honor and is made to feel the responsibility of his position. There is no lying, no deceit. The boys carry with them from the school-room the gentlemanly manners which are there encouraged. All revere the Doctor for his goodness, and they love as well as admire him. David found no occasion for indulging his hero-worship at Dr. Strong's; he could respect the head boy, but the qualities which had made Steerforth his idol were not fostered in a school where justice was done to each and where there was no chance for favoritism.

In "Hard Times," we find another model school, or at least one that pretends to be such. It is a day-school for boys and girls, and is an excellent one of its kind. The children are made to see the folly of indulging the imagination, of engaging in any games, or of going to any sort of amusement, and are impressed with the importance of fact.

Mr. Gradgrind is the founder of the school, and it is conducted according to Mr. Gradgrind's system, namely : to leave the children no childhood, but to educate them as mere reasoning animals, incapable of feeling any emotion, and governed by the intellectual faculties alone. Where the system accomplished its purpose, as in the case of Bitzer, the result is most revolting ; where it succeeded only partially, as in the case of Tom and Louisa Gradgrind, the result is truly pitiable. Let all would-be Mr. Gradgrinds, before establishing schools of facts, read "*Hard Times*" and take reasonable warning from the effects of their prototype's utilitarianism.

It is impossible, in a mere sketch, to do justice to the humor that is found in the description of these schools. Though we pity the sufferers from Mr. Feeder's cramming and from the brimstone-and-treacle dose, we cannot help feeling exquisite enjoyment in their discomfiture, especially in that of the little boy on whose curly head Mrs. Squeers wiped her sticky hands.

It is evident, however, that the author intended to do more than amuse, and we can safely say that he has succeeded in his purpose. After reading the account of Paul's experiences at Dr. Blimber's, the father of many a weak little boy, has questioned the course he was pursuing with his own child. The masterly description of Dotheboys Hall, gave the death blow to Yorkshire schools, and the exposition of Mr. Gradgrind's practical philosophy has won many converts to the side of common sense.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but Pope was guilty of a *non sequitur* in advising us, for that reason, to eschew it. The danger is ubiquitous ; the little knowledge has such charms that it follows as a corollary that the quotation should read " As ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Be wise, be wise, be not too wise—take the good of the ignorance with which the gods have provided you and be thankful. It has its value. It not only hides evils but reveals treasures—the flash of insight before too minute a knowledge has blunted our perceptions of our friend's character—the swift vanishing unfamiliarity in the first sight of a person or a place, never renewed and never forgotten, the thousand evanescent phases which gleam and disappear ; it is as if we had surprised a sentient thing in our mute surroundings and won a secret from them that was never meant for us—the consciousness of throbbing life in the city streets, disappearing as we recognize individual lives—the broad, silent stretches of country, dumb with that reticence of Nature which is eloquent because it is eternal. Who does not know this mystery and strangeness !

Early on a certain summer morning, we started on the last stage of a long journey ; the house we sought stood grimly on its eminence beyond the placid bay, hardly grayer than the heavily dewed slope which met it : as our carriage wheels creaked along the empty road, a heavy fog shut down around us, sweeping aside for a moment merely to show granite boulders dampened by its touch ; the road, grown more precipitous, unrolled itself meagrely before us until

it ended under an archway. The doors swung open and we entered a wide, dusky space, defined only by the glimmer from the polished floors and the pale rays that sifted in through a north window. Were we to believe, when the sunlight, two hours later, had dispersed the mist and shrunken the indoor spaces into well-ordered rooms that that was all, because it was what those who knew it best saw? The other lay hidden behind the daylight aspect, with an uncanny suggestiveness. The same weirdness flashes at us from unexpected corners, with an oblique thrust at our consciousness so that we see and hardly dare acknowledge the sight to ourself, lest it disappear. It startled me once in a carved oaken window frame, dark with age, set in an inner wall in an old Southern house. There was only darkness within it; and it looked blankly from the wall with an incongruity which transfigured its surroundings; of the same nature was the narrow path winding between the tall boxwood hedges and leading nowhere—a pale strand of color between the two glossy walls. Leading nowhere, did I say? That I do not know. I was too wise to put the matter to the test; the atmosphere demanded vagueness—it was not a path with a purpose—and vagueness was furnished it from that happy ignorance of the facts of the case which is at the basis of every ideal.

A too intimate acquaintance with facts, those “brute beasts of the intellectual domain”, would interfere sadly with that habit of mild speculation which is one of the greatest of our latter-day blessings. Not but that there have always been mortals who recognized the supreme importance of the point of view in a scheme of life and have made haste to secure the vantage ground of a gentle and sympathetic receptivity, but that this with other knowledge has been popularized, and we are all cultivating the half humorous expression of the looker-on. So the man who proclaims from his shop window that he “Lives for to

Dye—Dyes for to Live” has a dignity which could not outlast an acquaintance with the interior of his establishment ; he has a claim to our sympathy and our respect ; he has seen the light ; he has an ideal, and is struggling blindly up by the aid of decrepit puns toward that last refinement of civilization—the man who laughs. So I am also at liberty to speculate upon the mental attitude of a certain Boston baker who advertises “Home-made pies. Pro bono publico” What is the significance of this ? Is it a proof of the good influence of the cooking school, or does it antedate cooking school and merely show the public-spirited citizen, intent upon his country’s good ? We may infer the table habits of his customers and, if it be true that man is what he eats, we have here a valuable hint for the socialogists. Pastry has always been treated as one of the great formative influences in our national character ; is the demand for it diminishing so that he must offer extra inducements of “home-made,” or is this a touch of pride to distinguish his wares from the multitude prepared for the American appetite ? I have a theory of my own based upon my belief in the forward march of humanity ; is not this description of the origin of his wares, this assurance that they are *pro bono publico* a confession of weakness ? A struggle of the incorruptible New England conscience against the doubts attacking this last tenet of the old Puritan creed—pie ?

There is still another region in which my little knowledge has availed me. A home of my childhood was on the bank of a beautiful river ; we could see for miles up and down its course as it swept by the low-lying Virginia fields until it disappeared around a bend to the South. It was no mystery to me, this river, and I grew to know it so well that it still, in its varying aspects, sweeps through the background of many moods, as childish memories will. There was no mystery about it, except around that far bend

to the South. What lay beyond ? into what country did this silvery flood pour itself when it passed beyond the slender black line of the forsaken plantation wharf which marked the limit of the known ? It is one of my finer convictions that just beyond that bend waited the old woman with the three gifts who meets adventurers on the threshold of their wanderings, and that if I had met her, the three gifts for me would not have been concealed in a hard-shelled nut — one can find nuts to crack and uncommonly hard ones, too, on this side of the division line — but the cloak of darkness and the shoes of swiftness and the invincible sword would have been mine at once. And beyond the old woman were the enchanted princesses, and the knights on their prancing steeds, and the underground dwarfs, and magicians, and the whole delightful country of the impossible. And when Frank Stockton began stories of a wonderful land where gravity is of the negative variety and houses rest under spectral mortgages, I recognized it at once. It lies just around that bend of the river and there Rudder Grange and the Thomas Hyke rest after their adventures, and the Lady and the Tiger and the lover and inquiring young man and the Discourager of Hesitancy live happily ever after. Go then, and I will know better ? I dare say ; but, now, I know best. Besides I am afraid of the Discourager of Hesitancy.



THROUGH GEORGIA.

The March sun shines warmly over the land, as we speed on our way from Jacksonville to Augusta, and every trace of winter has disappeared. The first part of the journey is over a flat country, where the fields stretch away till they seem to touch the horizon, with their level surface unbroken by hill or undulation. Sometimes the view is in-

tercepted by forests of gaunt trees whose only foliage is the grey moss. It hangs in tatters from the bare branches, and gives a dreary aspect to the scene. These forests usually grow in swamps, and the trees, with the moss hanging in streamers blown about by the breezes, look like maidens with unbound hair, standing in the rising tide.

Winter is mild in this sunny land, and the change to spring is not characterized as it is in the North, by disagreeable thaws, and as it were, a general house-cleaning in the halls of Dame Nature. On the contrary, the advent of spring is marked by the preparation of the soil for seed, and by the masses of wild flowers and the blossoming fruit-trees. The air is filled with sweet odors as it comes through the open windows of the car : the warm rays of the sun penetrate the upturned soil, and cause it to send up a clean, earthy smell ; while every breeze is laden with fragrance of the yellow jasmine, which runs riot everywhere.

The land is prodigal with her wild flowers, and most beautiful among them is the jasmine ; its bell-shaped blossoms have a sweet odor, but poison lurks in their depths, and it is not safe to put them near the mouth. The jasmine is a running plant, and its clinging tendrils twine about any support they can reach. Here the vine holds in its tender embrace an old fence, whose ugliness it hides with its generous flowers. There it reaches out and takes possession of a bush, twining its graceful tendrils in and out among the branches, until the bush is turned into a mass of gold by the yellow blossoms.

In whatever direction the eye turns it falls upon a sea of yellow, and yellow so vivid that it seems as if the flowers had absorbed the very rays of the sun.

Occasionally we pass a peach orchard in full bloom that sheds its soft fragrance on the air ; and at every gentle breeze, showers down its pink petals. The delicately tinted

blossoms hide the bare branches, and form a beautiful picture against the background of the blue sky.

Half way to the zenith are banks of white clouds, that scarcely move, so gentle is the wind : while everywhere else the heavens are deep blue, and are reflected in the waters of the rivers that flow lazily on to the sea. The country is so level that the rivers spread out over the land, and flow as if loath to leave their pleasant channels and join the ocean.

Now and then a bird skims over the surface of the water, or stops on the brink of the stream to drink, before soaring up into the sky and pouring forth a glad song. The blue-bird flashes across the sight, and far away is heard the shrill cry of the cat-bird. Where the fields have been up-turned, and made mellow for the seed, are to be seen flocks of timid wild doves, that can scarcely be distinguished from the earth, so quiet are the colors of their feathers ; while, on the contrary, the larks, from the dashes of yellow in their plumage, are easy marks for the sportsman. The chick-a-dees fly away at the slightest noise, filling the air with their chattering ; settling on a tree, they make it alive with their fluttering wings. That shadow was thrown by a buzzard, the scavenger of the land, lazily winging his flight overhead ; just watch his movements for a moment, and see how one stroke of his powerful wings will send him on for rods : while now rising, now falling, he seems to float on the air without any effort of his own.

The red-bird, with flaming color in its wings, gives a touch of brightness here and there, as it flits about in eager search for food, or sits and sings on some gently swaying plant. The sparrows are chirping about everywhere ; they are quarrelsome among themselves, and very troublesome to the farmer. He considers as a benefactor the sportsman who will rid him of the pests ; and on many a gunning expedition I have tried to keep this fact in mind as I

aimed at a little fellow perched saucily on the top rail of a fence. But if by chance my aim was good, and he tumbled over backwards, I forgot the gratitude of the farmer, and had a bad conscience all day, remembering the pitiful attitude of my victim, as he lay on his back, with his toes curled up to the sky.

A little later in the year the mocking bird will make his appearance, and then the "air will be filled with music;" to appreciate this songster, he should be seen when free, for after being caged his spirit is gone and his song is not half so beautiful. But one loses all respect for the robin as a bird of upright principles, when he is seen staggering home after a feast on the berries of the mock-orange; for this gourmand will eat these berries before the dew has left them, until he is too intoxicated to fly far from the ground; and if perchance he lights on a fence, his position is so insecure in his light-headed condition as to make him very ridiculous.

Following the flight of one of these birds we see, away in the distance toward the west, hills dimly outlined against the sky; the character of the scenery is changed, and our journey no longer lies through pleasant fields, for presently we come upon a scene of desolation, that extends for miles along our way. It is the path of a hurricane that has swept along, now on one side of the railway, and now on the other. Although the path of destruction was not more than three or four rods in width, yet the amount of damage done in this space was very great. A clean path was cut through forests of trees, as if the obstructions to the course of wind had been nothing more than frail weeds. Great trunks were torn up by the roots, and tops of trees were broken off, and hung swaying back and forth. Many houses were completely destroyed and one shuddered at the thought of the people who had been, perhaps, rudely wakened from sleep by the rush of the winds, with only

time to escape from the house before it was thrown down. Occasionally a building would be turned half way around on its foundation without being otherwise disturbed ; another would be carried some distance and set down as securely as if it had never been moved.

The desolation of these scenes was terrible, and it was pleasant to come again to quiet forests of pine trees with their soft carpets of needles ; and to broad fields lying on the banks of the Savannah, that flows sluggishly on to the sea. The soil through this part of the country is brick red and in the steep cuts made for the railway the shades of color in the sand can be plainly seen. In one place there are as many as sixty shades ; and when a few grains of each shade are placed in layers in a glass tube, they look like the rings of a serpent.

The sandy soil is most favorable for the pine tree, but there are many of the deciduous trees of the North found there also, as the maple, chestnut, and oak. The kindly mistletoe festoons the bare branches of the yew tree, and keeps it green all through the winter. There are many trees besides the pine that retain their foliage all the year ; as the mock-orange among whose shining leaves are hid the dark red berries, too tempting food for the robins.

A very striking feature in the landscape is the pine grove ; the trees are from seventy to one hundred feet high, and they do not begin to branch till about fifty feet from the ground. The trunks, about two feet in diameter at the base, taper very gradually. The needles make a soft carpet, and give out a resinous odor that is considered exceedingly healthful. The trees are far enough apart to allow a carriage to pass between them, but overhead the branches interweave, giving but occasional glimpses of the sky. To walk through one of these groves is like being in a vast cathedral, with the sky for a roof, resting on columns of mighty trees, and the choir of birds in the

branches singing sweet anthems. Just at sunset, when all the noises of the day are hushed, and the birds are quiet in their nests, when the last beams of the sun are glancing among the trees, while darkness settles down from above, the murmur of the wind in the branches resembles the far away sound of an organ, while the solemn stillness is like an unspoken benediction.



Editors' Table.

It is with reluctant pen that we record the resignation of Miss King from our corps of editors. We desire to thank her for the hearty interest which she has always shown for the MISCELLANY, and to acknowledge our appreciation of the excellent and able manner in which she has conducted it. Her place is already filled in name, at least, and for the sake of our magazine, we earnestly hope that it may prove in deed. It is our wish to further express our regret at her withdrawal by cheerfully bestowing our labor during the coming year, and we cherish a fond desire that the result may be as happy as formerly.

It is the furthest from our desire and aim to appear constantly to be finding fault and preaching. How we detest such a person! But may we hope for forgiveness if, in the first MISCELLANY of our new college year, we seem to speak plainly and give a word or two of friendly advice. An experience of our late vacation suggested what we have to offer. It certainly would seem as though no Vassar girl would intentionally say anything to injure the College which, of all others, she has chosen as hers. One would as soon think of ridiculing and prating about the failings of her own family,—instead of commemorating their many good points and the debt of gratitude owed to them. Yet we chanced to overhear members of the College conversing with acquaintances—people who knew comparatively little about Vassar, but who that day learned quite enough, we

fear, to prejudice them against it. These collegians, not stopping to consider how their talk would sound to the ears of outside people, went on to discuss the sore need of reformation in almost every department of the College, even affirming that at present "Faculty honors" may be secured by a regular attendance at prayer-meetings, and saying much else which it is not worth while to repeat and which it would be difficult to substantiate. Of course these girls were thoughtless, and meant no real harm by their indiscreet remarks, yet it was evident that some of the company, at least, went away with the feeling that Vassar was not the place where they should care to have a daughter of theirs educated. It would be hard to calculate what the harvest of these few seeds might be. It is true we must be careful not to give our College a higher recommendation than that to which we can honestly subscribe, but let us try to say something good—if anything at all, remembering that what is said by us, who bear the College stamp, has not a little weight.

Although it is often said that the very best things are never popular with the world at large, they certainly ought to be popular in a community like this. But an inspection of the Library almost makes one think that, as far as literature is concerned, they are not. Why is it that so many of the finest, choicest books stand in the same places, week after week, while paper-covered novels, by the "Duchess," for instance, are by no means an uncommon sight in these halls? This question has been asked a hundred times, but it is just as pertinent as ever. One reason for this neglect of the best books is often expressed thus—"When I am tired studying, I want to read something light and interesting." But if one's brain is so tired that one is unable to read anything worth reading, better not read at all.

And the idea that the best books are dull is quite an antiquated one. Everything,—history, criticism, philosophy,—is made interesting now, and if these tire one, there is always poetry. But another cause of this evil is the lack of an adventurous spirit. So many girls make the standard novels their “Ultima Thule” in literature, and there is such a world beyond the standard novels! “Culture is: To know the best that has been thought and said in the world . . . And culture is *reading*; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system.”

The surroundings of the College never looked more beautiful than on our return this fall. The vines and trees, just assuming their autumnal tints, the garden with its profusion of flowers and the well-kept lawns are all quite perfect in their way. But the lake, in its present condition is certainly open to criticism. So far as beauty goes, it is anything but an ornament to the landscape, and on health-grounds, it is even more objectionable. Rowing is an admirable exercise for the development of the arms, but a row on Mill Cove Lake is likely to be attended with injuries which any amount of muscular development would scarcely balance. Two remedies for the evil have been suggested. One is to drain off the water and have no lake at all; the other is to enlarge it by cleaning out the swamp at the upper end and to secure a current. This would give us a sheet of pure water which would be an advantage, both æsthetic, and practical. Of course we do not wish to lose our lake, but hope that the Mill Cove Lake of the near future will be thus improved and enlarged.

In recently looking over a file of the MISCELLANY we came across a wail—no, more than one, if we remember rightly—on the unprosperous condition of the magazine. Some edi-

tor had kindly taken the pains to ascertain the number of alumnae from each class, and then had as kindly placed the number of subscribers from the respective classes beneath. If we are not mistaken, the whole number of subscribers amounted to about one hundred and twenty. In comparison with the number of graduates this was undoubtedly a small proportion; but what would that same editor say if she were told that the number of alumnae had, quite naturally, been increasing since then, but that the number of subscribers had been decreasing? If she had "wailed" over the seemingly pitiable fate of the MISCELLANY then, what *could* she do now?

This is certainly a discouraging state of affairs. So discouraging, in fact, that we ask ourselves whether it is best to seek a remedy, or allow the ill to take its course. We are aware that we are discussing an old—but yet, how fertile!—subject. Once more we would earnestly seek the reason why we have so few subscribers, both inside and out, this year? Is hard times the cause? Are our alumnae and students so poor that they cannot afford to pay two dollars a year for the support of the College representative? Or is the trouble with the editors? We have done and will do all in our power to make our magazine both interesting and profitable; but our attempt, without the coöperation of the students and alumnae will be, to a great extent, unsuccessful. We would especially ask aid in the direction of the Personal Department. We have been repeatedly told that Personals are what please the former students, and have repeatedly set forth in our columns the need of assistance in this direction. We would further state that the financial condition of the MISCELLANY is unenviable, and that it will be impossible to continue the magazine for a great length of time without a reimbursement of funds. It would be a great blow to us, and to all interested in the welfare of the MISCELLANY, we trust, to see it discontinued; but

we would impress the fact that this will necessarily be the case unless we have instantaneous and hearty coöperation in all directions.

“ Old things must pass away : ” this we all acknowledge. But why, among the necessary changes attendant upon the beginning of a new year, among regrets for old books, old rooms, old friends, and old furniture—why must we also be forced to lament the established order of meal-hours and study-periods ? Dinner at twelve forty-five and supper at six ? At the suggestion a groan ran through the long dining-room. And still we groan in spirit. The delights of the “ half-hour between dinner and chapel ” exist for us no more. The conversational enjoyment of dinner must be marred, even on Wednesdays, by the thought of afternoon recitations. Worst of all, in a few weeks we shall be obliged to add to the mental exercise of the evening study-hour the physical exertion of gymnastics—and all on the support of an unsubstantial tea. Truly, some old things are better than the newest of the new. ‘

HOME MATTERS.

The surprise created by the resignation of Dr. Caldwell last June was soon followed by a deep interest concerning his probable successor. On this point the newspapers kept us so well and variously informed that we returned to College in a complete state of bewilderment. Should our first greetings be to President Anderson, or President Duncan, or even, perhaps, to “ Miss President Cleveland ” according to the strenuous advice of a witty New York paper ? Or should we find ourselves headless ? We eagerly

sought out the first well-informed Vassar girl and found that for once the press had proved misleading. She told us that Dr. J. R. Kendrick, one of the trustees, had been appointed President *pro tempore*, so that the trustees might have time for more careful deliberation before making a final choice. It was their only wise course. Frequent changes are disastrous to the best growth of the College, and, doubtless, the President, when elected, will remain many years. For this reason nothing could be worse than a hasty choice. Moreover we have discovered, even at this early date, that an interregnum may be a profitable and delightful period. Dr. Kendrick has a most trying position, but he has at once won from students and teachers a loyal and sympathetic co-operation that must do much to lighten the inevitable burdens of his work. His genial, kindly manner, and the earnestness of his words in chapel and prayer-meeting are already felt as a power among us. There is further cause for encouragement this year in the increase in the number of pupils. There are 104 new students, while last year there were but 90. The whole number of students at present in College is 269, more than were in College at any one time last year. An unusually large proportion of those who have entered are collegiate students. The Freshman essay class which consists of full Freshmen, collegiate specials of Freshman grade, and such preparatory students as will probably join '89, has this year 72 as against 52 last year. These statistics are gratifying to those of us who are watching the signs of the times. Not less gratifying is the spirit of loyalty and right-minded ambition that seems to prevail in the College.

The total eclipse of the sun in August, 1869, was observed by seven graduates of Vassar College. They accompanied Prof. Mitchell to Burlington, Iowa, and were attached to the party of Prof. Coffin who was then superintendent of the Nautical Almanac. Their reports have only recently been published by the United States Government, and copies have been received at the observatory. The reports are those of Miss Whitney, Miss Glazier, Miss Ely, Miss Storke, Miss Blatchley, and Miss Reybold of 1868, and Miss Coffin of 1870.

Near the beginning of our last college year, the members of the "Society for Religious Inquiry" conceived the idea of inviting the new students to a social gathering, for the purpose of welcoming them and of cordially inviting them to join the Society. So successful was the experiment that it was repeated this year. The Young Women's Christian Association—the successor of the above-mentioned society—entertained the new members of the College on the evening of September 25, in the parlors. The company was large and the time was enjoyably spent in gay converse. After a modest "spread," an opportunity was given to all the guests to give their names to be proposed to the Association for membership. In this way forty names were added to the roll, making the number at present about one hundred and ten. Much useful and earnest work is, we trust, being done both in the College and outside. The mid-week prayer-meetings are under the leadership of the members of the Association; meetings, in which addresses are usually given by speakers from abroad, are held each month on Sunday evenings, and a considerable amount of charitable work is constantly being done. We hope as time goes on that the Association will make itself felt more and more, and that grand results will be accomplished.

We have not been accustomed to allowing space in the MISCELLANY to descriptions of our fortnightly Chapter meetings, but this time we cannot refrain; for each Chapter seemed to bend its best energies to the meetings of October 9—the first of the year—and in each case the labors were crowned with merited success. Alpha's meeting was held in Room D, and was opened by a critique written and read in Miss Sherwood's usual charming style. When we say that the farce "Who is Who?" was given, and that the actors were Miss Fox, Miss Ferris, Miss Leech, Miss Pocock, and Miss Harker, nearly all of whom had before distinguished themselves as actors, it is needless to add that the audience was admirably entertained.

Beta's programme consisted of a bright critique by Miss E. C. Greene; an illustrated song "Down from Carson City," in which the parts were taken by Miss Berry, Miss Patterson, Miss Terry, and Miss L. T. Wooster, with good effect; then followed "The Register," in which the acting was unusually pleasing. Miss Borden took the part of Nettie Spaulding, Miss Bowen, of Oliver Ransom, Miss Vance, of Ethel Reed, and Miss Ward, of Mr. Grinnidge.

"Delta always has such unique meetings" was the remark of a non-Deltan on Friday evening, and certainly the adjective unique was well applied to the "Maria Mitchell" programme with which Delta entertained her guests. Room J was in gala-dress for the occasion. Programmes in the convenient triangular shape bore a wood cut of our distinguished Professor. Miss Palmer's critique of the last meeting deserved the applause which greeted it. A fine piano-solo was then executed by Miss Botsford. The "Maria Mitchell" part of the programme began with an interesting biographical sketch, and as Miss Sheldon was the author, it was of course a fine production. We hope that it will appear later in the columns of the MISCELLANY. A

poem written to Prof. Mitchell by two Vassar girls was then sung by the Glee Club. This was followed by "Scraps" or odds and ends of poems written to Prof. Mitchell. These, read as they were by Miss Chase, were heartily appreciated by the audience. The Glee Club then sang enthusiastically "for the glory of Maria Mitchell's name" and thus finished the literary exercises of the evening. The programmes were furnished by Miss M. E. Jones and Miss A. G. Bryant, former presidents of Delta, and a beautiful floral design was presented by them and was given by Delta, in her turn, to Prof. Mitchell.

In each meeting, after the literary programme was finished, the remainder of the evening was spent over the customary "spread", and in social conversation. Each Chapter entertained a large number of new students as is usual at the first meetings of the year.

In the Students' Manual of eighteen years ago there is a statement that 'visiting from room to room during study-hour is not allowed except by permission of the Lady Principal.' Accompanying this rule and tempering the wind to the shorn lamb is the important concession that 'the five minutes' interval between the periods is free for conversation among room-mates.' Joyous five minutes of freedom for the conscientious girls who kept the letter of the law! But with most girls the five minutes naturally grew into many times five minutes, and soon the clause of concession was permanently laid on the table. Nor was it long before the whole law, though the major part of it has remained upon our statute books till this year, became practically a dead letter. It was undoubtedly wise to repeal it altogether. There are now no restrictions with regard to study-hours except such as the demands of the

class-room and the good sense and the ambition of each pupil may dictate. The object of the old law was to secure for each girl certain uninterrupted hours for work. The larger freedom of to-day brings about the same desirable result in a more satisfactory way. Armed with a rigid "engaged" any girl can effectually protect herself against visiting comrades and can so arrange her hours of work and recreation as to accord with her individual needs.

This old time Manual has proved most interesting reading. Here is another pleasant little arrangement whereby the tender maiden was shielded from temptation: "Students desiring to purchase articles from the Steward's Store-Room must, at breakfast time, leave a written order for the same, inclosing the money, with the Corridor Teacher, who, if she approve the purchase, will indorse the order and send it to be filled." Let the lovers of cheese who complain of their restricted purchases read and be grateful. Think what it would be to have a Corridor Teacher who didn't approve of any cheese! and again: "Young ladies under age who wish to make purchases in Poughkeepsie present to the Lady Principal a list of articles desired, which, if approved, is given to the teacher in whose charge they go, and no other purchases are permitted." Even a superficial comparison of these restrictions with the present rules shows a gratifying change. The value of self-government is being practically as well as theoretically admitted. Less stress is laid on authority and oversight, and there is more reliance on the loyalty and good sense of the average college girl.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH FINCH.

At the request of the Editors of the MISCELLANY, I am glad to say a word about Miss Finch. My affection and my judgment join alike in the tribute to be paid to her memory. Her qualities were such, and were so mixed, that they satisfied both. She deserves special honor in the College, for her life had been in it from her girlhood. She died at thirty-four, and had spent half her years there. For the last seven years I have known her, and the Providence which appoints our times, with no purpose or forethought of ours, sent us away from the place, so dear to both of us, together. She held two places in the College which brought her into closer relations with me than a teacher generally holds. In both she showed an aptitude, a fidelity, a success which gave her just rank.

In the first she and her work were more open to the public eye, and I need not testify in regard to the appreciation she received. She was in full sympathy with the religious services, and had the true spirit of a priest in the temple, in excluding everything low, vulgar, grating, and making the music fit, impressive, edifying, congruous, "an acceptable service." Her devoutness, her reverence, her fine feeling as well as her religious faith, her spirit as a woman as well as her taste and technical power as an artist, lifted her above all that was perfunctory, or simply æsthetic. She was as conscientious in performance, as she was pure, almost fastidious, in taste. She was eager for professional knowledge. Twice she had been abroad, not so much to see the sights, as to learn about her art. Last year she came home, her repertory stocked with the best sacred music she could find for use in the Chapel. The Deane Organ was like the advent of an angel for her, and her memory will come back to how many of us associated with its beautiful tones in the "dim, religious light" of

nday evening recitals. Her training of the choir, her action of music, so various, so apt, her touch of the gan, so delicate, so firm, the dependence that could always be put on her, the dread she had of the least mistake failure, in a word, the character she gave to the Chapel voice, made her a very important person in the College community.

For the last three years she has been the President's secretary, a post more private, and yet more responsible, and I might say, more difficult than the other. She ought to it some admirable qualities, and fully justified the solicitation with which it was offered to her. She had not only the quick intelligence necessary, the ample knowledge of the educational machinery, which she soon acquired, tact and patience in dealing with all comers, the bit of accuracy in details, of system in procedure, but also the higher qualities which are moral, and of temper and character rather than of intellect and of education. She had a fine, even high sense of honor. She would not have betrayed a confidence, even under the rack of a martyr. She was as discreet as she was intelligent. She was loyal, and not with the loyalty of friendship only, but of conscience. She was a person of decided opinions, but she never lacked modesty, or the deference due to authority. If she was exacting towards others she was no less exacting towards herself.

She had qualities which belonged specially to neither of these positions, but which came out in intercourses and friendships of the College. She had the faults of a recent and secretive person, but these did not sour her temper, or compress her sympathies. She had humor, always right. There was an unpurchased charm in her smile which certainly came out of a beautiful soul. She loved to give pleasure,—the sign of a good heart. Of the inner and private life of faith, of her spiritual outlook, of the sin-

cerity of her religious convictions, of her elevation above earthly and selfish things, I could speak, if it were not better left to her own testimony than that of another. In what I have said I have connected her very much with the Chapel and its worship. And now that she has gone forever out of our sight, gone into heavenly places, whose life is music, I cannot help feeling how much and how truly she belongs there. I should take for her fit epitaph the last verse of the eighty-seventh Psalm, "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there; all my springs are in Thee." S. L. C.

A Memorial Service for Miss Finch was held in the Chapel Sunday afternoon, October 11. Many of her relatives and friends were present. The whole College family and friends from Poughkeepsie participated in the sad and impressive service. Dr. Ziegenfuss, the pastor of Christ Church, of which Miss Finch was a member, conducted the service.

After the opening exercises, which were according to the Episcopal form, Dr. Ziegenfuss announced as his text: "Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha which by interpretation is called Dorcas. This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she was sick, and died, whom when they had washed they laid her in an upper chamber. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber. And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." After showing, in a most fitting manner, that nothing useful is

ever lost or destroyed, that the All Wise and Merciful Father never errs, and setting before us the value of a quiet, unobtrusive Christian life, he expressed his regard and ours for the deceased, in the following well-chosen words: "The fingers that were wont to touch those keys,—to touch them so skillfully, conscientiously, and reverently (as she touched all things), and to lift up our hearts unto the Infinite in prayer and praise, lie palsied forever, but echoes of the sweet music of her godly life will come back to us at quiet moments and move our spirits to thankfulness, to nobler aspiration, and endeavor.

There is but one regret: there are words that we should have said, there are helpful cheering deeds that we should have done, if we had only known that the parting was so near. And therefore, in the words of another, the message to us is this:

"Sweet friends, the words of love you wish
You'd said to me while I could hear,
Take heed, in days to come, you speak
To living ones who still are near.

No more for me can you do aught,
Save make the flowers bloom where I sleep;
But hearts of living ones still ache,
And eyes of living ones still weep.

Pour out on them the love and care
You wish you could on me bestow;
Then, when some other falls asleep,
O'er vain regrets no tears shall flow.

Death, then, would teach us how to live,—
How we shall die need give no care,—
Live as we'll wish we had; and then
Death's face becomes divinely fair."

The closing prayer was offered by Dr. Kendrick. The music and every word that was spoken seemed very appropriate to the solemn and never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Seventeen hundred and eight persons visited the College during the summer.

College opened September 18.

Dr. J. Ryland Kendrick has been appointed to fill the position of President.

About a hundred new students have been admitted.

We regret the absence of Miss Sherwood, Miss Harlowe, Miss Hartwell, and Miss Brace. We are glad to welcome Miss Bliss and Miss McCaleb.

The class of '89 has been organized. At present it has about thirty-one members.

The dinner-hour has been changed from 5.15 to 12.45.

Senior essays have been abolished.

The Y. W. C. A. had a social meeting, Sept. 25.

The Chapters met for the first time, Friday, Oct. 9.

Miss King has resigned her position on the MISCELLANY Board; her place is filled by Miss Sweetser, and Miss Ferris has been chosen as the new editor.

'89 has elected the following officers :

President,—Miss Marshall.

Vice-President,—Miss Boyden.

Secretary,—Miss Baker.

Treasurer,—Miss Wellman.

“Il faut que les enfants aient du pain aujourd’hui.”

The above was translated in Senior Condensed French, as follows :

“It is necessary for the children to have pain to-day.”
Sensation.

Professor. “In what forms do these minerals crystallize, Miss X?”

Miss X. “Rhododendrons!”

The Prep. who made the following translation evidently had a high opinion of the exactitude of the Romans. “Ab his millibus passuum minus duobus, castra ponit.” He pitched his camp a thousand paces, less two, from them.

The following conversation has taken place in Vassar within the last five years :

Alumna. “You are an editor of the MISCELLANY, are you not?”

Misc. Ed. “I am.”

Alumna. “May I be allowed to visit the Sanctum?”

Misc. Ed. “Certainly.”

Alumna. “And will you tell me where the Sanctum is, now?”

Misc. Ed.—in great confusion. “I really do not know!”

President Seelye, of Smith College, and Mrs. John Bigelow, have been guests of the college this month.

The Bible classes this year are taught by Miss Goodsell, Prof. Braslin, Prof. Dwight, Prof. Drennan, Dr. Moshier, Mrs. Kendrick, Miss Leach, Miss Clark, and Miss Reynolds.

Mrs. Caldwell, who, on account of an unfortunate accident early in the summer, was confined to her room for many weeks, was in College during the opening days of the year. Before her departure Dr. Caldwell spent a few days here. He was warmly greeted by his many Vassar friends.

WANTED:—A copy of the **VASSAR MISCELLANY** for May, 1879. Any one willing to sell the number specified, will please communicate with the editors of the **MISCELLANY**.

WANTED:—V. C. Class Day books previous to the year 1873. Any one willing to furnish any number of the same will please notify the **MISCELLANY** or Miss M. E. Jones, 10 James Street, Boston, Mass., and will be liberally paid for them.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'70.

Mrs. Swallow-Richards has been employed this summer, to analyze the ores of the Hecla and Calumet Mines, Lake Superior.

'72.

Died, in New York, Oct. 1, Charlotte E. Finch.

Miss Brace has resigned her position at Vassar.

'76.

Dr. Tolman, after passing a year in the N. E. Hospital, has begun independent practice in Arlington, Mass.

Miss Kate Reynolds is teaching in Mt. Carrol Seminary, Mt. Carrol, Ill.

'77.

Miss Ella Gardner has resigned her position in Miss Hall's school, Boston, and has accepted a position in Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Miss Bliss has returned to Vassar.

Mrs. Mary Land-Payne, formerly of '77, will sail for Europe, Oct. 21, expecting to remain a year in Bremen, for purposes of study.

'78.

Miss McCaleb is at Vassar, filling the position of private secretary to the President.

Miss Helen Brown is teaching private classes in New York this winter.

'79.

Married, Miss Elizabeth Fletcher to Dr. Julien E. Hequembourg.

Married, at Elizabeth, N. J., October 6, Emily C. Jordan to Henry C. Folger, Jr.

'80.

Miss McFadden and Miss Olmstead have resigned their positions in the Fond du Lac High School. Miss McFadden intends to study at the Harvard Annex.

'81.

Miss Henck has returned from abroad, and is taking a short art course in Vassar.

Died, Cleveland, O., September 11, Jeannette E. Murray.

Miss Alice Hayes, formerly of '81, sails for Europe, October 10.

'82.

Married, September 17, Miss Mary Case to Mr. F. E. Barney.

Miss Mary King is teaching in the Girls' High School, Boston.

Miss M. E. Jones is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

'83.

Miss J. A. Yost is teaching in the High School, Topeka, Kansas.

Miss S. F. Swift has returned to London, where she edits "All the World", the monthly foreign Mission Journal of the Salvation Army.

'84.

Miss F. Haldeman is teaching in a Friends' School, Washington, D. C.

Miss Spafford is teaching Physics, Chemistry, and Astronomy in Rockford Female Seminary, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Cornwell-Stanton will sail for America.

Miss Annie Spalding, formerly of '84, has resigned her position in the Brook School, Cleveland.

Married, Sept. 8, Burlington, Vt., Jeannette Gardner to Dr. Charles G. R. Jennings.

'85.

Miss Dunning is teaching in the Pittsburg Female College.

Miss Bryant is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

Miss Heyer is teaching in Norwich, N. Y.

Miss Goldstine is teaching private pupils at her home.

'86.

Married, in Chicago, July, Miss Blanche MacCleish, formerly of '86, to Mr. Andrew Billings.

'87.

Died, July 10, at Trumansburg, Jeannette Guion.

WHEREAS :—It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved class-mate, Jeannette Guion, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of '87, extend our sincere and heart-felt sympathy to her family and friends in their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the College paper.

E. C. GREENE,	}	Committee.
FLORA L. TERRY,		
CLARA L. JONES,		

'88.

Miss Rideout has spent the summer abroad.

Died, at Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 31, Gretchen Holtz.

The following-named old students have visited the College this month :

Mrs. Lucy Kellogg-English, of '75 ; Miss Henck, Miss Elizabeth S. Brown, and Miss Alice Hayes, of '81 ; Miss Lowry and Miss Stevens of '85, and Miss Fanny Lester.

The Alumnae Association of Chicago and the West met the 10th of October, at the Palmer House, Chicago.

All Alumnae who have changed their addresses within the last three years will please send permanent addresses to the Secretary of the Alumnae Association, Vassar College.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

We welcome to our exchange table *Ouling*, the *Packer Alumna*, and the *Georgetown College Magazine*. The latter contains a poem of some power, entitled "The Horseman." The metre is rather too irregular.

The Colby *Echo* is rendered especially attractive by the publication of a prize article on Zenobia. The attention of the reader is held by the picturesque and rhythmical style of the composition, as well as by interest in the sad story of the ancient queen.

Suggested to '88 :

Here's to '89

For she's much in need of brine,

Drink her down, etc.—*Ec.*

The editorial columns of the Yale *Record* for September constitute the most interesting part of the paper. Ought this to be ?

We quote the following item from the Harvard *Crimson* :

"James Russell Lowell presented to the library last June on his arrival from abroad, a valuable collection of books which he had gathered while in Europe in the past eight

years. This collection embraced six hundred and eighty-eight volumes. They are mostly Spanish works, some are Italian, and a few are English."

The Troy *Polytechnic* begins its second year with hope and promise for the future. The editorials show that the managers of the paper are encouraged by the work of the past year. The articles in the present number afford pleasant reading.

At a public dinner once, in honor of Edward Everett, Judge Story gave the toast, "Genius is recognized where Everett goes." Everett responded, "Law, Equity, and Jurisprudence: they can never rise higher than one Story."—*Ex.*

The Yale *Courant* for October 3 is an unusually bright number. The advice of the editor to the Freshman in "So to Speak" cannot fail to win an appreciative smile, even from members of '89.

The *Century* devotes several articles to the life, death, and burial place of General Grant. "A Study in Independent Journalism" is an account of the work and ideas of Mr. Bowles, the editor of the *Springfield Republican*. One of the most attractive features of the magazine is an illustrated article on "The Summer Haunts of American Artists."

The *Atlantic* contains chapters of "The Princess Casamassima," by Henry James; "A Country Gentleman," by Mrs. Oliphant; "The New Portfolio," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "On Horseback," by Charles Dudley Warner; besides various shorter articles and poems.

The *St. Nicholas* is rendered especially pleasing to boys by a base-ball story, "How Science Won the Game"; to girls, by "Peggy's Garden and What Grew Therein." Frank R. Stockton is still a welcome contributor. E. P. Roe's serial, "Driven Back to Eden," ends, as it began, without much interest.

BOOK NOTICES.

“The Land of Rip Van Winkle,” by A. E. P. Searing, tells in a pleasant conversational style the story of a summer tour through the Catskills, and relates many romantic legends connected with the mountain region. The book is illustrated by numerous engravings.

The Land of Rip Van Winkle, by A. E. P. SEARING.
New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 2.

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF WOMEN.

Thirty years ago a college for the higher education of women did not exist. Twenty years ago the first great institution of the kind was established and the whole civilized world was stirred to an interest at once curious, intense, doubtful, sarcastic, expectant. But a score of years has passed since then, and yet the change which has been wrought in public opinion in the time might well have been the work of a century.

To-day we have a goodly number of richly endowed and finely equipped colleges for women, and the list is steadily increasing. One after another the great universities are opening their doors to women (whether front doors or side

doors does not so much matter ; the women are admitted, that is the essential thing). Even the fact that a brother and sister may now "go through college *together*" has ceased to astonish, where once it would have shocked and horrified.

Certain it is that the girl may go to college with as little opposition or comment as the boy, be graduated a Bachelor of Arts or a Master of Arts, may choose her profession, equip herself for it and enter upon its duties unchecked, the little opposition which she may encounter from the *unreconciled* acting only as a wholesome stimulus to her powers.

The press, the rostrum, the pulpit, the bar, all boast brilliant and successful women among their representatives. The ranks of medicine and surgery are not without their distinguished women members, and chairs of astronomy, philosophy, anatomy, the natural sciences, and mathematics are ably filled by women. At the head of two of our great colleges are learned and distinguished women, both Doctors of Philosophy. The Post Graduate Medical College of New York has two women among its lecturers.

In short, the question of the mental ability of women to fulfil all the requirements of the highest educational standards has been so successfully demonstrated, both here and abroad, that it may be considered as forever settled. The question of physical capacity to carry on the work which this higher mental equipment necessitates must now be met ; and partly from this fact, partly from the attention which this branch is receiving in the education of men, the subject of the physical training of women is at length vested with a degree of interest commensurate with its importance.

It would be a mistake to infer that a woman, to secure to herself a superior education and afterward engage in a professional life based upon this, requires a greater degree of

physical endurance than she who chooses a life of fashionable dissipation or she who must earn her living in some more humble occupation. The life of the president of a college is not more wearing than that of a struggling society woman; a professor is not more hard worked than the ill-paid teacher in a crowded public school; the doctor may sleep while the nurse keeps her tireless vigil, and the book-keeper has a better chance for life and health than the shop-girl or the seamstress. Health and strength are equally a boon to all, equally necessary to the carrying out of almost any plan of life. There is, however, this difference. When a woman of fashion puts by her shining attire and turns her weary face to the wall, a shattered, nervous wreck, or a worn-out teacher slips from the ranks, the world says—*nothing*; but let a woman of science drop by the way and the world is not so indifferent. “Ah!” exclaim the croakers, “see what your higher education has done.” Therefore to her, health becomes a duty as well as a necessity.

The present physical status of American women of all classes is certainly far below what we should wish to be considered as even a medium standard. We see too many girls with flat, narrow chests, protruding shoulder-blades, weak and flabby muscles, eyes without lustre, and skins pale and relaxed. These atonic conditions are sometimes associated with a good deal of adipose, but the nerveless, asthenic condition of the active tissues gains nothing thereby. There is no robustness, no free and abounding health in them.

Many girls grow to womanhood free from disease, and in the normal performance of all their functions, but in them there is a sad lack of physical power; there is no toughness to their fibre, they are essentially gossamer, and when the strain which would not injure a stronger material is brought to bear upon this flimsy web, we find, alas! how

slender are the dainty threads. A cherished life flickers faintly and passes from us forever, or at best a frail sufferer, doomed to lifelong invalidism, is spared but to burden a busy world with her helplessness and pain. Others, from inherited tendencies, or especially faulty environment, or both, are always ailing; and again others, in spite of many influences to the contrary, develop into strong, healthy womanhood.

That women may possess a high order of physical strength is amply shown by the histories of classes and individuals in many different nations. These are too familiar to the general reader to need enumeration here. The grim and mighty women of the Commune "with knotted muscles hard as iron," terrible and powerful in their wrath, were still but women, and why not? The same elements enter into the structure of both women and men. The molecular and cellular arrangements are the same and the same laws operate to their perfect growth and development. Muscular power in a woman simply indicates the result in her of physiological processes which know no distinctions of sex, and if a woman be physically weak there are reasons for it which are not, or *should* not be attributable to sex.

The first great influence which operates against the successful physical development of the girl, and later the woman, is Dress. This influence begins early. Long before the child is in school she has learned that her pretty and more or less flimsy attire must not be subjected to any very severe tests if she would avoid tatters upon the one hand and reprimands from nurse or mamma upon the other. A constant repressant is thus placed upon her spirits. Then, too, the little creature, from consciousness of her personal appearance, engendered and fostered by all this finery and the interest it provokes in those around her naturally falls to mincing and "not doing as the *boys* do." She is bur-

dened, heated, and annoyed by superfluous locks which are always in the way, and with her fluttering ribbons and wind-tossed hair the poor little flyaway is often in her *picturesqueness* a type of childish distress. What mother would be cruel enough to trammel her growing boy in this way? Aghast at the suggestion she would wisely tell you that "*boys* must have a chance to exercise."

As the girl grows older the woes of her attire increase upon her. She is weighted with more and more superfluous material. Her most important internal organs, the very laboratories where the material essential to her nutrition and growth is being elaborated and perfected, are compressed, pushed upon by other organs, often crowded out of their normal positions, and their work interfered with to a degree little thought of by the nervous sufferer who is at a loss to know what ails her. Under these conditions free natural movements of the body are hindered and healthy symmetrical growth of the different parts rendered impossible. Again I ask what mother would not instantly proclaim "*my son* will be a wretched weakling if treated thus." Alas, she has no mercy upon her unfortunate daughters. They may breathe if they can, digest if they can, their blood may circulate if it can, it is no concern of hers. They must be *stylish* at any cost. .

Another defect in the rearing of girls, (though largely dependent upon the above) is that too much in-door employment and too little activity is demanded. Hours of dreary drumming upon the piano each day, bending over fancy-work, laboring over some accessories of the toilet are required when she should be out in the fresh air and the sunshine, building up a vigorous body for the work which is to come. A saunter in the park or along the street is but a poor offset to the day's bicycling, or, perhaps, to the exercise on the ball-ground or in the hay-field which has brought her brother home hungry, brown, and merry.

More rowing, more horse-back riding, more vigorous walking, more tennis, more out-of-door games and interests of every kind, more regulated gymnastic exercises, more stimulus to physical exertion in every direction and more fitting conditions under which to make this exertion are the great necessities for the growing girls, the young women of to-day. Happily this is coming to be understood and accepted by the wise and thoughtful men and women who direct and control public opinion.

It is a fact that the children of feeble "gossamer" mothers, sons as well as daughters, must partake of the frail texture of the maternal fibre, and that, in spite of the advantages of the boy over the girl in his opportunities for physical development, we still have weak, nervous, narrow-chested men, men whose vital endowments are in every way feeble and faulty. And, therefore, we have come to know that not only for woman's personal advantage in life but for the sake of all coming generations, her physical culture is a matter of prime importance.

Again we shall see, if we take the trouble to look into the subject, that this movement has its strongest supporters in those who have been laboring for the higher *intellectual* culture of women. It is in the leading colleges for women that the greatest enthusiasm exists, and it is here that the necessity for the best instruction, the most approved apparatus, and the most systematic efforts is recognized. Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Girton, all are fully alive to the importance of this movement, and are vigorously putting their convictions to the test of actual work.

Valuable statistics bearing upon the subject will in time be obtainable. As yet it is too early to gather much except from the general statement that immediate good results have in many cases been experienced.

The young women, now so thoroughly in earnest in their efforts for physical improvement, will not only come to

understand more fully the advantages of the culture which they have received, but they will also be led to deprecate all which they have lost by lack of proper dress and exercise ; and they will see to it that their own daughters do not suffer as they have done. We have reason to believe that the next twenty years will give as marked improvement in public opinion and action in regard to the higher physical training, as the last has done in regard to the higher mental training of women. L. M. H.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW EDUCATION.

“ A better education in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter than hath yet been in practice.” Thus did Milton formulate a problem for which many of the brightest minds have sought solutions, an end for which communities have ever striven. Any movement, then, that has this aim in view is entitled to thoughtful consideration and critical discussion. Such a movement is the so-called New Education, which may be summed up as a reaction against excessive linguistic studies, an effort to do away with compulsory Greek and Latin, to extend our College curriculum, and to give our College students University freedom.

The agitation which the movement has caused will doubtless accomplish much good. It has already aroused the interest of the reading public, and quickened their sense of the defects of the educational system of a whole country. It has called forth able articles from the pens of prominent educators, and has had a tendency to stir them up to good works, to increase in each instructor the desire of making his own line of investigation most beneficial to his student.

It is objected that the new methods will overturn old and well-established systems. We must admit, however,

that a well-established system in so progressive a thing as education is an anomaly and ought to be overthrown. Just here lies the great advantage of the movement ; that it will put far away from educational bodies the time when they must be tried by the subtle discipline of assured success. It will force them to meet opposition by definite accomplishment and to reply to theory by successful work.

As its blow falls heaviest upon Greek and Latin, just there may it accomplish the most good. Even a careless glance shows that these languages are taught too much as mere mental gymnastics of a very elementary sort. The average student declines and conjugates as mechanically as he goes through his dumb-bell exercises ; he spends so much time over the manifold meanings of the Ablative Case and of the Subjunctive Mood, that he gains little knowledge of the literature,—of the authors themselves. These stores are opened only to those who have leisure and inclination to pursue their classical studies after they have entered their special career.

In maintaining that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known, and that hence we are chiefly taught the languages of those peoples who have at any time been most “industrious after wisdom”, Milton carried his view of the subject to an extreme. “Though a linguist should find himself,” said he, “to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.” But Scylla as well as Charybdis is to be avoided, and the disciplinary power of the classics can never be disregarded. It is one of the long results of time that they are the fittest studies to work out every “stand and impediment in the wit” ; for, while science deals only with force and matter, literature deals

with men, the thoughts of the human soul, the products of the human will ; and these are the things with which men have to do in every-day life. So if the present agitation arouse the partisans of the classics to give better and more useful instruction, it will have done a good work.

Though this is the outcome of the New Departure most to be desired, yet it is not the end which the instigators of the movement have in view. Their aim is to give us a University, a place where one may learn something about everything ; a place where the student is left entirely to his own devices ; under no control as to choice or conduct of his studies, he fits himself for what he conceives to be the requirements of his future career.

The Prussian University, as the most perfect in existence, naturally presents itself as a model, but scarcely one of the conditions which have fostered its growth until it has become the pride and glory of German civilization, do we as yet possess. This University is built upon a broad and firm foundation of preparatory instruction for which we as yet have no equivalent. Let those who would found a University in America begin at the bottom and work upwards, and then will they receive the hearty co-operation of every liberal educator. Let them furnish us with preparatory schools which shall give instruction so thorough and complete, that the student who comes out of them may be prepared to enjoy the spacious privileges of University freedom without harm to himself or others. And it must be remembered that the Prussian University has proved that a classical training is indispensable in fitting a student for this so-called University freedom, which gives him entire control not only over his choice of studies, and his manner of studying, but also over his private life. Would our College be justified in offering this complete self-government to the ill-prepared applicants whom our preparatory schools

would send to them, to the student who need have neither Latin nor Greek, nor in fact any definite attainments of any sort ?

This University plan like many another, beautiful in words, would be found a dangerous experiment. It would promote special application to single lines before a general culture had been obtained, a result which, as irresistibly leading to narrow-mindedness, the best interests of education would seek to avoid.



A CRITIQUE OF EMERSON'S THRENODY.

“Substance is much, but so are mode and form much,” says Emerson, in his essay on Melody ; and some more or less definite expression of this idea is the only standard which men have been able to establish for trying poetry. With the man who is preëminently a poet the greatness of the thought would be sufficient security for the beauty of its expression, but an actual study of even the best poetry shows that there is a constant struggle between the idea and the words which convey it, in order that the beauty of neither shall suffer. Our individual estimate of the relative importance of substance and form varies ; and, if the presence of one excellence excluded the other, we should find it a hard task to say in what proportion we would have them united. Rhyme and rhythm alone cannot make a poem immortal, and in the excitement of a new and inspiring idea we can forgive a poet a lame verse or an unmelodious word ; but in the poetry which we adopt as the expression of our own experience, we either find harmony and grace, or feel the lack of them as an irreparable loss. Thus it happens that we demand in every intelligent criticism of poetry, a consideration of the form as well as of the substance. It is not enough that the poet can mount

Pegasus, he must also be able to control him. We are to watch for the ill-fitted phrases and crude expressions which will prove his inspiration weak and insufficient, and we shall honor him as a poet only as long as he obeys the canons which the judgment of his predecessors proved to be necessary and excellent. To assist us in this task Mr. Matthew Arnold has revived a law of Milton's,—that poetry must be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." By this standard he has tried Emerson's poetry as a whole, and in trying the "Threnody" it is fitting that we should follow so great a critic and use the same tests.

First is the Threnody simple? Do we obtain in reading it, with the ordinary care which our interest would secure, a clear and distinct impression of its plan, object, and controlling idea? Is there the vividness which results from rapidity of development and simplicity of structure, and makes a poem almost seem rather an organism than a work of art? Certainly, this is not the impression which the Threnody leaves. In a few noble passages, like the opening one, we have a clearly-outlined idea of great beauty, expressed with absolute directness; but, though this is true in parts, it cannot be said of the poem as a whole. Many portions of it are hampered by clauses whose grammatical connection is obscure, for instance,—

"And deemest thou as those who pore
With aged eyes, short way before,—
Think s't Beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost."

Such lines are certainly far from the standard as set and followed by Milton.

A lover of Emerson's verse can hardly criticize its sensuousness. He becomes reconciled to certain mannerisms which are at first unpleasing, and learns to scan the frequent bad lines at some personal inconvenience. But there are many passages which need no such allowances, and

which flow as smoothly and musically as could be desired. Of this sort is the following portion, and the lines which succeed it:

—"but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden,—They were bound and still."

What a contrast these form to the couplet!—

"Note in thy mind's transparent table
As far as the incommunicable."

Occasionally an entire extra foot is added to the tetrameter line, producing an awkward and inharmonious effect in a meter not monotonous enough to need such relief.

Let us try the Threnody by the third requirement of our dictum, and see whether it is passionate. The theme is serious,—perhaps the most serious of all possible subjects. Moreover, we know that the poem is not the result of a philosopher's speculation about immortality, but the record of an experience so deep and bitter that it could find expression in no other way. We should think that under such conditions the third canon could hardly fail to be fulfilled; but a careful reading will show that, though the feeling of the poem is everywhere so lofty that it dignifies even the commonplaces which are introduced, there is nowhere any abandonment to grief or any appeal to sympathy. The exquisitely delicate thought is never impetuous, or the profound meditation made less accurately logical by uncontrolled feeling. Throughout, there is rather the spirit of the seeker after truth than that of the poet striving for the expression of a new and wider view.

This is a clue to the understanding and appreciation of the Threnody. Tried by the rules of poetry it fails; and, in analysis, we find it to be rather a noble reflection than a great poem. It is worthy to live, but it will remain as philosophy, not as poetry.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MARIA MITCHELL.*

“Man spends his days as a tale that is told,” said a sage of the olden time. We are gathered here to-night to read a few pages from the record of a noteworthy life. “A tale that is told”—did the imagination of Jules Vernes in its deep-sea soundings or the fancy of Edward Hale in its flights beyond earth’s atmosphere ever conceive of greater wonders than have been seen by the woman of whom we speak? What wonderings through illimitable space, what sojournings in regions marked by traces of the primeval fire-mist have been hers; what communion with “rolling planet and flaming sun”; what hours in that celestial court where “the queen-moon is on her throne, clustered about by all her starry fays”, and in those ethereal realms through which “the milky way across the blackness of the sky in virgin splendor pours.”

But though so much of her time has been spent among the stars, she has a home on earth as well, and it is from the pages of her terrestrial life that we shall read to-night.


Professor Mitchell—“our Professor Mitchell” as the daughters of Vassar proudly call her—was born on the first day of August, sixty-seven years ago, on the island of Nantucket. Her father was an eminent teacher and astronomer. Be it known to all that she is not a daughter of General Mitchel of Kentucky, though people have been known to insist upon thus tracing her descent. “I believe you are a daughter of General Mitchel of Kentucky,” says a stranger on a southern steamer, addressing her. He re-

*Read before Chapter Delta.

ceives a decided reply in the negative, but is afterwards heard to inform his companions : "She says she isn't General Mitchel's daughter, but I know she is."

Professor Mitchell began her astronomical work when very young, and made rapid progress. At the age of eleven, she became an assistant teacher, as well as a pupil, in her father's school. She soon was able to furnish him with valuable aid. When twelve and a half years old, she kept the record of time during his observations upon the eclipse of 1831. Her brilliant mental endowments could not but lead her to enter the field of original investigation. "She began her career," we are told, "by obtaining the altitudes of heavenly bodies for the determination of local time. Later, she devoted much attention to the examination of nebulae and to the search for comets." Before she was thirty years old, fame came to her, in the form of a bright comet sweeping into the field of her telescope. Though there were many distinguished competitors for the honor of this discovery, it rested undeniably with her, and in token of her success she received a gold medal from the king of Denmark.

Thus began Professor Mitchell's public life. Since that time duties and honors have multiplied. She has been employed by the United States government in observations connected with the coast survey, and also in making calculations for a nautical almanac ; she has been sent out with a government expedition to observe the transit of Venus ; many scientific societies, both European and American, have claimed her as a member. She was the first woman elected to membership of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, while her nomination for membership in the American Society for the Advancement of Science was made by no less distinguished a man than Professor Agassiz. During her travels abroad, honor was shown to her genius by eminent scientists. From colleges at home



she received the degrees of Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Philosophy ; and in 1865 she was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College.

An appreciative writer describes as follows the early part of her life in this place. "Her father accompanied her to her new field and both found a home in the observatory, which became a shrine for many scientific and literary pilgrims and a central object of interest to all visitors at the college grounds. Those who were Vassar students during Mr. Mitchell's lifetime will never forget the beautiful relation between father and daughter nor the striking personal contrast. The father was a blue-eyed, silvery-haired, delicate-featured old man, gentle in face, as in speech and spirit. To his feeble steps, as they passed back and forth from the observatory to the college, his devoted daughter sought to adapt her natural gait of military alertness and precision. Beside his fair, almost feminine face, hers looked dark and strong, and her brusque 'Nantucket manner' seemed intensified. The grey curls had a certain breezy aspect and seemed to be keeping time to her quick, abrupt movements, while her large, melancholy black eyes suggested in their unfathomable depths long nights spent in searching the stellar spaces. The far away look, however, was often replaced by a gleam of fun or a flash of kindly interest ; for Professor Mitchell is no scientific dreamer, but a woman of warm and vivid sympathies and intense practicality. All of the students were taken into the fatherly heart of Mr. Mitchell, and they returned his affection with interest. When he became too feeble to leave his room, at his request their daily walks were extended past his window that the tedious hours might be relieved by watching their bright faces and buoyant steps ; and when he was carried away to his final rest, a long procession of sincere student-mourners followed his remains to the lodge gate. His death permanently saddened his

daughter, who in childhood derived her aspirations from him and whose whole life had been bound to his in a daughterly relation of unusual closeness and tenderness. Her succeeding years have been devoted still more exclusively to teaching and study."

With the later years of her life we are all familiar. Day by day we see her face among us and hear her voice in the class-room. We admire her for her kindly wit and her independent goodness and love her for her gentleness. Much of her present life is an open book before us, but when we wish to look into her past we are met by difficulties; for her name does not yet appear in all the encyclopedias. One of the best accounts of her career which the present committee could find was in "Men of the Time." Let this fact witness to the rapid growth of her fame and its complete equality with that of her brothers, and at the same time excuse the meagreness of our biography.

Nowhere, and above all not in a meeting like this, should the social side of Professor Mitchell's life be forgotten. We know that while she was making the acquaintance of noted scientists in Europe, she was also winning distinguished friends; now travelling with the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, now visiting Sir John Herschel and his sister and Mrs. Somerville. We know also that she counts among her friends many of the distinguished women of America, and especially those whose names stand for the highest enlightenment and the most complete liberation of woman. She is herself a member of the Woman's Congress, and the Woman's Club of New England holds a yearly reception in her honor. "She does not sympathize with the more clamorous of the sisterhood, however," says the writer already quoted. "She believes in radicalism of action, in conservatism of speech. In other words, she believes in demonstrating power by deeds rather than in asserting power by words. Her students are instructed that a sphere is made up not of one but an infinite number of

circles, that women have diverse gifts, and to say that woman's sphere is the family circle is a mathematical absurdity. To those who from necessity or choice follow pursuits outside of this circle, she gives the following advice: 'The way to obtain recognition is to go ahead; to quietly, persistently make one's self worthy of it. If it comes, well and good; if it does not come, it is something to prove one's self worthy of it.' "

As we go out beneath the stars at night, toward the observatory and the "little telescope"; as we strain our eyes in search of the faint dot of light in the nebula of Andromeda, or kneel to catch a glimpse of the radiance of Alpha Lyrae, high overhead; there passes through our mind a saying of the philosopher Kant: "Two things fill the soul with ever new and increasing admiration and reverence; the star-lit heavens above me, and the moral law within me." Our thoughts then turn from the stars to her who teaches us to observe their course. Both in her life on earth and her life among the stars, so near to the two things worthy of all admiration and reverence—what a halo they cast around her head.

"How little she changes", says one who has known her for years. "Only her grey curls are silvered; silvered but not frosted, for frost would have cooled the warmth of her interest in the present world and people; it would have made her more like a plant chilled as it stands, so that it stops growing. But she is like one climbing a mountain-path, and each added step but gives her a broader horizon embracing more persons, and interests, and the higher she goes, the more intense and white is the light that falls on her head."

L. C. S., '87.

Several of the students have lately received marked copies of "The Day Star," containing an advertisement and quite an elaborate critical notice of "The Vassar Girls' Vocal Quartette." As the enterprise is known in the Col-

lege only by these notices THE MISCELLANY will try to explain, as far as possible, the relations of the troupe to the Vassar public. Apparently, these four young women have no further connection with the College than the correspondence established by their agent with various students of the School of Music in order that there might be at least one member of the association who could be referred to whenever it is necessary to justify its name. The character of the entertainment is unknown, except the announcement that the Quartette is assisted by an ex opera singer unknown to fame, and a "Tumbleronicon Soloist" who produces alleged harmonies on half-filled glasses. The enterprise deserves to succeed, so far as we know, but Vassar College is quite ready to disclaim any share in the future triumph, and would not be sorry to learn that the Quartette had changed its name.

Editors' Table.

We are indebted to Pres. Kendrick for the following extract from the letter of a celebrated foreigner. It can scarcely fail to please all those who are interested in the welfare of Vassar. "In all of them, (three students who have been abroad) I was struck by a wider range of thought, a less narrow, and more just sense of life than you usually meet with in young women. And it was unaccompanied by either spectacles, masculine *brusquerie* or by any pretention to be better and wiser than any body else."

From one of the *alumnæ* comes a suggestion which we are glad to present, through the columns of the MISCELLANY, to those whom it concerns. It is a fact of which we are well aware, that at other colleges rooms are fitted up for the exclusive use of the different societies of the college. Why cannot this be done by the chapters of our Philalæthean Society? It will be seen directly that it would be an excellent thing for the chapters to have rooms for their special use. But it is not alone to their advantage that we are looking; the carrying out of this project would moreover be a great gain to the College, for we cannot deny that there is a certain bareness which is repellent to new-comers. A few rooms attractively furnished would, in a great measure, relieve this disagreeable feature. We at present have one room which is fitted up by the students,—we refer to the Senior Parlor,—the beauty of which delights all who enter it. And it is hoped that in the near future a room will be

furnished by the alumnæ. But the College could hardly have too many of these "resting-places." Besides, this seems to be a particularly appropriate time for starting the idea, since the College is not so crowded that special rooms for the chapters are out of the question. Grateful to our thoughtful correspondent for the suggestion, we submit the matter to those in whose power it is to act.

On another page will be found an article on the "Vassar Girl's Quartette." We recommend it to our readers as the best explanation we are able to offer. The misunderstanding which has been created in a great many minds has been unpleasant to the College, and we hope to make it clear to all that Vassar is in no wise connected with this undertaking.

Can it be that Election Day has come and gone? It seems hardly credible to those who were inmates of the College a year ago. How different were the scenes which then met our eyes, to say nothing of the sounds which entered in at our ears. Then rooms and corridors were decked with the portraits of favorite candidates, while their names figured in ink and shoe-blackening on the panes of all the inside windows. Then the door of any unoccupied parlor was quickly placarded as "Republican" or "Democratic Headquarters;" but woe to the thoughtless politicians who left their headquarters unguarded; for in such cases the useful window-pole was brought into play to loosen banners from their fastenings, or some motto of the opposing party was raised aloft to the place of honor. Later on, when the returns began to come in, what anxious crowds gathered about the bulletin board and cheered or

groaned during the five minutes between recitation periods. At this time last year, enthusiasm ran so high that Sunset Hill was suggested by the powers that be, as a fit place for giving vent to pent up emotions. This year, on the contrary, very little excitement has been shown. Those who are interested in the state and local elections have enlivened the dinner hour with their discussions, have raked up the requisite number of buried issues, and have waxed indignant or enthusiastic over the memory of past presidential elections. Some early visits to the reading-room on the morning of Nov. 4, some forcible expressions of opinion upon the results of the election—these with the aforesaid discussions have been almost the only tokens of interest in political affairs. Perhaps no more could be expected in case of a state election. Be this as it may, the enthusiasm of last year, in large part an expression of intelligent opinion and not of mere prejudice, bore witness to the interest which very many young women of America take, in common with their brothers, in the government and the political welfare of their country.

The old system of ordering meals was undeniably bad. The students abused it by ordering dishes which were difficult to prepare, and unreasonably complained when a simpler meal was sent instead. Especially were they annoyed when the *ménu* provided contained articles for which they had a constitutional dislike, or which the fastidiousness of illness made unappetizing. This year the plan is somewhat changed, and while the new system obviates some of the difficulties of former years, it is the author of a number of others.

The first is, that, at a time when the appetite is most exacting, we can make no choice of the food with which it is to be satisfied. The meals are arranged from a dietary, which

though sufficient in itself, can not be varied to suit the taste of the patient. Then, too, a large part of the meal consists of dishes prepared for the College table, some time before, and which have suffered by waiting to be served. Another consideration is that even the most ordinary articles of food are not universally liked. Many of the students never eat eggs, however daintily prepared, and others have a rooted aversion to beefsteak. To guard against such appetities being left unsatisfied, some method of indicating individual dislikes seems almost necessary.

Some of the students have adopted a most unwise remedy for the discomfort. Instead of committing their names to the Messenger Room, and waiting with philosophic curiosity for the result, they provide more or less indigestible meals in their own rooms,—a proceeding hardly likely to shorten the period of their illness. Others, who have no taste for picnicing, retire to the monotony of tea and toast for three meals a day.

Is no plan possible which would neither sacrifice the invalid, nor disorder the steward's department? Could not a simple *carte*, much like the one in use at the special table, be provided, and the student be allowed to choose, in their narrow limits, the articles which tempt her appetite? By making the list short and comprised of articles easily prepared the steward would be protected from elaborate orders, while the student could have a meal which meets her individual wants.

HOME MATTERS.

It has been the custom of the resident physician at Vassar for several years past to obtain from each student upon her admission to the College (or during the first semester of each year), the principal facts in reference to her previous health, and a record of such facts has been made for fu-

ture reference. This work was rendered more complete and satisfactory a year ago by the addition of a careful physical examination which was facilitated by the use of blanks prepared for the purpose. These blanks, when filled, not only give a uniform and fairly comprehensive account of the physical history of each student, the health of her family, and her condition upon entering the College, but the state of her health when she leaves the College, after the completion of her course.

Under the first head, namely, *history*, a note is made of her place of residence in childhood (whether in the city or country), the average amount of time spent out-of-doors, her diet—whether restricted to wholesome food or otherwise—the age at which she began school, the diseases which she has had, and their effect upon her subsequent health ; any disorders of sight, hearing, digestion, etc.,—these and other facts are carefully obtained (from the young lady, or better from her mother or guardian) and recorded.

Under the second head, *family history*, the health of the members of the student's immediate family is noted, including any facts which may throw light upon her physical constitution.

For a statement of her *present condition*, the examination includes a measurement of the focal distance of the eyes, singly and together ; a test of the "hearing distance ;" observation in regard to the condition of the tongue, nasal passages, and throat ; measurements of the chest, and its capacity ; the condition of the lungs, heart, spine, etc., etc. To this is added under the head, *general health*, a summary of all that has been obtained both in the way of history and examination. In order to record the condition on leaving the college a similar examination will again be made.

Our object in thus carefully collecting and recording these facts is threefold : First, it enables the resident physician, as far as possible, to take the place of the "family

doctor," who, having known his patient from childhood, is better able than any other to decide upon questions affecting her physical well being. Second, by a careful physical examination, morbid conditions and defects of development are discovered which have escaped previous notice. Timely advice, or suitable exercise, either in the gymnasium or in the physician's office under her immediate supervision, may be the means of preventing a life-time of ill-health or physical deformity. Third, that trustworthy statistics may in time be collected not only in reference to the influence of college life upon the health of young women, but also to the conditions in early life which favor the best physical growth and development.

On the evening of October 24, the Sophomores gave the customary party to the Freshmen. All day we had watched with undisguised curiosity our Sophomore friends hurrying up and down the corridors, and had tried in vain to learn something of the mysterious transformations going on behind those doors which unfortunately were not transparent.

At last the long-looked-for moment arrived and with it our escorts. We were first conducted to the front parlor door where we each received a charming programme and a pipe trimmed with a "cute" little bow of gold—white and gold—our class colors! We had only time to exclaim "soap-bubbles," when our attention was called to the room. "How perfectly lovely!", "How sweet!" were heard from all sides. But when we were delicately reminded of the prevailing color, an exquisite shade of green, we indignantly turned away, our enthusiasm ended. Should we stay in a room which was so disagreeably suggestive of our verdancy? No! We hastened to the back parlor where we were presented to Miss Bowen and Miss

Marshall, the presidents of '88 and '89. We then proceeded to Room J and after a little social talk the glasses of soap-suds were passed around. While we were filling the air with our bubbles, the Sophomore glee club greeted us with a song, after which Miss Bowen made a graceful speech welcoming the class of '89; to this Miss Marshall made an appropriate reply. The Freshman glee club then sang their answering song and the bubble contest began. Miss M. K. Hunt who blew the largest bubble, received as a prize, a Japanese vase, and to Miss Ransom was awarded an amberine vase, the prize for the bubble of the longest duration. We were then invited to Room I where refreshments were to be served, but could scarcely recognize it in the dainty little supper-room which met our eyes. The walls which we had been accustomed to associate with triangles, squares, and rhomboids, were tastefully hung with curtains and pictures. The bare floor was covered with rugs, and little tables were invitingly scattered about the room. After partaking of the bountiful collation which was set before us, we returned to Room J and had time for a short dance before the unwelcome sound of the last bell warned us to hasten our departure. The Sophomore glee club sang their farewell song, we bade our class president good-night, and turned homeward to talk and dream about our debut into college society.

On the evening of October 23, we took pleasure in listening to a paper read by Mrs. Henrietta L. T. Wolcott, of the Vendôme Hotel, Boston, on the various industries by which women can earn an honorable livelihood. Mrs. Wolcott read the same article recently at the meeting in Des Moines of the Woman's Congress, of which she is treasurer. She was also for several years a prominent of-

ficer in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is distinguished in many noble works. Her paper was exceedingly bright and pertinent, abounding in valuable information. She facetiously alluded to the various vocations of women under three heads: useful work not easily shown, useful work easily shown, and useless work *very* easily shown. She affirms that at present there are to her knowledge one hundred and forty different occupations open to women, and succeeded in proving clearly the statement with which she set out, namely, that woman is industrious.

On Wednesday morning, October 28, at the unusual hour of half-past eight, teachers, students, servants,—in fact all the household assembled in the Chapel to listen to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. It was with deep interest that we awaited the service which was to be conducted by these two world-renowned gentlemen. The audience was favored with two solos from Mr. Sankey, “When the Mists have rolled Away,” and “The Ninety and Nine.” Then began Mr. Moody’s discourse. His theme was grace,—the grace which helps us to accept God’s gift, the grace which helps us to live and work for Him. The gospel plain and simple was preached in Mr. Moody’s earnest, straightforward manner, and we need not add that he held the undivided attention of all his hearers.

Many were the surmises and various the suggestions made by curious Sophomores in regard to the mysterious invitation which ’86 had extended to ’88. About eight o’clock on the eventful evening, the gallant Seniors “en costume”

called for their respective ladies and escorted them with great ceremony up the back-stairs to the Senior corridor. The programmes presented us at the door offered a solution of the mystery. It was to be a cake walk! The contest soon began. The beautiful visions of the cake, which smiled invitingly at us from its pedestal, lent grace to our movements and induced us to step out confidently to the strains of martial music evoked by the orchestra. The grace of Misses Ross and Lingle "took the cake" which, to our astonishment, was a mammoth affair, produced exultingly from some mysterious hiding-place. The delusive frosted article at the door proved to be a loaf of brown-bread and was awarded to Misses Brosius and Chester and their Celestial escort, Miss Borden.

The remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent in cake and conversation, and '88, at least, was heartily sorry when the warning bell dispersed the pleasant gathering.

If '88 felt happy over an invitation for October 31 from '86, '89 found a friend in the Junior class. We even felt a little superior to the Sophomores in that we had a secret to keep, for *we* were going to a Phantom-party while they were not sure of anything and their invitation might prove to be only a Halloween joke.

A weirder sight than that presented by the Gymnasium on Saturday evening can hardly be imagined. The dimly-lighted room, the white-robed figures moving noiselessly around, the blank faces, the strange gestures and queer attitudes, all these together formed a picture not easily to be forgotten. The monotony of the scene was broken by a dozen or so sombre figures in black who opened the solemnities of the evening by chanting an invocation to the spirits presiding over Halloween. We could easily believe we

were in the land of spirits, and alas for the girl who once lost her escort! If she found her again before the moment for unmasking arrived, it was due to some previous acquaintance. We all found our escorts only too soon, though, and with a sigh we left the room in good season, for must we not make our beds before we could lie in them? As we mentally review the events of the evening we are deeply grateful to '87 for the pleasure she gave us.

A glance at the back seats in the centre of the Chapel Wednesday night would have told one that something unusual was about to happen. And something unusual did happen, for at seven o'clock an expectant crowd of Juniors stood at the entrance to the Senior Parlor, not wishing to go farther, so pleased were we with the unique obstruction of reeds and beads which vanished at our touch and let us through. Such a pretty parlor! with artistic tone as well as promise of future comfort. Our eyes fell at once on the window-seat with its luxurious eider-down cushions where one can dream many a dull hour away, looking with pleasure at the beautiful bit of interior in whose composition appear the prettiest conceits of the etchers and the daintiest bric-a-brac. The hard-wood floor is covered with rugs and skins. The piano in one corner promises a musical winter for the whole corridor. The well-stored book-case, a pretty feature of the furnishing, the antique chairs, and delightful divan make the parlor complete.

Beside the piano stands, as large as life, the Seniors' latest acquisition, which received due notice in the song of greeting :

“ Your late kindness, '87,
Has quite put us in a fog,
For the Faculty will surely
Never let us keep a dog.

Strict economy's their motto,
And we state but simple facts,
When we say they think the Seniors
Far too poor to pay a tax.

After the songs, a tea was served in the adjoining parlors, and then after a few social moments, we all went home, feeling that our introduction to "the home of '86" had been a very welcome break in the monotony of the week.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The Thekla Society had a social meeting Friday evening, October 9.

The Mineralogy class went on an excursion to Silver Lake, October 10.

Miss Goodsell gave a reception to the Seniors in honor of President and Mrs. Kendrick, October 14. There was also present Dr. Benson J. Lossing, whose fund of anecdotes helped to make the evening a pleasant one.

'87 held their first meeting of S. and M., in Miss Goodsell's parlor, October 17. "Is the Higher Education of Women Detrimental to their Physical Well-being?" was the subject under consideration.

A short lecture was given, October 23, by Mrs. Wolcott; the subject was "The Ways in which a Woman can gain an Honorable Livelihood."

The Churchman now finds a place in the Reading-Room through the kindness of Mr. Charles Buckingham.

Miss Putnam has returned to College.

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen in the College parlors, Saturday evening, October 24.

Miss Acer has been appointed chairman of the committee for Philaethean day, and Miss Fox for the first Phil. play.

Mr. Dwight L. Moody, assisted by Mr. Sankey, conducted a service in the Chapel, Wednesday morning, October 28, from 8.30 to 9.30. Mr. Moody has since sent a request for a slip of the ivy which grows on the front of the College building. He wishes to plant this at his school in Northampton, Mass.

Dr. Caldwell has recently given thirty volumes to the Library.

On Halloween, October 31, the Seniors invited the Sophomores to a "Cake Walk," on the Senior corridor; the Juniors and Freshmen had a phantom party in the Lyceum, and the other students amused themselves with candy-pulls, etc.

Miss A. K. Green has been appointed leader of the College Glee Club *vice* Miss Borden, resigned.

The Senior Parlor was opened, November 4. '87 was the favored guest of the evening.

During the ensuing year the publications for the Reading-Room will be furnished by Mr. Ambler of Po'keepsie instead of by a Boston agency as formerly.

The pleasant weather has led to a number of excursions, lately, and tennis and other out-of-door sports have been very much enjoyed.

The Students' Association has appointed Miss Fox chairman of the committee for collecting subscriptions to the Library Fund.

In reporting the officers of '89 a mistake was made. Miss Baker is Vice-President, and Miss Boyden, Secretary.

Enthusiastic Prep.—“Oh, I do love mythology so much! I've just been reading all about Theseus and the Labyrinth and the dreadful monster. Let me see, what was its name? Oh, yes, the *Monitor*!”

Member of committee for Sophomore Party, who is exhibiting the parlors:—“You see, Miss X, we have decorated this room entirely in green, for the Freshmen.”

Miss X—“Ah, their class color?”

On the same occasion, two Alumnae, who were in College on a tour of inspection, were heard to remark “that Room J was much more elegantly fitted up than it used to be in their time.”

Mrs. Raymond, Miss Smiley, Miss Braislin, and Professor Kendrick, of Rochester University, have been guests of the College this month.

Dr. Allen is now Chief of Clinics in the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, and Dr. Avery has resumed practice at her home in Denver, Col.

WANTED:—V. C. Class Day books previous to the year 1873. Any one willing to furnish any number of the same will please notify the MISCELLANY or Miss M. E. Jones, 10 James Street, Boston, Mass., and will be liberally paid for them.

WANTED:—A copy of the VASSAR MISCELLANY for May, 1879. Any one willing to sell the number specified, will please communicate with the editors of the MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'69.

Mrs. Ladd-Franklin has published an article on "Science in Common Schools" in a late number of "Science."

'70.

Mrs. Swallow-Richards read a paper relating to methods of teaching Science, before the Association for the Advancement of Science at its August meeting in Ann Arbor. She has published a similar article in a recent number of "Science."

'74.

Miss Howes is travelling abroad.

'75.

Miss Kate Maltby is teaching English in Miss M. Abbott's (class of '78) Preparatory School, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Millard is teaching in Rye, N. Y.

Mrs. Barton-Perry has charge of the Art Department at the Franklin School, Germantown.

'76.

Miss Lapham has been re-appointed Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Women, a position which she has held for two years.

'77.

Miss Ella Gardner has resigned her position in Dean Academy and accepted one in Miss Hall's school, instead of the reverse, as was stated last month.

Miss Ida Wood is teaching in Philadelphia with Miss Case, of '70.

Miss Neally Stevens is teaching Music in Chicago, Ill.

'78.

Mrs. Annie Pidgeon-Searing, formerly of '78, has recently published a novel entitled, "A Social Experiment." She is the author of "The Land of Rip Van Winkle," mentioned in the last MISCELLANY.

'80.

Married, October 14, Katherine E. Aldrich to Lieut. C. F. Blake. Lieut. and Mrs. Blake will reside at Fort Leavenworth.

'81.

Miss Mary L. Freeman is at Bryn Mawr as an advanced student.

'82.

Miss Eva Munro is teaching Mathematics at Miss Boyer's School for Girls, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss G. L. Morrill is teaching Mathematics in the Louisville Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

'83.

Miss Belle Henderson (School of Music) intends to study Music in Boston this winter.

'84.

Miss Walch is teaching in Mr. Steele's school, Hartford, Conn.

'85.

Miss Cady is studying medicine at her home, Brockport, N. Y.

Miss Craig is teaching in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Miss Chubb is teaching in Bergen Point, N. J.

Miss Hiscock is teaching in Miss Liggett's school, Detroit, Mich.

Miss J. E. Ricker is teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Uberhorst is teaching in Minneapolis, Minn.

'86.

Married, in Walden, N. Y., October —, Louise B. Turbell to Mr. Ferdinand Libenow, of Brewsters, N. Y.

'87.

Miss H. B. Baker, formerly of '87, is teaching in Englewood, N. J.

'88.

Miss Bagley, formerly of '88, is studying Music in Boston.

Miss Charlotte Wood, formerly a student at Vassar, has published a book entitled, "Upon a Cast."

The following alumnae and former students have visited College during the past month: Miss C. P. Leland, '68; Miss Brace, '72; Miss Mabury, '83; Misses Cochran and Leonard, '85; Miss Henderson, '83 (School of Music); and Misses Bagley, Benton and Brayton.

All Alumnae who have changed their addresses within the last three years will please send permanent addresses to the Secretary of the Alumnae Association, Vassar College.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

The eagerly expected Harvard *Literary Monthly* has at length arrived. If the first number is a sample of those which are to come, the new venture will undoubtedly be a success. The editors intend that it shall represent the best literary work of the college. Barrett Wendell, one of the alumni, contributes the leading article, "Draper, a Sketch in New England." "The Logic of Poe's 'Murders in the Rue Morgue'" is a clever argument against the probability of the story in question. "A Power of the Past" gives an account of the origin and organization of the Society of Jesus. The department of fiction is represented by "Bonne Esperance" and "Joe and I." The latter story, with its fanciful theme, its sympathetic quality, and its graceful style, is attractive from its novelty. Several poems maintain the Harvard student's reputation as a versifier. Though it is our custom to confine our attention to the inside of our exchanges, we can not but make an exception in this case, and note the very tasteful and prepossessing exterior of the Harvard *Monthly*.

Instructor of Logic: "Mr. ———, what is the universal negative?" Students: "Not prepared."—*Ex.*


We extend a cordial welcome to the *Varsity*, at the beginning of its sixth year of publication. Perhaps it would be unfair to compare this paper with the majority of our exchanges ; for it contains, apparently, a smaller proportion of work done by under-graduates. Considered by itself, it is a paper in which the University of Toronto may take pride. Its contents have a certain freshness and vigor which impress themselves upon the mind of the reader as does its unique title. The interests of the University are well represented ; topics of the time are discussed in a manner which betokens interest on the part of the writer and invites it on that of the reader. A certain philosophic vein is at times apparent. The pages, which might otherwise be a little sombre, are lightened by occasional poems, some of which are considerably above the average of college poetry.

Brown (to belle of the evening) : "By the way, Miss Brainlock, have you ever read any Kant?" Miss B : "No, but I read 'Don't,' when it first came out."—*Ex.*

The Notre Dame *Scholastic*, though characterized by an excellent literary department, impresses us as somewhat too heavy for a college publication. Might it not be made a trifle brighter without deteriorating in quality ?

The *Tech* shows enterprise and good management. The editorials are well-written and literary articles are not crowded out by locals and personals. The present number contains an account of life in the German Universities.

"I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," said an orator who had already spoken to a great length. "Yes, and they will soon be here," shouted a wearied auditor.—*Ex.*



During the past two months, our paper has been addressed by various exchanges as Vassar Miss., Vassar Mis., Vasser Misc., Vassor Misc., Vassa Misc., Vassar Miscel., and Vassar Miscellanies.

A writer in the *Oberlin Review* discusses in an able manner "The Philosophy of Rhyme." He considers some arguments recently advanced against the use of rhyme, shows their weakness, and by quotations from noted poets, clearly demonstrates the power of rhyme. While admitting that too much stress has been laid upon form by one modern school of poets, he shows how another school has fallen into still greater error. "The greatest masters," he declares, "have never felt themselves hampered by form. It is the second-rate poets, the second-rate painters, and the second-rate musicians that find it a burden. It is not less form that we need, but more genius."

Three-score and ten, a wise man
Said, were our years to be.
Three-score and six I give him back,
Four are enough for me.
Four in these corridors,
Four in these walls of ours,
These give me, Heavenly Powers,
'Tis life for me. — *Varsity*.

The opening article of the *Century* for November is "A Photographer's Visit to Petra." This is illustrated by views of many temples and shrines. An account of "Living English Sculptors," with engraved specimens of their work adds to the interest of the magazine. "Danger Ahead" deals with the socialistic elements in our society. Accompanying this article is an engraving of Robert Koehler's striking painting, "The Socialist." The war papers are devoted to reminiscences of General Grant.

In addition to the serials of the *Atlantic*, we find an admirable article by John Fiske, entitled "The Idea of God;" and one on "Principles of Criticism," by E. R. Sill. Ephraim Young discusses "Thackeray as an Art Critic." Edward Everett Hale is one of the contributors. Among the lighter literature of the magazine is "A tricky Spirit," an account of the doings of a pet mocking-bird.

The *St. Nicholas* comes filled with the contributions of well-known authors. Frances Hodgson Burnett, departing from her usual vein, begins a child's story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Louisa M. Alcott tells the little ones a fairy tale of "The Candy Country." "Uncle and Aunt" is a very pretty story by Susan Coolidge. The good Christmas saint, not content with bringing presents of all kinds on the twenty-fifth of December, comes ahead of time to give information about pretty "Home-made Christmas Gifts."

Harper's Weekly is always welcome, especially at election-time, when its political illustrations are irresistibly funny. It abounds in news of current events, which are brought vividly before our eyes by means of numerous engravings.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 3.

GEORGE ELIOT'S IDEA OF SUCCESS.

"All of George Eliot's characters make failures of their lives." An often repeated criticism; and, indeed, a very brief review of the principal characters in her novels convinces one that the lives of nearly all of them are, in some sense and to some extent, failures. Dorothea's young energy and sympathy accomplished little, for want of an adequate channel in which to flow; Lydgate's noblest purposes were thwarted; it was the lot of these two "to love what is great, and try to reach it, and then to fail." Maggie was led into the "error that is anguish to her own nobleness" by those very elements of character which, under other circumstances, would have made her life beautiful and blessed. Some others, it is true, do not fail so sadly or so completely. Gwendolen's suffering brought her a new and better life; Romola missed happiness, but "instead of it found blessedness." But even their lives were, in one sense, failures.

In fact, not one of George Eliot's noblest, most ideal characters is represented as an absolute success.

This characteristic of George Eliot's works has produced a universal outcry. She has been accused of pessimism, of deliberately looking at the dark side of life, but never—a very significant fact—of untruthfulness. No, although in the novels, for half a century, the good have been rewarded and the wicked punished, and although we may rebel against a style of composition which destroys such a comfortable state of things, still no one can deny that lives such as George Eliot depicts, have been, and will be again, that high purposes are often thwarted and noble lives made miserable. Take the story of *Lydgate* as an example. In the beginning it seems hardly possible that his life could be wrecked, except through some extraordinary circumstance. His abilities were unusual; his aims were at once lofty and definite; he was devoted to his profession, thinking it “the grandest in the world.” Yet the story of his failure reads like a narrative of real life; not one unnatural circumstance is introduced; the reader is made to feel that he has seen such cases before. Therefore it must be admitted that the view of life which George Eliot presents is not an untrue or distorted one. Its sadness is the sadness of life itself. But there are bright things in the world, and it might well be asked whether the prominence which she gives to the element of failure does not show gloomy or morbid tendencies. Not that she was the first to notice or speak of the fact that success is not proportionate to endeavor. Centuries ago, Solomon said, “The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise * * * * But time and chance happeneth to them all.” The superhuman strength of the heroes and demigods of mythology is represented as of no avail against the power which the ancients called Fate. King Arthur, because of the sin of another, died amidst the ruins of the order that he had made. Still, it was reserved for George

Eliot to show clearly that an unavailing struggle with the limitations of circumstance and character goes on in the lives of ordinary men and women, and the question is naturally raised "What was her motive for doing so?" Certainly not a desire to present a gloomy or despondent view of life itself, for no one who has shown so beautifully what human life may be, no one who has evinced so thorough a belief in the existence of love and sympathy and faithfulness and all those higher qualities which alone make life lovely, can be said to take a gloomy view of life.

One probable motive may easily be found, for a little thought will show us how necessary it is that the world should recognize that actual, palpable success is no true measure of the value of a life. The world was in great need of some one to teach it this truth, for our leaning toward poetic justice inclines us to couple merit with success, and wrong-doing with failure, and thus we often do great injustice to individuals. Then, too, though circumstances might, in any given case, prevent success, the instances in which they actually do so in a marked degree are the exceptions. Hence has come a lack of sympathy with misfortune and a worship of material success. This prevalent error George Eliot has, with all her usual clearness and conscientiousness, set herself to correct, while on the other hand, her development of the characters of Tito and Bulstrode is ample evidence that she avoided the opposite error of ignoring the wrong-doing of the individual as a cause of failure.

But though George Eliot's purpose in writing of these thwarted lives is not to sadden us but to teach us, there is no doubt that sadness and perplexity are among the feelings in one's mind on laying down any book of hers. She simply shows us life as it is, without comment, and presents to us "the riddle of the painful earth" without attempting to solve it. Consciously or unconsciously we try to do so ourselves, and it is our failure that causes our gloom.

The impression which a book leaves upon the mind, even considered quite apart from its direct teaching, is a matter of no small importance. Surely, if by any word which she might have said, George Eliot could have shed hopefulness and light upon the dark question, she should have said that word, and we feel that she would have said it.

Was she, then, unable to do so? Let us see whether other writers, in considering this same matter of failure and success, give us any hope, any consolation. In thinking of the glorious success which Milton's life really was, we are apt to forget how little of a success it must have seemed to him in his old age and blindness. The cause to which he had so long given his whole energy was defeated; his "one talent" was, as he thought, "lodged in him useless." But he was not disheartened. Even when life was still bright to him he had written

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.....
..... But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

In the evening of his life he wrote concerning denied effort, that in God's sight

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Tennyson, finding the same law holding good in nature and considering "her secret meaning in her deeds," yet trusts

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed.....
When God hath made the pile complete."

But Robert Browning has treated this question still more directly. In writing of the result of a life, he says

"Life shall succeed, in that it seems to fail.
What I aspired to be
And was not, *comforts* me."

The person speaking seems to be one whose life has been in many respects unsuccessful, yet the tone of the whole poem is one of triumph. His thought touches George Eli-

ot's at more than one point; he says that sentence can not be passed on what the world calls "work," things done, that took the eye and had the price. Then, he continues—

"Thoughts, that could scarce be packed
Into a narrow act
Fancies, that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be
All men ignored in me
This, I was worth to God!—"

How like, yet how unlike, George Eliot! The same ideas, but what a different feeling! And what is it that exercises this transforming power, if it is not that *last word*? It is easy to see, now, why George Eliot can give us no hope. The one thought which turns doubt and perplexity into hopefulness for these other writers, is that there is a Being, infinite in goodness and wisdom, who judges us with absolute knowledge and perfect justice, and that what we can not understand in this world is nevertheless a part of His great purpose, and conducive to

"That divine, far-off event
Toward which the whole creation moves."

E. C. G., '87.

THE INFLUENCE OF PRINTING UPON LITERATURE.

There is no time in the history of a nation so interesting to a student as the moment when it originates an idea worth saving, and thus begins its literature. But in the study of early literature we must consider that it is the result not only of advanced thought on the part of the individual, but of appreciation on the part of his contemporaries. The reader of Homer finds a charm in the thought that words so old are still an expression of universal human experience, but there is an added inspiration in the reflection that many generations of men have thought these words too precious

to be lost. The source of literature, then, is the immortality of an idea, and we must look for its beginning to the time when first a man said something to his neighbor which the latter fondly imagined that he himself could have said under similar circumstances. Thus it happens that the first means of preserving literature was by verbal transmission,—not such a very difficult thing in the days when a man trained his memory with the expectation of keeping all his acquirements in his head.

But while this method sufficed for the preservation of poetry, men were not so willing to trust the records of their great deeds to the memories of posterity ; urged by the desire to leave some trace of their existence upon a world which had no history but that of nature, men began to leave chronicles of their lives upon rocks, or upon monuments, which they spent their best years in building. At first, they represented the events which they wished to perpetuate by a rude drawing or carving, but out of this, by a slow evolution, came the simple plan of representing sounds by characters, and it is this principle that is still the basis of the preservation of all human knowledge. This much done, man had learned to write, and clay tablets and the narrow surfaces of monoliths could no longer serve his end. He wanted a material with broad surface and small bulk, and he found it in the skins of the animals which he killed, and in the outer covering of the great rushes which line the banks of the Nile.

It was many centuries before any further advance was made, or indeed, needed. The early poets and historians had but small audiences, and a few laboriously-executed manuscripts brought them as much fame and consideration as a large edition of a modern book brings to its author. We cannot understand the value of these rare copies now, when society presents a broad level of intellectual mediocrity, instead of the few great minds and earnest scholars who were the reading public of past ages. Books were

created as fast as they were wanted, especially under the Romans, who made the publishing business quite as profitable as can their modern successors. Slave-labor made manuscripts so cheap that the need of the printing press was unknown. Had the Romans liberated their slaves, Guttenberg would not have had the honor of inventing the art of printing.

If the Romans felt no need of multiplied books, still less were they wanted in those dark centuries which followed Roman supremacy. Few nations made any noteworthy intellectual progress, and much of the ancient literature would have perished, but for the industry of the mediæval monks, who spent their monotonous years in transcribing copies of the poets, trying in this way to leave a worthy legacy to the church. When, at last, the lethargy was broken, printing was among the first outward signs of the new life. Men felt that the only way to break the heavy yoke of both church and state was by a popular movement, which could only be the result of popular education. Printing came while Europe was still in the shadow of the middle ages, but it was, even then, the effect of significant changes, and became itself one of the causes of still more important advances.

In a review of the work of the early printers we are struck by the fact that they had almost no contemporary literature to work with. Caxton, indeed, printed the *Canterbury Tales* and a few mere scraps of early English poetry, but for the most part, he followed the example of his fellows on the continent, and reproduced the Classics. This popularizing of the Ancients had an almost incalculable effect upon subsequent literature. Every person with any pretension to learning became familiar with the Classics, and it is doubtless due to this that the immense mass of literature produced in the next century and a half showed the imprint of the Greeks and Romans more strongly than the influences of the time in which they were written.

The new medium of communication was eagerly seized upon and pressed into the service of the great movements which succeeded its invention. It was a new thing for a man to be able to spread his ideas quickly and widely. Printing helped the Reformation, and had a wide influence in making general the revival of learning; but while it preserved the records of the great struggle for liberty and rescued classic texts from the continual change to which they were subject, the most important effects of the new art were not seen for many years later.

But in the latter part of the sixteenth century its influence began to be felt. By establishing a copyright, pecuniary reward was added to the inducements to authorship—no small matter when we reflect that up to this time, and, indeed, for some time after, the man who would make literature his profession had first to find a patron who would support him while he studied and wrote. Then, a still greater incentive was placed before authors in the immense enlargement of the circle they could reach. They were inspired by the thought of the eager public waiting for their works, and instead of the carefully elaborated productions of former times they gave them poems and plays written in the white heat of that magnificent age. A word must be said here about the printing of plays. They were, of course, not intended for the press, as they belonged to the theatres at which they were produced, but in many cases they were reproduced from surreptitious notes taken from the piece when on the stage. Thus it happens that, though in almost every other branch of literature, printing has given permanency and correctness to the text, yet in the drama it has led to many disagreements and corruptions which would have been avoided had the plays questioned been preserved only in authorized manuscripts.

But this is not the only way in which literature has suffered by the introduction of printing. The demand for many books has created the supply, and it has been many

years since the mere fact that a book existed was the evidence that a man had something which he needs must say. So long as book-making was a serious matter, and a bay wreath was the poet's only reward, men were not likely to write without the assurance of an inspiration, or, at least, the consciousness of a definite purpose. Akin to the grievance of hastily-written books is the evil of "light" literature, which has made us hasty readers. Not only do we bestow little attention upon those books which are worth, perhaps, even less, but we read everything in the same superficial manner, so that a whole library would hardly be of so great interest to us as a single poet was to the ancient scholar. But this carelessness which printing has brought into literature is the inevitable result of its greatest service. It has brought great thoughts and broad culture into daily life, and made literature a practical power in social and national affairs. All modern ideas of reform and progress include this influence of popular development and intellectual advancement, which is practicable only by free communication of the best thought. By this agency, instead of remaining the hidden talent, literature has become the ten, which increased their own value by continued and judicious use.



HAWTHORNE'S HILDA.

In the strange, weird legends of the ancient Northmen, the beautiful spirit of Baldur never impresses itself so forcibly upon the imagination as when thrown in contrast with the wicked machinations of Loki—that Scandinavian embodiment of every evil. Those brave, Teutonic heroes, so fond of war that even Valhalla formed a theatre for their eternal tragedy of battle, knew that the gentle, fireside qualities of Baldur would appear too negative, unrelieved

by the dusky shape of the evil god, and so we find them in the ancient Eddas always side by side.

Artists of the brush and palette also recognize the force of contrast. Thus a canvas never shows us a flock of doves, be their plumage ever so silvery, unoutlined by the purple hue of a gathering storm-cloud, or the dark, brown turret of some time-stained castle.

This striving for antithetical effect is an old trick of literary men, and Hawthorne has not disdained to make use of the same forcible expedient.

On a first perusal of *The Marble Faun* we close the book with the impression that beneath Donatello's dark, Italian curls were hidden pointed ears; and that Hilda—gave a handful of crumbs to a flock of hungry pigeons. It is a melancholy fact, but any attempt to sound the depth of Hilda's nature, always presented to us the picture of this flock of white doves aimlessly beating their pinions against her casement. In our effort to know her better we elbowed our way patiently along through crowd after crowd of that motley, miscellaneous multitude always to be found on the Roman thorough-fares; we trudged through street after street of the old Roman capitol, each street growing, if possible, more crooked and tortuous than the last; we toiled wearily up flight after flight of that never-ending stairway, and after groping our way along a narrow, darkened landing we came upon—a fine view of the city of the Alban Fathers. We were invited into the plain, unpretending boudoir of the little New England maiden, we admired her copy of Guido's Beatrice Cenci, and took our leave wondering why this "delicate, little wood-anemone from the Western forest-land" did not pluck up its roots and re-plant them in the land of its parentage under the friendly shadow of some tall, protecting oak.

Hawthorne, who had seen her in all of her moods and knew her better than any one else, said, "Hilda's soul was only visible in the sunshine of her face." The sunshine is

a difficult thing to grasp, and our attempt to comprehend as a whole or subject to our analytical powers the character of Hilda has been just about as easy as our effort to imprison the shifting rays of the wandering Sun-god.

In her innocent soul she was as far above our intelligent, sympathetic appreciation as, in her airy dove-cote, she was far above the rumble and roar, the vice and impurity of the streets of Rome. "The angels make us afraid," we need something more human, something nearer our lower plane of existence. Our intercourse with Hilda demanded a sympathetic medium, and we had no other resource than to call on Miriam, sinful as she was, to reveal the virtues of her friend. On reviewing our own limited circle of friends, we are often surprised at the success which attends the apparently weak and ill-directed efforts of some of them. We often wonder at the bold self-confidence which prompts them to scale the lonely mountain heights and we search for the individual force or the impetus which urges them on to the fulfillment of their destiny. So it was on our introduction to Hilda. That this fair-haired Saxon girl, with a courage so gentle that it resembled timidity, with a modest, womanly shrinking from the rude world's gaze, with a delicate susceptibility rendering her painfully or joyously alive to varying influences, should pitch her tent amid the ruins of the Eternal City, so far from the land of her fathers, filled us with wonder. But when we stood before her easel in the Pinacotheca of the Vatican, and watched the delicate, capable touch of her small, white hand; when, strolling through the galleries of the Barberini palace, we caught the play of her features as she committed the picture of Guido's Beatrice, we recognized the unseen force within. Our work in life depends, in a great measure, on our sympathetic intuition, our power of appreciation, our capacity for enjoyment. Hilda possessed these capabilities in an unusual degree. In her study of art at

Rome, her susceptible nature and her intense love for the Old Masters brought them vividly before her and made their silent instruction to her from the canvas seem full of power.

In her delicate physical organization she resembled a finely wrought instrument responding in quick vibration to the various influences within and without. Had she possessed more individual force and been less of an æolian harp for the winds to play upon, she might have given us something original. "A pretty moonlight fancy," even, is better than the eternal copying of a thread-bare subject, however skillful the copy may be.

Hawthorne says that in her social qualities Hilda was "natural and of pleasant deportment, endowed with a mild cheerfulness of temper, not overflowing with animal spirits, yet never long despondent." This strikes us as a very commonplace description of very neutral qualities. We have met such people, we know them. When we speak to them of intense joy or deep sorrow, they do not understand us. People who live on table-lands cannot enjoy the sublime view, the exaltation of spirit that the mountain summits give, and Hilda's nature, with its calm, equable temperament, kept her always on a dead, stagnant level.

"Capacity for joy admits temptation." Not having the one, Hilda was lacking in the other. Her freedom from temptation rendered her incapable of comprehending the liability of others to it, hence her judgments of others were harsh and cold. Her strong, New England conscience, with its severe outward exaction of every duty, while it maintained the letter, killed the spirit of the law. Had she been more of a Christian and less of a Puritan, Miriam would have received from her that sympathetic help which it is the joy of Christians to give. In a selfish endeavor to keep the purity of the white robe God had given her, Hilda drew it more closely around her and,

like the Pharisee of the olden time, "passed by on the other side." With no faith in God's ability to keep her in the midst of sin and forgetting His injunction "Go ye into all the world," she shut herself in her room and buried her talent for fear she would lose it. "From him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Such was her experience. In her consciousness of Miriam's guilt Hilda lost the sweet sense of her own purity. Refusing sympathy to another, she lost her sympathetic intuition of the ethereal beauty of the old-time paintings. "The light that never was on sea or land" came no longer at her bidding. Refusing aid to another, she lost her grasp of the aid which Christ would have gladly given her, and in her helplessness was driven to the Confessional for that assistance which she had previously asserted could never come from human kind.

Hilda is a type of a large number of Christians, so-called, who, by reason of their negative qualities and their pious demeanor, pass as Christians of exceptionally high character. She was good because she had no temptations, like the general who was never defeated simply because he had never led in any engagement. When, for the first and only time recorded in the story of her life, she *was* tempted, she went down before the shock, and her pale, little flickering flame of faith went out without a struggle, as did the lamp of the Virgin above her.

Hawthorne says that Hilda made every one her friend, he also says she had a "delicate attribute of reserve" which kept every one at a distance. There seems to be an inconsistency here. That "delicate attribute of reserve" is a euphemism for selfish coldness, and a great change has come upon the warm heart of humanity if coldness gives rise to confidence and friendship. As a rule people so self-sufficient in their guarded coldness are not troubled with many friends.

It is interesting to watch Hawthorne's treatment of the courtship between Hilda and Kenyon. Kenyon has viewed "the ripened rose" and seeks to wear it. Like the blind Cupid of the ancients, he has bandaged the eye of his judgment and considers the barricade of coldness which Hilda has thrown around herself, the natural result of her superior virtue; and, unencouraged, he works away in secret over the marble copy—fitting symbol—of a hand which he never hopes to win.

And Hilda—Hawthorne in his effort to develop a perfect character has made Hilda so pure that he does not know what to do with her. He wishes her to marry Kenyon, she cannot marry without love, but, viewed from Hawthorne's standpoint, she is incapable of love; for such an emotion would be inconsistent with the passionless purity of her character.

A woman, who is too pure to love, is too pure to live. She should be sacrificed to the immortal gods and buried on Olympus that she might give birth to the eternal snows that crown its summit.

In studying the character of Hilda there seemed to be very little foundation upon which to build, and all our efforts in that direction were as

"Throwing buckets into empty wells
And spending years in drawing nothing out."

B. P. W.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

“Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Each new fact in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises.” Yet the universal man “is explicable by nothing less than all his history ;” and this is emphatically true when applied to his subject-experience. Here, then, we see the need of individual biographies, and many of them. For, in the race to attain to truth, the goal of modern thought, no science is more worthy of honest and careful attention, and none more imperitatively spurs to noble effort, than this science of human nature, the dark riddle which the Sphynx has been remorselessly propounding for ages.

That the inner life of any man, whether unfolding and expanding under genial influences, or dwarfed and distorted by adverse circumstances, is a study full of interest and instruction, no reader of George Eliot can doubt. Is every man, therefore, a fit subject for the biographer's pen ? The finger of scorn, pointed at numberless biographies that have no general interest, does not alone serve to answer this question ; for their fault may lie partially with the biographer. Happy indeed is the Johnson who finds his Boswell ; yet perhaps he must be a Johnson in order to find him. Certainly at a time when many extraordinary men have merely ordinary biographers, we cannot expect to find great ability employed in a commonplace life-history. Moreover, it is desirable, in order to secure and hold public attention, that eminent men should be chosen ; for with regard to their lives the public is naturally curious. As a

rule, these eminent men should be also representative men, whose lives stand for some important movement in literature, art, philosophy, or practical life. Thus, their biographies will be of universal interest and will teach wholesome lessons.

Having now the subject, whom shall we select as the biographer? He must bring to his work peculiar qualifications. Clear perceptions, a thorough knowledge of character, and extreme fairness are evidently necessary. He must also be master of a fine style; for this he owes to his subject. A third requisite, the most important of all, perhaps, and that which makes it impossible that there should be a class of professional biographers, is an intimate knowledge of his subject, and either close sympathy with him or a degree of well-regulated imagination which may serve in the place of sympathy; so that a successful biographer will, in the majority of cases, be a friend.

The true biographer should, then, combine qualities rarely found in one person. He should be at the same time an enthusiastic admirer and a critical judge, a thorough sympathizer and an impartial looker-on. This is the ideal, one rarely, if ever, realized; but toward which the biographer should be ever looking and working.

The biographer has varied material with which to work; personal knowledge of disposition, of character, and of social relations; records of events, in the form of diaries and correspondences; and the results brought about by the life which it is his privilege to relate. For the examination of this material, and for reflection upon it, he must take ample time. He must trace out the relations between the outward events of the life and the inward life itself. In the life as a whole he must perceive the different circumstances, tastes, opinions, hopes, and aspirations, all converging to the great life-work. Biography is not, like epic poetry, simply a 'mirror for events.' The biographer should carefully separate the private life, the shrine of thoughts

and feelings not meant for the gaze of the multitude, from the public life, the rightful property of mankind. To do this and yet to present his subject in all proper entirety, requires not a little delicacy and tact, and a profound realization of the responsibility of the biographer.

When the true biographer, having fitly chosen his subject and given himself to his task in due reverence, has with all sincerity brought his work to a close, carping critics may sneer as they will; they may search for flaws with microscopic eye and may find many: the biographer will, nevertheless, have conferred a public benefit, which may well awaken the utmost appreciation, the deepest gratitude. He has not only done full justice to the individual life of which he writes, but is exerting an influence for good over countless lives. For who can estimate the influence, direct and indirect, of one good life so portrayed as to be the property of the ages? Nor should we underrate the value of one erring life, whose faults serve as useful warnings, while its virtues are fully accorded. From such a life can be drawn a clear understanding of character, great charity and patience for wrong-doing, and teachings of the highest morality. Surely from such biographies and from our own natures we shall most effectually learn the brotherhood of man.

I. J. B., '87.

A NEW ENGLAND DOCTOR.

Far up in northern New England—so far to the north that it is a sort of debatable land between the United States and Canada—lies the little village of Kurbe. It is only two or three generations since a few hardy sons of Rhode Island, lineal descendants of our Puritan forefathers, took their wives and children, and slowly cut their way into the dense forests of this wild and forbidding country. They cleared

the wood-lands, and made farms and homes for themselves and for those who should come after them. And to-day the great-grand-children of these men live in the houses and work the farms. They are peculiar people. Perhaps the mountains all around them, overshadow and press upon them, and account for their "inarticulate existence;" for they live in the valleys and seldom climb the hills. They have not learned that "the health of the mind requires a horizon." Their only aim in life is to get on in the world, and even in this their ambition is moderate. Their sole theory is a reverence for what they term education, meaning by that, a knowledge of books. And so there are many little hamlets where, as in Kurbe, dominies and doctors are great men in spite of themselves. These magnates are usually just the men for their positions, and they accept the public homage in a calm, self-satisfied manner. They lead quiet, easy lives, full of petty events and barren of ideas and aspirations. But now and then nature departs from her custom, and places in the midst of this physical grandeur and mental dearth a mind keenly alive to both. Such was the mind of Henry Carpenter, physician to Kurbe and the neighboring farms.

Dr. Carpenter was little loved by those among whom his lot was cast. His neighbors looked upon him much as the countrymen of Michael Scott looked upon the great wizard, and his reputation was not flattering. He was undoubtedly skillful, for they told stories of his almost miraculous cures. But his skill was his sole virtue. Though not above thirty, he was already a cynic and an infidel. He neither respected man nor feared God. He was cruel. He was unprincipled and immoral, and, strange child of the Puritans, he did not try to hide his wickedness. He had a most unprepossessing personal appearance. His figure was tall and emaciated. His face was unusually long, with high, narrow forehead, straight nose, and a firm jaw, so massive as to outweigh all

the other features, while the hidden lips could betray no feeling to belie the rest of the face. In these features there usually rested a settled melancholy, broken at times by a look of malicious satire that his neighbors deemed absolutely diabolical. In short, they regarded him as a sort of Mephistopheles, a being endowed with power, but devoid of humanity.

Still, there were a few friends with whom Dr. Carpenter sometimes dropped the guarded, cynical manner which he generally wore, while he allowed them to catch glimpses of his real nature. Among those who knew him best was an invalid lady of the refined, delicate type that is the pride and boast of the Anglo-Saxon race. The doctor outraged all her inherited traditions and beliefs, but he read her favorite scenes from Shakespeare in such a way as to cause her to forget his faults, and to become almost heterodox in her opinions on total depravity. In speaking of one of the afternoons when he had so entertained her, she said, "I think it is his voice that makes his reading so effective. It is usually very low, so low that you have to be still to catch the words; but it has a subtle power that defies description. It is a voice you would follow in the dark." Yet his favorite passage was the scene on the Rialto, between Shylock and Antonio, and when reading this, the polite, cutting sarcasm, the unconcealed hate, the murderous cruelty of the Jew were fearfully portrayed in his low, sneering voice and malignant expression; so that, in truth, it seemed to be something more than reading.

But though Dr. Carpenter did not always wear a mask, it was not possible that even his friends should understand him. He was outside their experience, and could be judged by none of their standards. His life was unnatural from its beginning. He was the second child of an unfortunate marriage. His father was one of the keen, restless spirits, endowed with large imagination, quick mental power, and

little conscience, which the historian of the future will have to struggle with when he treats of New England life. His mother was a woman of the least admirable Puritan type. Weak, morbid, narrowly conscientious, she idolized her elder son, and neglected the younger brother. Yet the younger was a boy of whom any mother might well be proud, for he had the mind of a philosopher and the soul of a poet. But nature had made a mistake, as she sometimes will, and had placed in the nineteenth century a man who belonged to the time of Pericles. She had set in New England one who should have claimed Athens as his birth-place. From boyhood his life was sunless, while he needed the sun even more than most children. Passionate, proud, mournfully sensitive, he was repressed, irritated, tortured on every hand. No one understood the boy, and he early learned that to feel is to be a fool. And so, as the legitimate result of a thorough Puritan training on such a nature, he grew hard and cynical. The cruel New England Calvinism offered no attraction to his artistic sense, while it outraged his judgment. His intellect found relief in the doctrines of the school of Herbert Spencer, and Dr. Carpenter became a skeptic and, finally an agnostic. Despising his neighbors as narrow and bigoted, he made no secret of his beliefs, but held them in open defiance of public opinion. In New England, infidelity is the unpardonable sin, and in ancient orthodox sections an infidel is an outcast—his type, a Jew of the middle ages. So it is not probable that the reception of the young physician at the outset of his career, strengthened his love or his respect for his neighbors. He came to view them as enemies, and their laws as tyranny. At this wild, ungovernable period he met and loved the woman who might have saved him, had she not been too weak for the task. The very depths of his love frightened her, and his utter lack of conventionality shocked into violent protest her New England primness. She refused his

suit and accepted that of his rival. This was the finishing stroke. He now laughed at all restraint, became utterly reckless, and plunged into dissipations there considered little less than demoniac. He had lost his faith in man and his reverence for woman ; and in such a nature this means almost insanity. And for him the end would have been insanity, had not nature foreseen the peril and provided an escape. He was passionately fond of music, and his violin could express all the pain and wild anger that could find tongue nowhere else. Night after night this sensitive friend helped and strengthened him, as no human friend could have done. To the end of his life he held music in reverence.

So the crisis passed, and he came from the conflict stronger than ever before. But though love had gone out of his life, he still longed to know what home meant. This knowledge was denied him. Like many another man, he married a pretty, quiet New England girl, knowing her to be his inferior, but hoping that time might bring them closer to each other, or that she would at least make him a home. The dream perished surely and swiftly. His wife had but two thoughts ; to keep her home in order, and to maintain her position as a doctor's wife. With her husband's tastes she had not the slightest sympathy. She did not understand his music, his books bored her ; and she had no comprehension of his character. And so he buried another hope that had proved a delusion. But though loneliness came, despair was not its companion. Through suffering he learned his lesson of duty—that lesson which we all have sometime and in some way to learn, the lesson that duty is above and beyond and before all else. "Do you know," he once wrote to a friend, "I have come to see that man must live and work earnestly, though heaven become brass, and the earth a desert." Nor did he look to the future for his reward. Though often indulging his

fancy in speculations concerning a future life, he never permitted this habit to influence the present. He held that man a coward who does his duty in hope of a recompense to come, or in fear of future punishment. And Henry Carpenter was never a coward. Possessing a nature that inclined to the most delicate Epicurianism, he yet had the strength to make duty his idol, and to worship her with his whole strength.

But in spite of the grandeur of the victory, Dr. Carpenter was not without traces of the fire through which he had passed. Try as he might, he could not conquer his contempt for the people among whom he lived and worked. They jarred upon him like discords in music and color. He lived apart from them, and had he wished it, he could not have lifted the veil. They wondered at him, feared, hated, and rarely idolized him, but they never understood him. In return, Dr. Carpenter cured them when they were sick, and ridiculed them when they were well. Now, the average New Englander bears a blow better than a sneer; so the doctor's enemies were bitter and numerous. They lost no opportunity to injure him. They passed without notice his daily life, and told only of the wild deeds of his youth. "They do not intend me to forget that 'the evil that men do lives after them,' " he once remarked, with a little bitterness. So he lived his life in his own way, answering their hatred with a scornful laugh. "I will help them when I can," he said, "but you can't ask me to respect their mental breadth. Why, three-quarters of the men in this town firmly believe that Apollo curbed his steeds till Joshua could finish his fight! I can cure people with faith like that, but I can't enjoy their society." More than this he would not say. And thus he lived a brave but bitter life among them. He was unfortunate in every circumstance, and yet strong to do his duty in spite of all.

His life was without light, and hopeless. He was an example of what Georgo MacDonald meant when he wrote,

"And so I think, Oh sorrow !
The *might* that never was *may* !
The night that had no morrow !
And the sunset all in gray."

L. R. S., '87.

A meeting of gentlemen and ladies in the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, Nov. 27th, resulted in the organization of the Association for the advancement of physical education : President, Dr. Edward Hitchcock (Amherst) ; Vice Presidents, Rev. E. P. Pheving, Ph. D., Dr. Sargent, (Harvard), Miss Putnam, (Vassar) ; Secretary, W. G. Anderson, M. D., (Adelphi Academy) ; Treasurer, Prof. J. D. Andrews ; Council, the above officers with Prof. Koehler, (West Point), Mr. Wm. Blaikie, Prof. McIntire, M. D. The principal subjects of discussion at the morning and afternoon sessions were the necessity of an organization ; the desirability of a system of anthropometry which as a whole or in part should be used by the directors of all gymnasia, (committee appointed) ; the especial need of a more judicious and interesting system of physical education in the Public Schools ; and the establishment of a normal institution to supply the demand for competent instructors. The Council were directed to report upon this matter at the next session.

Editors' Table.

The coming of winter is indicated by numerous tokens, both outside of the College walls and within ; notably by the beginning of gymnastics. While the new gymnasium is still a dream of the future, the students make the best of the old one. Some new exercises productive of both muscle and merriment have been introduced. Under a teacher who is as zealous for the improvement of the body as all of our instructors are for that of the mind, and who brings to her department the most advanced ideas and methods, excellent work ought to be done in the gymnasium. In general, the students seem to appreciate the advantages afforded by the recent adoption of Dr. Sargent's system, and perform with zest their part of this work on which the welfare of the College and its graduates is so largely dependent.

A glance at our catalogue would be sufficient to convince anyone that the Faculty have been very generous as regards vacation. Do we not have two weeks at Christmas, a week at Easter, and an almost indefinitely long summer vacation—long enough, at any rate, to forget our small stock of knowledge—? Yea, verily. Somewhere we have heard the more one has the more one wants. This must be the excuse for the petition sent to the Faculty asking for an extension of the Christmas vacation. At first we were almost sure that the reasons stated in our petition would be sufficiently weighty to be looked upon with favor. Was not our argument a good one when we stated that if we

were allowed to leave College on Friday noon we would gain four days at home, and leave only two days of work behind us? Of course the Faculty could not be cruel-hearted enough to refuse us. As time went on, however, rumors were circulated that all hopes were groundless. We were just in the last stages of despair, when an announcement was made that caused us to dance for joy. O wonder of wonders! our petition had been granted. We could leave college on the Friday noon preceeding the day designated by the catalogue. In return the simple request was made that we be very studious for the few remaining days, and that we return as promptly as possible to our work when the vacation was at a close. Let all of us cheerfully do these little things to show our appreciation of those who have been so kind to us.

We have all become quite accustomed to the sight of our fellow-students transformed into a confused mass of struggling forms, outside of the Lyceum door, at the Phil. plays; and we sometimes excuse the impropriety, on account of the prevailing excitement and the universal desire to get the best seats. But surely all that is novel or exciting about a ride in the elevator must be worn away after a few months' residence here. What then is the cause of all the pushing and crowding which goes on in effecting an entrance into that useful conveyance? The Resident Physician, as we all know, has advised us to use the elevator as much as possible. Can it be that a rivalry is felt as to who shall show the most eagerness to obey her commands? A far more probable motive is a desire to save time; the few minutes spent in waiting for the next elevator might, it is argued, be much more profitably employed elsewhere. Let us see whether this advantage counterbalances the disadvantages. Courtesy, we know, is at a discount in this day

and generation. The prevailing sentiment with regard to it, one is often led to think, is something like this: "Be courteous whenever there is a favorable opportunity; but do not sacrifice a great deal of personal comfort, above all do not sacrifice valuable time, to such a trifle." Far be it from us to decry the modern spirit; still, old-fashioned though the idea may be, we would suggest that perhaps if we made a few more sacrifices for courtesy's sake, we should esteem it more highly. And perhaps the moral discipline of the few minutes delay, voluntarily incurred rather than show rudeness toward our fellow-students, might be a greater advantage than the rule of Latin Grammar, or the problem of Geometry which the few minutes are spent in learning.

Before long—perhaps even before the issue of this magazine—the familiar appeal will probably be made on behalf of the poor of Dutchess County, and we are reminded of a suggestion made to us a year ago which should have been given sooner to the public. It is true that a considerable amount of second-hand clothing is collected during the week before the box is packed, but it is also true that a much greater amount might be obtained at the expense of a little more effort. Why could not one of the vacant closets in the College be lent to the Y. W. C. A., and used as a store-room during the year? The chairman of the committee on outside work might keep the key and deposit there from time to time whatever was brought to her. By this plan nothing need be thrown away for want of a place of storage; and if care were taken that everyone should know of this convenient and useful way to dispose of discarded clothing, the poor of Dutchess County might possibly find themselves the receivers of two boxes a year instead of one.

The subject of voluntary contributions to THE MISCELLANY has been broached from time to time in these columns, but never with any perceptible result. The overflowing waste basket, the deluge of poetical effusions, good, bad, or indifferent, are to us myths of the "sanctum." Yet the deluge would be a most welcome one. Ponder on it, you who have only to dip your pens in your ink-wells to draw out strokes of wit and brilliancy. THE MISCELLANY will be only too glad to publish all the bright sketches and short poems you will produce.

Probably every one in College who writes essays does so with a glimmering idea that she may evolve something worthy to be published in THE MISCELLANY, but the incentive is not half so inspiring as we could wish. There are bright girls enough in College. Let THE MISCELLANY be the criterion by which they are judged. Now that the Phil. invitations are a thing of the past the Green-box will stand invitingly open at the door of room N. Let it not be in vain.

"Is the higher education of woman injurious to her health" is apparently one of the most vital questions of the day. Scarcely any words are more familiar, for we see them heading long articles in newspaper and magazine, and hear the subject discussed in clubs, societies, and even in the family circle. The busy world acknowledges the importance of the problem and stops to show a kindly interest in its solution. To us it naturally has a peculiar significance and we have very curiously waited for the verdict concerning it. In our minds the question has been answered in as decisive a manner as we could expect, at least for the present, in a carefully prepared pamphlet which has recently come into our hands. It is the work of a committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, the chairman of which

was Miss A. G. Howes, a graduate of our own college. These investigators, laboring as they were in a field where they were perfectly at home and where much was at stake, went to the root of the matter and have revealed valuable facts. A set of forty questions was prepared by them with great care and sent to the alumnae of the different colleges included in the association, and seven hundred and five answers were received. Then the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor examined the papers and tabulated the replies. The pamphlet contains statistics in regard to the conditions of childhood, college conditions, conditions since graduation, and individual health, to which interesting comparison tables are subjoined. The scheme has resulted in a most encouraging and satisfactory revelation, and one which must prove valuable in the future. In this way one of our strongest desires has been gratified, since it now seems that we can say with confidence "a higher education for women is in harmony with that vast law of the survival of the fittest which guides the activities of the dim future." And moreover, we hope that the prejudice which has so long existed in the minds of a vast number of people against the college education of girls will soon be eradicated.

HOME MATTERS.

On Monday evening, November 16, the announcement was made that Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indians' Rights Association, would give an address in the Lecture Room at eight o'clock. As a year ago he had enlisted our sympathies on behalf of the people in whom he is so interested, and as he was remembered as an earnest and instructive speaker, a goodly number assembled to hear him at the appointed time. Mr. Welsh gave a minute description of his recent visit to Dakota and of his experiences with

the Indians. Without claiming too much for the wronged race, he evidently has a clear knowledge of the rights, abuses, and possibilities of the Indian. His address was thoughtful and enthusiastic, elucidating many points in reference to the Indian problem of to-day.

On the afternoon of November 24, was given the first of a series of Authors' Readings planned by the Vassar Alumnae at Boston, for the aid of the gymnasium fund. This first reading was held at the house of Miss Cushing, '74, and the readers were Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Hale opened with the story of "Cupid and Psyche, adapted to the nineteenth century." Dr. Holmes read a number of his poems—"Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "Brother Jonathan's Lament over Sister Caroline," "Bill and Joe," "Dorothy Q," "The Voiceless"—and Col. Higginson concluded with "Vacations for Saints," and reminiscences of the Brook Farm Episode and its prominent figures. The program is, no doubt, alluring, but it can only hint at the unique charm of the afternoon. The wit, the sententiousness, the graceful humor and irony of the prose were never so piquant nor so delightful, and the poems glowed with the earnestness of the poet who had put his heart into his verses.

The average layman's idea of the literature which does not especially appeal to him is that it is something indefinite in origin and brought into the world to be criticised; while the books he loves best are such voices from the vague, that, if he love them well enough, he has a secret feeling that he may have written them himself. The fortunate listeners on that afternoon gained a new point of view; the familiar writings have hereafter a new vividness; they realize not only the poem, but the poet.

And the Alumnae who had the responsibilities of the day on their shoulders won the distinction of belonging to that very small class who receive an immediate reward for doing their duty. The net proceeds amounted to \$162.50.

The usual number of students remained in college during the Thanksgiving recess ; and if those who were away had a "good time," those who stayed were also not without a fair share of enjoyment. Thanksgiving day passed happily ; a pleasant and unusual feature of the service was the reading of the President's Proclamation, a good dinner followed in due season, and the company who met in the College parlors in the evening for ice-cream and cake, enjoyed the occasion as thoroughly as might the children whom they represented. Altogether, we were sorry when Saturday evening came, bringing the absentees with it, for that meant that day after to-morrow was Monday morning.

The dream is over ! " Phil " has once more come and gone. The brief holiday, the presence of our guests, the festive gayety are all things of the past, while all that remains to us is the remembrance of the enjoyment. And surely no anniversary of Philalethea ever seemed more enjoyable than this, the twentieth. Nothing arose to mar the evening. The entire program was carried out with no apparent friction or confusion, be it said to the praise of Miss Acer, the chairman. The corridors and parlors showed great artistic taste and hard work on the part of the decorating committee, and the result was never more satisfactory.

Soon after seven the guests began to arrive, and at eight an expectant audience was seated in the chapel. The procession, consisting of Miss Skinner, who gracefully acted as the marshal, President Kendrick and Miss Wickham,

the president of the society, Mr. Cable and Miss Acer, then moved slowly up the aisle to the sound of music from the orchestra. The first on the program was the address of welcome which in itself was all that could be desired—graceful and appropriate, and was most charmingly delivered by Miss Wickham. Mr. Cable, who had been awaited with impatience ever since it had been announced that he was to entertain us on that evening, began his readings. He rendered, in a manner which we can never forget, four selections from *Old Creole Days*: “Jules St. Ange makes the friendship of Parson Jones; The Parson and Jules at the Bull Ring in the Place Congo; M. St. Ange liberates the Parson from the Calaboose, and the parting at the Bayou St. John.” We learned that however much we may enjoy reading his books, it is impossible to appreciate them fully unless interpreted by his voice. We cannot do justice to his reproduction of those familiar scenes, therefore we will refrain from trying. Suffice it to say that his presence was a great treat, and the entertainment which he gave appreciated by all.

After the conclusion of the chapel exercises, a collation was served in the dining-room, and then followed the usual promenading and dancing. The festivities closed with a song from the Glee Club and the sound of the “last bell.” Thus ended one of the most successful celebrations of our dear Philalethea.

The growing conviction among scientists that the education of the physique is as deserving of careful consideration as the education of the mind is becoming practically manifest in many gymnasia of the country through the adoption of a more accurate system of preparatory examination and of prescription of exercise. In our gymnasium, the taking of eight or ten measurements, begun two years ago,

was last year improved upon by the introduction of a full system of anthropometry such as has been in use for several years, and by eminent specialists in this country and in Europe. It is divided under the two heads, History and Development. Under "History" are ascertained age; present mental development (college class); diseases had or variations from normal health, such as dizziness, poor circulation, etc.; habits of sleep, bathing, diet, and exercises; accidents, such as falls, sprains, cuts, fractures, etc.; nationality (to third generation back); occupation of parents (is the inheritance sedentary or active); and hereditary tendency, if any, to disease. This history is supplemented by the Physical Register of the Resident Physician. Under "Development" about sixty measurements are taken in the metric system which is more easily written and best adapted for subsequent arithmetical and statistical manipulation. The data are obtained by the use of tapes, various rods, scales, spirometer and dynamometers. The relative proportions of different parts of the body, the undue development of certain muscles and the relaxed condition of others, the comparative size of trunk and limbs, variations of height, breadth, weight, and muscular strength from the normal standard for a given age, must all be considered in prescribing any useful course of physical training; together with bone and muscle measurements, facts of personal history, acquired or inherited tendencies to chronic or functional disease, etc. The examinations are kept in a permanent Gymnasium Record for constant reference, for comparison with subsequent examinations, and for the computation of statistics. As fast as data are taken copies are placed in the hands of a statistician to be averaged with others collecting from various sources.

If we had our twenty thousand-dollar gymnasium, these examinations would guide the prescription of work for each individual suited to her especial condition and needs.

Under our present limitations, it is possible for only about twenty to receive individual attention in the gymnasium. The remaining students are classified according to their examinations in divisions of from thirty-five to fifty members, each division having, as a whole, its particular capabilities which are not to be exceeded in the general exercises taken by it. (This classification must be to an extent unsatisfactory, for no fifty people are so similar that the exercises can be adapted to the physical capacity of all). There are other and serious disadvantages in our present circumstances; but we are persevering, hopeful that the kind interest and efforts of our Almunæ and of our other friends may soon bear fruit in the shape of a fully equipped gymnasium. Constant supervision in exercising, and occasional re-examinations are intended to guide the course of physical education after entering upon it.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Nov. 8, the Y. W. C. A. was addressed by Dr. Ward, of the "Independent;" his discourse was the testimony of archaeological research to the historical truth of the Bible.

Prof. VanIngen gave the first of his series of Art Lectures, Nov. 10.

Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indians' Rights Association, gave a lecture on the Indian question, Nov. 16.

The Principal of Mr. Moody's school at Northfield has written to President Kendrick, acknowledging the gift of the ivy, and stating that it has been planted by the southern wall of the school-building.

By a vote of the Faculty, the Friday after Thanksgiving was granted as a holiday. About one hundred stu-

dents availed themselves of the permission to leave College. Thanksgiving dinner, and a "Children's Party" in the evening made the day pass pleasantly for those who remained. The collection taken at the Chapel service in the morning, amounting to twenty-five dollars, was sent to St. Barnabas' Hospital, Poughkeepsie, and a letter has been received from the manager of that institution, acknowledging its receipt.

The gymnastic classes met for the first time, Nov. 30. At present there are five classes, two meeting in the afternoon and three in the evening.

We regret the number of typographical errors in the October MISCELLANY.


The twentieth anniversary of Philalethea was celebrated Dec. 4. The exercises in the Chapel consisted of a reading from "Old Creole Days" by Mr. Geo. W. Cable.

A little pamphlet in the Reading-Room bears the following address: "Vassar College, Pough-Keepsie, Pennsylvania, Etats-Unis."

A petition, drawn up by the Seniors and signed by the collegiate classes, asking that College be dismissed on Dec. 18, instead of Dec. 22, has been granted by a unanimous vote of the Faculty.

Prof. Dwight and Prof. Cooley attended the meeting of the National Academy of Science, recently held at Albany. Prof. Dwight read a paper on "Primordial Rocks near Poughkeepsie and New York."

The students on their return from the Thanksgiving vacation reported two hundred and sixty meteors seen at different hours on the evening of Nov. 27. These meteors were probably a return of those of 1872.



"Elephanti imminentes" was translated in one of the Livy classes, "The elephants jutting out."

"What's in a name?" One of the students was heard to remark that Phil. was sure to be interesting this year, as Mr. *Caleb* was to be here.

Dr. Ward, Mrs. Burling-Sampson, Miss Mary Mackie, and Mr. and Mrs. Riggs have visited College this month.

Wanted.—V. C. Class Day books previous to the year 1873. Any one willing to furnish any number of the same will please notify THE MISCELLANY or Miss M. E. Jones, 10 James St., Boston, Mass., and will be liberally paid for them.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'75.

Miss Rice is Lady Principal of St. Catharine's School, Davenport, Iowa. She has already filled this position for a year.

'77.

Mrs. Rexford-Graves is preceptress of Delaware Academy, Delhi, N. Y.

Dr. Dexter, formerly of '77, having completed a medical course and served as assistant in the New England Hospital, Boston, is now continuing her medical studies in Vienna. She is making a specialty of the eye and ear.

'79.

Dr. Morey, formerly of '79, has been graduated in medicine and is now in the N. E. Hospital, Boston.

'80.

Miss. A. C. Wardle is assisting Miss Liggett at the De-
troit Home and Day School.

'81.

Miss Drury has gone to Los Angeles, Cal.

'83,

Miss Cornelia Raymond is teaching in Miss Porter's
School, Springfield, Mass.

'84.

Married, November 30, Miss Sarony (School of Music) to
Mr. Guiseppe Bonano.

'85.

Miss Davis is giving private lessons in New York.

The following are the names of former students who have
visited college this month :

Miss E. L. Hubbard, '69 ; Dr. A. S. Whitney, '73 ; Miss
M. L. Bernard, '78 ; Misses Darling and Thurston, '80 ;
Miss L. B. Stanton, '82 ; Miss S. C. Bernard, Mrs. Cutler-
Bagley, and Miss Dewell, '83 ; Miss C. L. Patterson and
Miss F. A. Lester (School of Music), '84 ; Misses Henning,
Lester, Loomis, Stevens, and Miss H. W. Patterson (School
of Art), '85 ; Miss Anna Coles, formerly of '86 ; Misses
Schultze, Booth, Lowe, and Lathrop.

Will Miss Ada Chandler of '77 and Miss E. S. Marvin of
'81 kindly send their addresses to the Secretary of the
Alumnæ Association, Vassar College.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Nassau *Literary Magazine* for December presents as its leading article the "Lit." prize sketch, entitled "Nina." It is a short story, told in a graceful, easy style worthy of a more sensible plot. "The Gipsy Prodigal" is another bright sketch drawn with clear and picturesque strokes. "A Strange Appearance" impresses us as somewhat commonplace. "The Balzac Revival" is a well written essay on the methods, style, and aims of Balzac. Besides the strictly literary department, the magazine contains a number of articles and editorials discussing practical matters of special interest to the College.

A writer in the Cornell *Review* gives a picture of life among the Mormons in the villages and country districts of Utah, describing a number of typical characters in "Zion." "Our Club" contains a series of reflections, some serious and some whimsical; very attractively expressed.

Classes II and III are precipitated by acids, classes IV and V, by alkalies; but the Junior class is precipitated by Roscoe.—*Ex.*

In one of the late numbers of Notre Dame *Scholastic*, there is an account of "Recent Progress in Ballooning." The principal experimenters in aerial navigation during the past century are mentioned and their most important discoveries noticed. The writer hints at the possibilities of motive power in various gases, inflammable liquids, and explosives; and prophesies ultimate success in this difficult branch of science. Another contributor calls attention to the gradation in floral odors and ingeniously classifies them according to their effect upon the nervous system.

Policeman: "Now, then, move on! There's nothing the matter."

Boy (in crowd): "Yer needn't tell us that; *you* wouldn't be here if there was!"—*Ex.*

A contributor to the Williams *Literary Monthly* suggests the advisability of abolishing the Conference Committee, on the ground that it has served the purpose for which it was organized and has outlived its usefulness. One of the classes has already withdrawn its representatives in the committee.

The Harvard *Lampoon* and the Columbia *Spectator* seem to have an exhaustless store of material for amusing illustrations. Of course there are various degrees of merit. Sometimes the desired laugh fails to come; but it is so hard to be funny that these papers deserve all credit for their efforts and their large measure of success. "The Evolution of a Professor" out of a few books and papers and an inkstand, as shown in the *Spectator*, is at once an admirable caricature and a tribute to the Darwinian theory that would probably have astonished its author.

In the December *Atlantic*, Dr. Holmes closes "The New Portfolio," not without a hint that it may be re-opened at some future time. The second part of John Fiske's "Idea of God" is published in this number. Charles Forster Smith contributes an article on "Southern Colleges and Schools;" Horace E. Scudder, one on "Childhood in Modern Literature and Art."

The *Century* has as its frontispiece a portrait of Helen Jackson. Farther on an account of her life and work is given, together with seven of her latest poems, each of which has some peculiar beauty, either of thought or expression. Hjalmar H. Boyesen contributes a story, "A

Child of the Age," and Mark Twain tells "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed." The war papers comprise articles on "The Monitors" and "The loss of the Monitor."

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* is largely devoted to a description of the life at Rugby. Parts of the buildings and their surroundings are shown by illustrations, and there is also a fine portrait of Dr. Thomas Arnold. Though so much space is given to this subject, other contributions are not crowded out. Stories by Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Jackson, Washington Gladden, and Frank Stockton engage our attention; as does also a very pretty Christmas poem by Susan Coolidge.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Ethics of George Eliot's Works," by the late John Crombie Brown, is a reprint of a book which was first published a number of years ago; it is a review of the novels and "The Spanish Gipsy" of George Eliot. Each of these works is discussed with reference to the moral lesson which it conveys, as illustrated by the lives of its most prominent actors. The author's object is to show the supremacy of the idea of self-sacrifice in George Eliot's works, as opposed to that of self-pleasing in all its phases. The store of material for discussion furnished by these, the greatest novels of our century, is utilized by a skilful hand. After laying the little volume aside, an admirer of the novelist feels even more warmly attached to old favorites than before, and is even more ready than before to admire the skill shown in the delineation of the most unlovely characters. The present edition of this work contains an introduction by Charles Gordon Ames, which deals with the ethical and religious views of George Eliot.

"A Primary History of the United States," published by A. S. Barnes and Company, is a short and simple history of our country from the earliest known times to the election of President Cleveland. Early discoveries, wars, political issues, and the development of the government are described in language suited to the comprehension of young children. The little volume contains numerous illustrations of a higher order than those usually found in textbooks.

"*The Ethics of George Eliot's Works*"; by the late JOHN CROMBIE BROWN. Philadelphia: George H. Buchanan and Company.

"*A Primary History of the United States.*" New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes and Company.

VASSAR ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Vassar Alumnæ Association of Chicago and the West was called to order by the President, Mrs. G. W. Knight, at the Palmer House in this city, Saturday, October 10, 1885.

After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting, the Association proceeded to the order of business decided upon by the Executive Committee, which was as follows :

- I. Yearly report of the Vassar Educational Fund Committee.
- II. Report from the Delegate to the February meeting of the General Association.
- III. Report from the Delegate to the June meeting of the General Association.
- IV. Report from the Chairman of the Committee on Preparatory Schools.
- V. Report from the President of the Home Study Club.
- VI. Miscellaneous business.
- VII. Election of officers for the ensuing year.

The Association then listened to the yearly report of the Vassar Educational Fund Committee, presented by Miss Poppleton, chairman of the committee.

Report of the Vassar Educational Fund for the year ending October, 1885.

Michigan Fair	\$212.82
Iowa Fair and Concert.....	250.00
Rockford Lecture	50.00
Omaha Concert.....	60.00
Alumnæ Subscriptions paid since October, 1884.....	408.00
Interest	111.69
<hr/>	
Total	\$1,092.51
Amount reported October, 1884.	884.32
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Total amount of fund.....\$1,976.83

The investment of one thousand dollars in a mortgage on real estate, with interest at nine per cent. has already been reported. Through the aid of friends of the fund, who supplied the temporary deficit, there was made on June 27, a similar investment of the second thousand with interest at eight per cent.

The "Fund Fairs" have been so successful as to prove that where possible they are the best device for raising money which we have thus far tried. There are but two essential conditions : first, that a central point be chosen, which is kindly disposed toward fairs ; and, secondly, that two energetic alumnae be gathered together there. These two manage the correspondence. They write to alumnae resident in the state, and to others who are interested. Many who could not contribute in any more exacting way find it easy and pleasant to send a gift of artistic needle-work to a Fund Fair. Personal friends are glad to help, and both the Michigan and Iowa alumnae found voluntary contributions of stationery, refreshments, confectionery, etc., so numerous that the expenses were reduced to a few dollars, and the entire sum raised was available for the Fund. There is no plan which seems to reach so far and interest so many.

One lecture and two concerts were reported during the winter. A new idea in the management of the latter was very successfully carried out, and should be noted. In Dubuque, Iowa, an alumna arranged a piano recital by Sherwood. A special endeavor was made to increase its financial results by making it an interesting social event. The concert was given in a private parlor ; the audience appeared in full dress, and the price of the tickets was unusually high. This seems a good method for some towns, and the suggestion is valuable.

In connection with the lecture at Rockford, a device was tried which has since been repeated elsewhere, and is eminently practical. A program was printed for street distribution ; the extra space upon its four pages being sold to merchants who desired to advertise. The sum made in this way paid for the entire advertising of the lecture. It is always easy to hire some one to solicit advertisements for such a program. It does not, therefore, involve the committee in any distasteful work, and it helps materially to cut down the inevitable expenses.

As a further device for aiding the Fund a word must be said about the very great value of the Fund postal cards.

They will be sent out this year, again, as they were last. Each card has blanks for the signatures of those who wish to contribute money or work. It is to be returned unsigned by those who cannot give in either way. The cards probably increase the income of the Fund by affording a convenient and easy means of subscribing. Their great value, however, lies in the fact that through them the chairman of the Fund committee is able to systematize the work. If they are faithfully returned it is possible, within a month after their issue, to tell approximately what the year will bring forth ; to know what there is to depend on, where a little extra effort is needed, and where one group of Alumnae can help another. A glance over the whole field is made possible, and this is invaluable to one whose province it is to receive and to distribute again the bright ideas of the en-

ire Association. The Chairman therefore earnestly requests that the Fund postal cards be kindly received, and promptly sent back again.

The collections of this year exceed those of the period beginning June, '83, and ending October, '84, by \$176.49. The list of alumnae subscribers has increased from twenty-eight to forty-one. If we add to this number those who have contributed to the Fund entertainments, the result includes almost the entire membership of the Association. There is a growing disposition on the part of each individual alumna to do her share, whether small or great; to give something to the Fund regularly, every year. We are carefully and closely organized, and we have passed the spasmodic stage when everything depended on the strained effort of a few. With our present numbers, and the custom of annual contribution by a very large proportion we are justified in expecting for the Fund a yearly increase which shall not be less than one thousand dollars.

The report of the committee was accepted.

The report from the delegate to the February meeting was then called for. The delegate, Miss Poppleton, responded that as a detailed report of the meeting had been published and sent to each alumna, a further report did not seem necessary; but that if there were any questions to be asked, the delegate would be glad to answer them.

The delegate to the June meeting of the General Association, Miss Withey, being absent, her report was read by the Secretary, and accepted by the Association. Especial attention was called to the following points: the new Constitution, which was submitted for consideration, and is to be acted upon at the next meeting of the Association; the adoption of more definite instructions for the committee appointed to confer with the Trustees; the report of the Treasurer of the Endowment Fund, showing that fund to be \$7,695.00; and the presentation to the Trustees of the petition signed by a large majority of all the alumnae, for alumnae representation on the Board of Trustees.

The following report was submitted by Miss Whitney, chairman of the Committee on Preparatory Schools.

The results of the work for the past year are as follows:

Miss Liggett's school in Detroit, Mich., has prepared, and is now preparing, students for admission to the College. The Misses Grant's Seminary, the oldest and best known of the schools in Chicago, advertises a special course preparatory to Vassar. Mrs. Babcock's Collegiate school, also of Chicago, prepares for Vassar but advertises also for Smith and Wellesley. The Lake View High School of Chicago, which fits for college and has always prepared women students for Smith and Wellesley, sent this year a candidate who passed unconditionally at the Vassar examinations. The Omaha High School has a course fitting for college, which can with slight variations fit for Vassar. The same can be said of the High Schools at Madison, Wisconsin, and at Racine, Beloit, and Monroe, of that state. A

student is now being prepared for Vassar at the High School in St. Paul, Minn. In the state of Michigan many public schools have preparatory courses for the State University. These courses are sufficient for a Vassar preparation, though for the interest of the University no influence will be brought to bear on the students, to induce them to go elsewhere than to Ann Arbor. The efforts of the committee must be turned toward the elevation of the course of study at private schools.

This report was accepted. In discussion, the fact was alluded to that diplomas from Preparatory Schools were accepted at Smith and Wellesley, whereas entrance examinations were rigidly required at Vassar, except from graduates of schools which had already sent a student passing unconditionally. The Association gave hearty approval of this course, pursued by the authorities at Vassar, for the sake of the effect on the scholarship at the college.

The report from the Home Study Club was then called for. The President was absent, and her report had failed to reach the Secretary. At the request of one of the members of the Association, Mrs. Knight, Secretary of the Shakespere class, gave a brief account of that branch of the Club. Since the meeting in Chicago, the full report of the President of the Club, Miss Rustin, has been received, and is here subjoined, as well as a report from the Secretary of the Shakespere Class.

Report of the Home Study Club for the year 1884-5.

Although the project of forming a Study Club among the Western Vassar alumnæ had been much discussed, no definite steps were taken in the matter until the beginning of the year 1885. Mrs. Knight, the President of the Western Association, after written consultation with eleven influential members of the Association, wrote to me that it had been their unanimous decision; (1) that a Home Study Club be formed among the Western alumnæ; (2) that the general plan of the Club consist of correspondence on subjects of study among members, and dependence on the Correspondence University (recently organized); (3) that the Vice-President of the Western Alumnæ Association act as President of the Club. Considerable delay was occasioned in correspondence with the University and with other clubs of home study, and it was found best to extend the general plan to include instructions from any satisfactory source. By the middle of March the following circular had been sent to all Vassar graduates whose places of residence would bring them in the circle of the Chicago Association.

Wishing to strengthen the comradeship of Western Vassar Alumnæ, to make the Western Association of the utmost value to its members, and to add to its re-unions the interest which springs from common studies, the officers of the Association propose the following plan: The establishment of a Home Study Club among the Western Alumnæ of Vassar.

The suggestion of this plan is prompted by the knowledge that many of

our members live in isolated towns, away from all stimulus to intellectual work or opportunity for study of any kind. It is believed that such alumnae will see the advantage of a Corresponding Club, without further explanation of its workings, and that those more fortunately situated in large cities and intellectual centres will be induced to join us by the prospect of better fellow-ship among the alumnae, and that there is already enough interest in the plan to insure success. The Vice-President of the Association will be President of the Home Study Club, and for the present will act as General Secretary.

It is asked that all alumnae receiving this circular will kindly answer at once the following questions :

1. Do you wish to join the Home Study Club?
2. What branches will you study with the Club?
3. Will you study under the tutorage of the Correspondence University, (see A below) or under the Boston Society, (see B below) or independently?
4. Are you now connected with any corresponding society of like aims?
5. Your full address.

A. The Correspondence University is an Association of experienced instructors, selected not only for their knowledge in the special subjects, but for their skill and ability in teaching. Among other well-known names appear those of Burt G. Wilder, professor at Cornell; Fabian Franklin, Mrs. Christine Ladd-Franklin, associates in the Johns Hopkins University; William C. Sprowl, professor in the University of Cincinnati; Albert G. Harkness, professor in Madison University; David J. Hill, president of the University of Lewisburg; Horatio S. White, of Cornell; William F. Allen, of University of Wisconsin.

The *advantages* of this course are : (1) Its collegiate and post-collegiate grades. (2) The learning and reputation of its corps of instructors.

Catalogues are to be had from *Correspondence University Publication office*, 162 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

B. The Boston Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home offers systematic courses of reading in the following departments: History, Science, Art, French, Literature, German Literature, English Literature. The heads of departments are ladies of collegiate education.

The *advantages* of study under this Society are : (1) Its very moderate prices; (2) Its wide and well selected range; (3) Its adaptation to those who have but little time to give.

Prospectuses are to be had from Miss A. E. Ticknor, Park St., Boston, Mass.

C. The Shakspeare Society, is an organization for the correct publication of Shakspeare's Plays, and for ascertaining certainly their Chronology. Robert Browning, is President, James F. Childs (Cambridge, Mass.), American Secretary. Membership open to any one.

The *advantages* of this Society are chiefly in its publications and its reports of its annual meetings. These, however, are invaluable to the special students of Shakspeare and his times.

D. The Chaucer Society, of which James Francis Childs is also the American Secretary, carries on similar work in the study of Chaucer.

As soon as the President receives your statement of intention to study with the Vassar Home Study Club, she will send you the address of all those pursuing the same studies, will inform you who is the Secretary of your circle of correspondence, and will state what rules seem necessary. A full report of the club will be presented in October at the annual Western Alumnae meeting in Chicago, and conference of Club members will be made a part of the yearly re-union.

CLAIRE RUSTIN, President.

Address Miss CLAIRE RUSTIN,
1622 Harney Street,
Omaha, Neb.

One hundred and twelve circulars were sent out. Five ladies agreed to join their club for the remainder of the year, and two classes were formed—one in Shakspeare and one in Literature of the Victorian Period.

A practical working plan was now concluded upon, and in each class a Secretary was appointed to regulate the intervals of correspondence, and the amount of work done. Mrs. Knight was appointed Secretary for the Shakspeare class, and Miss Poppleton for that of Victorian Literature. The general desire of the Club was to study without connection with any of the institutions mentioned in the circular. The Shakspeare class followed the plan of study pursued at Ann Arbor. The other class, after some deliberation, applied to Professor Demmon, of Ann Arbor, for direction in reading. Informally, arrangements were made for a short course of study. These, however, were not carried out, owing to Prof. Demmon's illness.

The active work of the Club is thus seen to have been small; but a satisfactory beginning was made, and a definite amount accomplished. The business year of the Study Club is awkwardly arranged, depending as it does on the October meeting for a beginning, and not on the regular spring term of colleges.

A connection with the Ann Arbor University seemed the most desirable in the most popular studies. The facilities for correspondence classes are, however, improving in every direction, and there is no reason why the Club should not study under the best grade of instructors, if classes sufficiently large can be formed.

Report of the Secretary of the Shakspeare class.

The Shakspeare Class of the Home Study Club began its work about the middle of April, 1885. Three members were enrolled. As one of the members was at the time taking a Shakspeare course in the University of Michi-

gan, she was asked to become secretary, and direct the work of the class. Since the time for work (seven weeks) was so short the class decided to confine its attention to the Comedies. The plays studied were taken up in chronological order, as it was thought that in this way the changes and developments in the author's mind and art could best be noted. Two weeks were given to the study of each play. In addition to a full list of references, the Secretary sent out a numbered list of questions, and a list of suggestions for each play. The questions were answered by numbers quite formally. The suggestions were kept in mind during the study of the comedy, and received more or less formal attention in the essay written by each member of the class. After two weeks the answers to the questions and the essays on the play in hand were sent to the Secretary. The Secretary studied them, and in an informal paper criticised the opinions and arguments advanced, and made such suggestions as occurred to her. The papers received by her were then exchanged among the members, and a copy of her own paper sent to each student. The plays studied were "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," and "As You Like It." The work done was enjoyable and satisfactory. Some of the essays were certainly very good.

The Secretary of the Shakspeare Class is clearly of the opinion that work done in classes in this manner might, with wise management, be made profitable and pleasant in the extreme.

Miscellaneous business was then in order. The new Constitution submitted in June for the General Alumnae Association, was read by the Secretary. It was moved and carried that the Association approve the draft of the Constitution as it now stands.

The amendment to Article V, of the Constitution, proposed at the annual meeting, October 2, 1884, was then adopted: "That there shall be an annual meeting of the Association in Chicago, on a date agreed upon at each previous meeting of the Association."

At the suggestion of the Chairman of the Committee on Preparatory Schools, Miss Mitchell was appointed on the committee for Indiana, in place of Miss Dow, who temporarily resides out of that State. Miss Lathrop was appointed for Illinois.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place and resulted as follows, by acclamation:

President—Miss M. L. Avery, '68, Whitewater, Wis.

Vice-President and President of the Home Study Club—Miss Claire Rustin, '80, 1622 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss E. W. Towner, '79, 350 Dearbon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mary Cooley, '83, Dubuque, Iowa.

The next matter of business was the appointment and instruction of a delegate to the June meeting of the General Association. Miss Durand

was appointed delegate, and Miss Blanchard, alternate. It was moved and carried that a committee be appointed by the Chair to instruct the delegates. Misses Poppelton, Whitney, and Hillard, were appointed. In consideration of the distant date of the meeting of the General Association, the drawing up of instructions was deferred until later.

The Association agreed that the next annual meeting should occur on the second Saturday in October, 1886.

The following committee was appointed to attend to the social part of the next re-union: Mrs. Hinckley, Miss Blanchard, Miss Burke.

There being no further business, on motion the meeting adjourned.

CARRIE M. CANFIELD,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Chicago, October 10, 1885.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1886.

No. 4.

THE INFLUENCE OF PROTESTANTISM UPON THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By Protestantism we do not mean merely the Reformation in the Church, but that universal spirit of protest against dead-letter laws, and grey and reverend abuses, of which the reform in religion was the most marked result. But as this spirit can be studied only in its effects, and since, as was natural, it reached its culmination in matters pertaining to the soul, we may take the great changes in religion to represent its deepest and strongest workings. Viewing it in this light we may safely premise that, notwithstanding the many wonderful events of the age which produced Shakespeare, without the Reformation the Elizabethan drama could not have existed.

We notice, first, that the other force which helped to make the "golden days of good Queen Bess" what they

were, had been long at work. A century and a half before the great outburst of dramatic splendor in England, the invention of printing had put books into the hands of all men,—and the fall of Constantinople had brought the classics of Greece and Rome within the printer's grasp. Long before, the feudal system had given way to civil liberty, and it was almost a century since the discovery of America had brought romance enough to stock a hundred stages. Yet in spite of all the material, there was no drama anywhere. Europeans were content to watch mimic plays taught them by the priests, and personified abstract ideas trying to act as men. Suddenly, at the end of the sixteenth century a drama sprang up; theatre after theatre was built, and a flood of plays was poured forth such as never has been seen before or since. The history of the time would indicate that the immediate cause of this was no other than the throwing off the shackles of the Church of Rome. For by this time the mass of Englishmen had succeeded in getting their consciences into their own keeping. There is no date for the Reformation in England. The grain of mustard seed which Wickliffe had sown had barely lived through civil war and ecclesiastical tumult, through the corruption of the Romish Church, the enforced Protestantism of Edward, the enforced Catholicism of Mary, until, under Elizabeth's toleration, it sprang up and grew. These tumults and arbitrary changes, though not promoting the spirituality of the Queen's subjects, had at least inspired them with a bold sense of freedom. Greene tells us that before 1580 Catholicism had silently died away; a part of the nation were devout Protestants; the majority were neither one nor the other. This time of perfect moral freedom, of daring, uncontrolled license even, was the time of England's dramatic glory.

The influence of the Reformation upon the drama was

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Drama.

only a reflection of its influence upon the lives of men. The stage, freed by this great movement, from the tales and traditions, from the would-be moral lessons of the priests, pictured forth the rich, full, exuberant life of the sixteenth century. It is not that we would undervalue the effects of other events of the time, notably the revival of letters, upon the drama. The difference between the two lies in this, that the resurrection of the classic plays gave to our forefathers models of art,—taught them how to portray the life which has been so mightily influenced by the Reformation. This spirit of Protestantism guided and controlled the other forces at work; it used them as material whereof to fashion a new manner of man,—capable of relying upon himself instead of upon his forefathers.

There is, indeed, a sadder side to this picture, to be found in the chaotic tumult that ensued the breaking-up of the old faith. We see it in drama more plainly than anywhere else,—in the lives of men like Greene and Marlowe,—in the plays they left behind them. It was like the period in many lives, when a man has outgrown the authority of his parents, and has not yet learned the dignity of self-control. England was sowing its wild oats when Peele and Greene and Marlowe squandered their birthrights in riotous living. Living at the meeting of two epochs, they grasped only the negative side of the Reformation. Having seen it pull down the old strongholds, they did not wait to see it build up mightier ones. But the benefits reaped by dramatic literature from these changes are two-fold. It shared with all literature the intellectual impulse imparted by the translation of the Bible. The rich vocabulary of this book, its poetry, its sublimity, its imagery drifted over to the stage, and no doubt the wits of the play writers were sharpened, as were those of other men, by the religious controversy it called forth.

But the influence of the Reformation in forming the keen, nervous intellects of the sixteenth century would have gone for naught, without that sense of unrestrained liberty which made the bold realism of the English stage a possibility. Daring now to live as they would, they dared put their lives upon the stage, where before, man had but played a petty part in the hands of supernatural powers that drew him as they would, into vice or virtue. Tired of the plays which were intended by the priests for a kind of animated catechism,—tired of seeing and hearing how things ought to be,—the people of Elizabeth's age reached out and grasped things as they were. No character, from the Jew of Malta down to Iago was too base to play his part. The agony of Dr. Faustus's last moment, the degradation of Tamburlaine's subjected vassals, the writhings of Macbeth's guilty conscience,—anything that had been or could be, was entertainment for the theatre-loving Londoners. The daring freedom of the English stage was but an echo of the cry for freedom that rang through Europe in the sixteenth century. The materials for making the life of the time, and consequently the dramatic reflection of this life, what it was, had been accumulating for centuries before. They lay like the bones in the valley of Ezekiel, waiting for the breath of life, and in Protestantism the breath of life came.

M. P. S., '86.

THE PERFECT CONSISTENCY OF THE LIFE OF SOCRATES.

If, in all human history, one spotless character is handed down to us, it is that of Socrates. During the twenty-three centuries since he lived, no stain upon his life—public or private—has been discovered. And it was no ordinary life that this “father of philosophy” and “mis-

sionary of Athens" led. Modern nations have produced geniuses to surpass Athens's most illustrious orators, generals, and poets, but where can we find a parallel to Socrates? To this day his name is a household word. Does not the secret of his wide reputation lie in the fact that, besides being marvelously wise, he lived a life of unswerving rectitude, in an age whose morality was far below that of our time? It may truly be said of him that, even in the most trying circumstances, he never deviated from what he believed to be the path of duty.

We have him presented to us by widely different authors, and each picture of him supplements the others. We see and admire the same Socrates in the rough sketches of Xenophon, in the idealized representation of Plato, and even in the comedy of Aristophanes.

Let us take a first glimpse of our hero in the battle-field of Potidaea. During that long winter campaign many Athenian soldiers were overcome by the excessive cold. But we find Socrates unbroken by the hardships of the climate, courageous, and loyal to duty; and in the heat of battle we watch him as he saves a comrade's life. We shall be more interested in the confused flight of the Greeks from the field of Delium, when we remind ourselves that from this battle Socrates bore away on his shoulders the youthful Xenophon. And at Amphipolis we notice one among the soldiers who is pre-eminent for his endurance, faithfulness, and bravery,—and he is none other than Socrates. Only in these three campaigns did he take part, but this was sufficient to show his mettle. Of such a military record as his any one might be proud.

At a later period we find Socrates taking part in an important trial,—the only time in his life when he appeared in the political history of Athens. It is the famous trial of the "ten generals," and here, when the other forty-nine senators concur, we hear one dissenting voice raised

against the illegal measures proposed. Socrates was he whom no menace nor persuasion could induce to transgress the laws, and who braved the wrath of all about him. These simple facts alone lead us to dwell with pleasure upon the character of this upright and fearless citizen. But we are favored with a more extended knowledge of him, for his later life was such as to make him the best known Athenian of his day. Suppose it were possible to go back to that ancient time, and to visit the busy marketplace of that classic city. There, in the midst of the noon-day glare, surrounded by an eager and interested throng, is a familiar figure. We are struck as never before by his personal appearance, and wonder why he so fascinates his educated listeners. His flat nose, thick lips, and prominent eyes, as well as his awkward figure, uncovered feet, and rough attire, are perhaps repulsive to us. But let us draw near and hear him converse. The sweet and solemn thrill of his voice startles us, and when we listen to his marvelous words of wisdom, the uncouth exterior vanishes, and we seem to be in the presence of an almost supernatural being. Like his youthful hearers, we feel as if we could never tire of sitting at his feet and listening to his matchless words. Why is it that we now find Socrates imparting instruction to these Grecian youths and even to sophists who are advanced in years? The following story assigns a reason: One day a prominent citizen of Athens was consulting the Delphic oracle and chanced to ask the omniscient Apollo, who was the wisest man that lived. The response came "there is none wiser than Socrates." On hearing of this strange answer of the oracle, Socrates was filled with amazement, and set about finding an explanation. He straightway visited many leading artisans, statesmen, and poets, and, after questioning them, found that although each had great pretensions, he was extremely superficial even in knowledge pertaining to his own depart-

ment. Socrates therefore concluded that his own wisdom consisted in a knowledge of his ignorance. Ever after this he felt that it was his mission in life to teach men their ignorance, and to devote himself to the improvement of mankind. And this feeling became stronger on account of the approval manifested by his "daemon," or the voice which, he affirmed, ever guided him. Henceforth we could find Socrates, at any time of day, standing in some public place, asking and answering questions for the benefit of any who cared to listen. His choice thoughts flowed out freely to all, and many an Athenian was fitted for prominent stations in life through contact with this most wonderful of human teachers. What a contrast he was to the rich sophists of that time who, for large sums of money gave lessons to special pupils in private houses ! In some of his views and aims he resembled this class of teachers, but it was he who made philosophy practical, discoursing, as he did, upon human matters. One of his favorite doctrines was this : "Knowledge is virtue, ignorance is vice," and his various applications of this principle are most interesting to follow out. His power of conversation was truly magnetic, and almost beyond comprehension was his keen reasoning and his method of imparting instruction,—which even now bears his name. To him it seemed a manifest duty, to understand himself thoroughly, and not less a duty to teach his fellow-beings to search themselves vigorously. For the accomplishment of his aim, he would feign great ignorance and draw out his hearers by a series of intelligent questions, each advancing towards an end, unforeseen by any but himself. A painful exposure of ignorance on the part of the person questioned, would be the result. So novel and original were the methods of Socrates that great crowds, composed chiefly of the first young men of Athens, were daily attracted to his side. On the other hand, he deeply wounded the pride of many an egotist,

and created not a few enemies. Celebrated poets, statesmen, and rhetoricians, incensed by his cross-examinations, at last rose up and formed an effective band against him.

For nearly thirty years had this devout missionary discoursed and taught unmolested, when one memorable morning there was hung before the eyes of the assembled citizens, an indictment which read thus: "Socrates is guilty of crime, first, for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own; next, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due, is—death." This, together with "The Clouds," a comic play by Aristophanes, caused an out-burst of the hostile feeling which had been gathering in the minds of the people. We now find our friend, at the age of seventy, going up to the court as defendant, for the first time in his life. He had previously prepared no defence, for, as he himself said, his life was his only defence. In his speech before the judges, he simply described his mode of life and the principles which ruled it. He showed how faithful he had been in the worship of the divinities, and how he had been bidden by the gods to work for his fellow citizens. His plain words made it evident how sublimely superior he was to the judges and his accusers. No one on reading the "Apology of Socrates" as Plato gives it to us, can fail to admire his goodness, and as Mr. Grote remarks, no one can wish that his defence had been different. His entire confidence that he had obeyed the call of duty, and that he had nothing to fear from death or the future show that, if he was not a Christian in our sense of the word, at least he had a Christian spirit. When the time came for the judicial assembly to vote upon the case, the verdict "guilty" was pronounced by a very small majority. Then, according to the custom, the accuser was allowed to suggest some counter-penalty, as fine, imprisonment, exile. These were the words of Socrates at this crisis: "Shall I name to you the

treatment which I think I deserve at your hands? In that case my proposition would be that I should be rewarded with a subsistence at the public expense, in the Prytaneum; for that is what I really deserve as a benefactor." It is hard to imagine the indignation among the judges and the sorrow of his friends, on account of this reply. Immediately a second vote was taken and the sentence of death was passed. His majestic bearing during the trial, and later, in the thirty days of imprisonment which followed, his peace of mind, and his firmness in refusing to yield to his friends who were continually urging him to escape and offering the means,—all show his true heroism. No law nor principle of virtue would he violate or allow to be transgressed for his sake. While in prison he never permitted his friends to visit him, except when it was lawful for them to enter. With how much pleasure do we read that last conversation with Crito, his dearest friend, in which Socrates convinces him beyond a doubt that it is right for him to die! Two days later the cup of hemlock was taken and the noble soul passed easily from this world into the next,—into happiness and glory.

Thus did the Athenians condemn and execute a benefactor, a being on a plane so much higher than themselves that they could not comprehend him. I have somewhere seen a comparison drawn between the life of our Lord, when he was upon earth, and that of Socrates. Considering the subject with all reverence, we cannot fail to see points of likeness between them, as well as in the attitude which the world held towards each. How many enlightened Christians of to-day would be benefitted by intercourse with the heathen Socrates, if this were possible. But he has left behind him his example and many wise precepts. Let us always keep before us this saying of his: "A life without cross-examination is no life at all," bear-

ing in mind that Socrates meant not that morbid, egotistical self-analysis, which is prevalent among us ; but the self-searching which works a transformation.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF TRAGEDY.

The historical facts regarding the origin of Tragedy are few and simple. About 500 B. C. it occurred to a Greek named Thespis, that the dithyrambs chanted through the streets by the devotees of Bacchus would be improved as religious exercises by a certain amount of organization and development ; accordingly, he added an actor who spoke alternately with the chorus, and also introduced certain accessories, such as splendid garments, linen masks, and a rude sort of portable stage formed of boards laid across a kind of wagon.

A beginning once made in this fashion, the subsequent development was very rapid ; Tragedy reached its highest point and began to decline in a comparatively brief time. Aeschylus added a second actor, Sophocles, that "mellow glory of the Attic stage," carried the development of the drama still further on the same lines, and Euripides saw the decline of Tragedy begin.

These are the facts, but they are meager food for the inquirer into the origin of Tragedy, who is forced to fall back upon the trite conclusion that the origin of this, as of most things that have mightily moved men in times past, lies in their spiritual needs. It is to be doubted if Thespis was one of those fortunate men who can create demand by furnishing supply. Rather, there is a fundamental demand for the drama in human nature, and this demand, innate and possibly inarticulate, he was able in some measure to meet. It was of a nature to grow by what it fed upon, and hence the history of the Grecian stage which is the history of dramatic art in general.

The dramatic inclination is to be seen in the infancy of nations and in the inherent tendency of children to act. They love to "pretend" and "make believe" and can take vast delight in imagining themselves what they are not, in places they have never seen. In these they have somewhat the advantage of the grown man who finds his daily existence needs broadening and the admixture of new elements, but is too heavy and material to accomplish that end in the naïve, child-like fashion that is yet so practicable. What more easy, for example than to say, "Is my life cramped?—let me think of the inter-stellar ether and the Vastness of Space!" It would be a simple and inexpensive method of consolation, certainly, but if the average man in cramped surroundings is not able to be happy because a new star was born in Andromeda the other day,—there is always the theatre and "Hearts of Oak."

"A luxurious mental banquet" Scott called the drama of the ancients; in our day it is, rather, a free-lunch counter for those who cannot provide for themselves the means of subsistence.

It is a significant fact that the first form of the drama, that into which it naturally fell, should have been Tragedy. Upon this wonderful new instrument of theirs, the Greeks struck at once, unerringly, what must have been to them the note of existence. They found that they would represent life, and they represented the mournful aspect, the fatal issue; at first, the struggles of men with supernatural powers, and then, when he came and wrote "who saw life steadily and saw it whole," the struggles of men with each other and with Fate in their own soul.

It is hard to put our idea of Tragedy in the narrow limits of a definition, for it is one of the things which we know too well to define,—like a friend whose features we cannot recall when his face is turned away from us; but though we cannot tell what Tragedy is, we know that

Life is Tragedy. In this respect our conceptions are growing broader, for it once seemed that Tragedy meant only some signal catastrophe, some fearful event, or a marked failure to succeed, tragic in proportion to the struggle made by the individual. This was the sort of tragedy that was fit for dramatic representation, for which the greater part of that which we now consider Tragedy, is unsuitable. We recognize that "Tragedy represents ordinary humanity struggling with its limitations," and we have it all about us, common and unheroic in its guise, but none the less exquisitely sad when some chance brings it before our unobservant eyes. We go farther still, and say "They fail and only they who have *not* striven."

The life of one who has never tried to rise to his own level, holds even more pathos for us than the life of one who has tried and failed. It is harder to watch submission than struggle, and the looker on cannot be more keenly moved to pity and terror than by the sight "of weak live creatures, crushed by strong."

This every-day Tragedy, having been denied expression on the stage, has found it in the novel with such success that the thought has been suggested latterly that the novel may sometime supercede the stage. It has already usurped a large part of the latter's duties and a vast deal of its charm, and we only wait the coming of George Eliot's successor to be assured, at least, that the novel will give us what the nineteenth century stage denies, a consummate, full and satisfying picture of human life.

C. A. P.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

The real and the ideal, the hard, cold fact and the sublime impracticable vision. What tragedies have these hostile forces worked out in human lives ! The conflict has raged in every department of thought and action ; art, science, and religion have all been the battle-ground. Centuries ago. Thales and Anaximander advanced their material views of the cosmos against the more fanciful doctrines of the Pythagoreans ; and in our own day the great agnostic philosophers are fighting fierce battles with an ideal Christianity. Society recognizes the contest, and spends millions to aid her churches as they struggle against the overwhelming power of the real that threaten their ideal with annihilation. No treaty, not even a truce is possible, and on both sides victory succeeds defeat, success follows failure.

But it is in the individual life that the struggle is fiercest, the fight most bitter. Day after day it goes on. Now we look at life with a calm practical gaze, seeing no visions, dreaming no dreams, thinking only of what is expedient, and scorning to be influenced by any but business principles. The next hour all is changed, and life is glorified. No longer a prosaic matter-of-fact affair, it glows and sparkles to our sight, and our heads and hearts are full of noble aims and high hopes for ourselves and for our race. But the fire is darkened, the pendulum swings back, the tide recedes. Life is again a thing by which the individual ego is to be exalted. We remember the mood just gone with a kind of dull wonder that such states are possible. We have returned to common sense and we smile at our delusions. But the visions will come back. Neither in

the valley nor on the hill-top is there rest. The conflict must go on, and perhaps only in another life shall we know which is truth, the real or the ideal.

But though the battle is endless, though neither real nor ideal can claim a world victory, still these enemies always have their strongholds, where they can call themselves supreme. No one would accuse ancient Athens of devotion to the real. Her art, her science, and her religion were embodiments of the ideal. And to an equal degree is Great Britain the home of the real.

In "The Mill on the Floss" George Eliot has given us a picture of the old English town of St. Oggs, with several of its representative men. Mr. Gegg, Mr. Tulliver, Mr. Deane, and Lawyer Wakem are true Englishmen. They are shrewd, cautious, business men, with no trace of the ideal in their natures; and we feel that they fairly represent their city. In fact, there are many towns like St. Oggs, where society is composed of self-made men, who respect nothing but material success, and who understand nothing but efforts to achieve it. The average citizen does not ask a man's motives. It is enough that he can make money. The passions, the emotions, the intellect in all its higher activity, these are unknown quantities, or they are handled as sentimental nonsense, superfluous to life, and to be overcome by a little exercise of the will.

In such a town as St. Oggs, the success of such a nature as Tom Tulliver was from the first assured. Among the strongest features of his character is pride. He is never the victim of regret, far less of remorse; and all his indignation is directed against others, never against himself. Thus he wastes no vital energy in introspection. He has, too, an admirable sense of justice, and his honesty is a second nature. But pride, justice, and honesty are all children of his selfishness. Neither love nor hate can conquer this first principle of his nature. His hatred of the

Wakems is intense, but boy as he is, he has no sympathy with the passion that drives his father to attack their enemy. He sees that it gives the lawyer an advantage, and revenge itself is worthless to him, if by it any injury can come to Tom Tulliver. Nor is love more powerful. He gives his cousin Lucy all the love of which he is capable ; but when she asks him to tolerate Philip Wakem and make Maggie happy, he never for a moment thinks of yielding. His selfishness never deserts him ; therefore he is always consistent. His is a perfectly well-balanced and even nature—what there is of it.

With such a character for capital, Tom is sure to succeed. By calm, unswerving purpose and steady strength of will he pushes his way up in the cautious, conservative house of "Guest and Company," and when but twenty-three years of age he is a member of the firm. Here is success ; and it is a success that both Tom and St. Oggs can appreciate. It is success that can be seen and touched. It is real.

This real success may be achieved under almost any circumstances by a nature like Tom Tulliver's. Pride furnishes a motive, and the will urges onward over every obstacle. There is no impulse to turn aside to other pursuits. The energy is weakened by no haunting memories, no foreboding fears. There are no fine points of right or wrong to be settled. The man is satisfied with his work, for it is his, and there can be no fault in it. He is troubled by no too sensitive insight, for he sees but one thing at a time, and that wears but one aspect. He is the true man of the world, and the world knows and honors its own.

In a world of men like Tom Tulliver, there would be no tragedy. And in truth, English life is, for the most part, prosaic. But unfortunately, or is it fortunately ?, for humanity, there sometimes appear even in practical towns like St. Oggs, minds that are not satisfied by the material. They are doomed to struggle after something outside, per-

haps above the material. These are the natures that give us tragedy. And the tragedy of Maggie Tulliver's life is due to this restless, eager nature. She makes one long bitter struggle after the ideal. "The strongest need in poor Maggie's nature was the need of being loved." And she required love that was a passion, and not mere kindly regard. Beside this primary want, she shared with all intense spirits a longing for a world for the mind, as well as for the body, a world where books and pictures and music are every-day affairs, where the intellectual as well as the physical man is recognized. The life of such a being must perhaps be unhappy anywhere on our earth, but in St. Oggs it could not but be a tragedy. Of all those whom Maggie knew during life, Philip Wakem alone understood her. Lucy loved her, but Lucy's character was too negative to be a help to Maggie. Good Dr. Kenn was broad enough to admit her right to her individual conscience, but her nature was a sealed book to the calm, elderly clergyman. Others whom she met on her life journey, regarded her, at the best, with "It's bad, it's bad ; a woman's no business wi' being so clever ; it'll turn to trouble, I doubt ;" or, at the worst, with "She's beyond everything for boldness and unthankfulness." Poor Maggie ! Her father was a true prophet, it did "turn to trouble ;" and Maggie had to fight her battle alone, with no help save her own conscience.

Maggie owed her first conscious step upward to "Thomas à Kempis." From that old book she learned what she believed to be the secret of ideal happiness,—self annihilation. But she made the mistake common to all young, impetuous natures, when she thought that, with her knowledge of this new life principle, the battle was over, and victory was won. She was to learn that the conflict had but just begun. Her friendship with Philip Wakem disturbed the first false serenity, and then came the strife be-

tween real pleasure and ideal duty. Here for a time she faltered, but wisdom came with defeat, and she was all the stronger for the fierce trial that awaited her. All former battles served as preparations for the great struggle that was to come when all Maggie's interest and all her passion joined with seeming necessity to destroy the ideal right. Never was the eternal conflict more sharply fought, never did ideal right obtain a nobler victory than when, in the inn at Mudport, Maggie Tulliver chose between rank and wealth and love, and shame and poverty and hatred. But even that victory was not the end. After weeks of loneliness and desolation, Stephen's letter beckoned her back to all the bliss of love. Once more she conquered, and then death came and closed a life that St. Oggs called a miserable failure. Had death not come, Maggie's story would have been longer but not different. In this strife peace comes only with death or old age, and though victory may be assured from the beginning, the fight is none the less long and cruel.

But though the people of St. Oggs called Maggie's life a failure, it was really a success far beyond their comprehension. This wayward, passionate creature had conquered herself, while they were in happy unconsciousness that they had a self to conquer. Maggie's "success" belonged to a language other than theirs, just as Maggie herself belonged to another order of beings. Though she fought with shadows, and gained her victories in the land of the ideal, her success will help many more of her fellow men in their life conflict than will that of all the eminently successful Tom Tullivers who have made this world bow at their feet. It is true that to such as Tom Tulliver there is but one path open. To them, defeat in the real is defeat in all. Their nature is as incomplete as is the physical being of him who is without sight. But the greater part of humanity is fighting just the battle that Maggie fought, and many of

us lack her certain conviction that the ideal is the true. What shall we struggle for? Shall we follow our reason when, in our calm, critical moments, it tells us that this straining after a vision is the part of a fool, that the wise man deals only with the real? Or shall we obey the voice that in moments of passionate exaltation bids us scorn the real, and, like Socrates of old, live the life of the spirit that yearns for the ideal?

AESTHETICISM IN WORSHIP.

To what extent should the aesthetic element be introduced into religious observance? It is a question of the present day, and therefore a difficult one. We are to consider not only the ideal fitness of aestheticism in worship, but also the practical expediency of the introduction of the various forms of beauty,—harmony of color or sound, architectural effects, imposing ceremonial,—into the ordinary worship of the time.

It must first be determined whether the impression produced by beauty is in any way akin to religious feeling, for great as is the power of beauty, it can not aid religion unless it is a power working in the same direction and toward the same end. A close and vital connection may be traced, if we consider beauty only in its higher, purer forms, where the eye or ear “shares the pleasure with the mind.” The reason that beauty stirs our higher natures so powerfully is because of the impression it makes upon us of something perfect, harmonious, raised high above the disorder and discord within us; it arouses in us longings, vague though they may be, for something higher and better. Belief in perfect goodness would have been much harder for us, if we had not had the revelation of perfect beauty,

first in nature, then in the works of man. It is a universal instinct which finds voice in the words,

“How near to good is what is fair !”

It was not an extravagant figure that Milton used when he said that long listening to the heavenly music would bring back the “age of gold.” Can any influence so entirely good as that of beauty be really alien to religion ? Not if religion is something pervading the whole nature, strengthening whatever is good, conflicting only with evil. It is an unworthy conception of religion to think of it as a good influence struggling for mastery with other good influences. The spirit which formerly taught that friendship and affection and love, all the warm, generous human feelings, were more a hindrance than a help in the religious life,—it is that spirit which now teaches that an influence which strongly affects the higher, finer, more spiritual part of us has no connection with religion. We can never ascend more surely than “on the rounds of our best instincts.”

Why, then, do so many people shrink from applying the aesthetic element to worship ? Whenever this subject is discussed, two images naturally rise before the mind ; first, a great cathedral, St. Peter’s, perhaps, or that at Milan with

“The chanting quires,
The giant windows’ blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory !
A mount of marble, a hundred spires !”

Then, as this vision fades away, there comes another in strong contrast,—a little, plain, bare New England “meeting-house,” with its square pews and stiff little reading-desk and unadorned walls. But these two images are so inseparably connected in our minds with two great systems, Catholicism and Puritanism, that to many the choice appears to be between beauty in the house of worship and

purity and sincerity in the worship itself. The objection might well be made that Catholicism is not the only type of aesthetic worship ; we could with equal justice take as an example the religion of the Greeks, with its beautiful rites and stately marble temples, or that of the Jews, where everything, from the form of the service to the very garments of the priests, was arranged with a view to "glory and beauty." But even taking Catholicism as the example of aestheticism in worship, and Puritanism as that of the absence of it, and granting that the former system was, on the whole, bad, and the latter, good, it is not really proved that aestheticism has not its true place in worship. We must look deeper ; no great form of religion was ever destitute of either faults or virtues, and unreasoning dread and unreasoning admiration are equally misleading. Those vast and splendid cathedrals did indeed represent the temporal power and glory of the church of Rome, and the desire of her priests to bring the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them into their church by making it attractive with the very attraction of the world. That there was such a desire, such an effort, there is no doubt ; the gorgeousness of the cathedrals, their imposing ritual, the obvious striving after whatever should impress the senses, is ample evidence of the fact. But this does not sufficiently account for their great and wonderful beauty. Another spirit must have existed in the church,—a desire to give the best things to God, a desire to make the people see that religion was not only good, but beautiful. The Catholic church resisted the light, resisted human progress, and became corrupt within. The New England meeting-house is an outward sign of the great protest, the great reaction, of Puritanism. But a reaction, even against a gigantic evil, can scarcely fail to go too far in the other direction and sweep away much that is good along with the evil. The Puritans naturally hated the beauty and splendor which

was to them associated with oppression and wickedness. Naturally they fled to the other extreme and rejected beauty as worthless. But the action was not in itself right or worthy of imitation. Although the church of Rome neglected more important things, still, in that it made the service of God attractive it did well, while not all the virtues of Puritanism can cause us to forget its great mistake in making religion appear a hard, unlovely thing.

And even granting that certain evils have been, in the past, associated with the introduction of beauty into worship, have we now any special reason to dread those evils? The times are indeed changed; old foes to human progress are in part vanquished and new ones have arisen in their stead. We must choose our weapons with care. It is hardly likely that any church will ever again usurp temporal power, or that any great nation will be blindly led by priests. The tendency now is toward the predominance of the intellect over the senses, not of the senses over the intellect. In fact, the evils attendant upon ignorance are comparatively little to be dreaded. Knowledge does indeed "circle in the wind;" the great danger is that "her herald Reverence" may not always fly before her, that the hard materialistic spirit may triumph, that spirituality may be lost. In such a state of things it is surely best to cultivate emotion, and to encourage a love of beauty,—especially since beauty has in it nothing palpable or material. This can never be done more safely or more successfully than by the church. Then, too, it is possible that the constant contemplation of beautiful things may bestow upon our life something of the repose that it lacks. We look so much,—perhaps it is necessary for us to look so much, upon the difficult, arduous side of goodness, that anything which makes it seem, even for a moment, easy and possible should be warmly welcomed.

Though our instinctive feeling that beauty is a valuable

aid to religion is thus confirmed by our judgment, the precise manner of the application of beauty to worship is still a difficult problem, to be solved only by repeated trials and perhaps by repeated mistakes. We ought to bear in mind, however, that only the highest forms of beauty are worthy of this use, that simplicity and beauty are in no way opposed to each other and that there must be a distinct underlying thought, of which the fair outlines or rich colors or sweet sounds form simply the outward expression. These are difficult requirements, no doubt, but the end in view is proportionately great and worthy, and the labor spent in fulfilling them will not be lost.



Editors' Table.

The editors wish to express their regret that the January number of the MISCELLANY is so late in appearing. The delay was occasioned by the circumstance of the editors being far away absorbed in the final pleasures of the vacation on the days when the various departments were due at the printers. They hope that their readers will recognize the necessity of the delay and pardon it accordingly.

The Holiday vacation of '85-6 has taken its place in the rank and file of past events and the memories of its pleasures are rapidly becoming dim as the semester examinations loom up threateningly before us. Most of us probably resumed the thread of College life with a sigh for the home faces and home comforts which had so recently surrounded us. The prospect of almost four months of unbroken work is discouraging certainly, but when once the vacation has ceased to be our immediate background, the time will slip away both rapidly and pleasantly.

The phrase "college honor" is often met with in college literature and conversation. The only reasonable interpretation of the words would seem to be, the ordinary principles of honorable conduct as applied to the special needs of collegiate life. Too often, however, these words seem to denote a principle existing by itself, independent of the

laws of ethics as usually recognized outside of scholastic walls. We have recently been led to look upon "college honor," so-called, in an aspect new to us. Certain lights within this building have been frequently seen "up after ten," with no report on the following day. Consequently, we have been placed "on our honor." Through forgetfulness, or otherwise, the proprietors of some lights have occasionally failed to respond to the appeal and have been reminded of their delinquency by a morning call or a reproof in corridor meeting. The latter has taken the form of a suggestion that the sentiment of honor may be lacking in quarters where it has been relied upon as present. The facts are as stated above. The explanation is—what we seek. If we were "on our honor," who saw those lights?

Vacation is over and we are settled again as if nothing uncommon had happened. When work in various forms, and especially an editorial looms up before us, not a moment is left to think of the good times we have just been experiencing, of Christmas presents and happy reunions. But, busy as we are, we cannot help wondering how the dolls which we dressed so carefully before vacation were received at the Hospital. Were the children filled with unalloyed pleasure when they beheld them, or did one who received a doll dressed in simple white attire feel envious when she saw one of her mates caressing a pet which was radiant in pink satin? We hope the children allowed themselves no jealous thought, but as they are human a stranger event might occur. We surely dressed those one hundred and fifty dolls out of the kindness of our hearts; we wanted to make Christmas day pleasant for the poor little sufferers. And perhaps it was the best use to which

we could have put our time and money. But let us think whether we might not have done more good—perhaps have helped the needy and suffering to the necessities, or at least the useful things in life, with no more trouble or expenditure of time and money. At any rate it may be well to consider the matter before the recurrence of Christmas.

There is one favor which we should like to ask of our outside subscribers. When their subscriptions have ended, we go through the formality of sending them a communication to that effect, and the favor we have to ask is that they should reply promptly to this communication, especially if they do not wish to renew the subscription. When we receive no reply, we take it for granted that the subscription is to be continued and still send the MISCELLANY. In this case we think we are justified (at least by newspaper law) in expecting an early acknowledgement from our subscribers in the shape of a notice either to continue the subscription or to the contrary effect, enclosing payment for extra numbers sent. That this negligence is usually due to thoughtlessness, we know very well, so we think that when our subscribers understand how much annoyance it causes us, they will do all in their power to relieve us of it.

Our out-door sports in winter are two—coasting and skating; and, alas for us!, the one is usually enjoyed at the expense of the other. Our hopes rose high on hearing Friday that the lower part of the lake was open to us, and that by the next day the whole lake would probably be at our service. Some of us, not knowing what a day might bring

forth, tried the ice that afternoon, and all rejoicing in the little notice that insures our unmolested right of way, looked forward to a delightful Saturday spent in the open air ; so that our plans were sadly frustrated by the blanket of snow spread over the ground when we woke the next morning. Now we do not wish to find fault with the weather, for we are nearly able to say in the lines of a modest writer :

"It aint no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why ! rain's my choice."

(Rain, of course, being interpreted snow during the winter.) What we do grumble about are those disagreeable effects of the snow that might be remedied by our own efforts. The expense of having the ice kept clear during the winter would be but slight, and shared by forty or fifty girls, it would scarcely be felt at all. And just fancy the pleasure of a season of skating in which we did not have time to forget all we had learned in one day before another opportunity of trying our powers arrived ! We will leave this suggestion with our fellow-skaters and ask them to ponder it well.

This is the time when notice is given in Chapel that "all students having the right to elect studies for the coming semester will please hand in their elections" before some specified time. The Preps. and Freshmen listen with envy and a longing for the happy time to come, when they, too, may study whatever they please. But those to whom the announcement applies often hear it with feelings of perplexity and doubt, of reluctance to assume the respon-

sibility of an important choice. Indeed, electing one's studies for a couple of semesters generally causes one to rejoice that for part of the course at least, the choice is left to older and wiser heads than ours. By the middle of the Sophomore year we have generally arrived at some small comprehension of our own ignorance and inexperience,—a comprehension which deepens and widens all through the rest of the course; advisers differ in their opinions; we long for some authoritative voice. For that we may hardly hope, but there is one question we should particularly like to hear discussed. Shall we follow our inclinations to the fullest extent, choosing only those studies which will be easy and delightful to us, or shall we lay out for ourselves a course of work not so well suited to our tastes, but perhaps more likely to develop those faculties of mind in which we are deficient? Shall a girl who has "a wandering mind" follow Bacon's advice and take "the Mathematics," which will be one long struggle to her? Is it allowable for a dreamy, impractical, unobservant girl to give herself up to the theoretical studies which she loves, leaving science quite in the background? These questions have presented themselves to all our minds; perhaps it would do us no harm if we talked them over a little more.

Before the Christmas vacation a meeting of the Philalethean Society was called three times to no purpose. On each occasion it was impossible to obtain a quorum. Of course it was a source of great annoyance to those who had charge of the meetings. Although the business to be transacted may be of very slight importance, still, it is necessary that it should be attended to as soon as possible. At other times business of great importance cannot well brook delay ;

but if the students are not in the habit of attending these meetings the important business will have to await their pleasure. Among New Year resolves it might be well to have one making us think of little things pertaining to College life. And it might also be well to keep it.

HOME MATTERS.

The moment we had returned from our vacation we were greeted with the tidings that by a vote of the Trustees taken at the meeting of December 29, President Kendrick is to remain with us till the close of the year. What more welcome news could we have heard? It has been pleasing to notice the delight all have manifested on account of the decision; and especially we, whose course will soon be finished, are grateful that no change is to be made to mar the enjoyment of the last few months. To show our gratitude let us do all in our power to make his stay with us pleasant and his tasks as light as possible.

None but a student at Vassar can appreciate the eagerness with which we look forward to a Hall Play; and for some time before the evening of December 12, questions about the play were asked on every side. The fact that "A. Fox" was Director, was sufficient assurance that the play would be a good one. There was a rumor that "Sealed Proposals" had been selected, but "The Lancers" was given instead. When the doors of the Lyceum were opened, the gentlemanly ushers had more than they could do to seat the crowd as they pushed in. Among those who took part in the play were several who had never before appeared on the Vassar stage. Miss McCreery as the

Colonel of The Lancers, acted her part well, but Miss Nettleton, although she made a charming artist, was too nervous to do justice to herself in that part.

The others were all known to us before, but no report would be complete without especial mention of Miss Skinner and Miss Cleveland. Miss Skinner only proved to us that she could adapt herself to any part, and Miss Cleveland as Estella Duvernay but added to the reputation that she had already made.

As a whole the play was excellent; but some parts were not taken with sufficient animation, and at the first, the actors spoke too low. This defect, however, was soon remedied. Thanks also are due to Miss Burtis and Miss Stewart for the pleasure their music gave us.

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In accordance with a pleasant custom, a concert of Christmas music was given by the choir on the evening of the last Sabbath before the Holidays. The songs were well rendered and the organ music, as usual, enjoyed by all. We feel that thanks are due Miss Hubbard for the time and labor she spent in preparing what was, to all lovers of music, a real treat. We append the program :

1. "Blessed is he that cometh," - - - - - *Tours.*
FOR THE ORGAN.
2. "There were shepherds," - - - - - *Foster.*
3. READING, - - - - -
DR. KENDRICK.
4. Christmas Carol, - - - - - *Sullivan.*
5. SOLO. "He shall feed his flock," - - - - - *Händel.*
MISS WILSON.
6. O Jubilemus, - - - - - *Mozart.*
7. READING, - - - - -
DR. KENDRICK.

9. SOLO. Carol,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Tal.</i>
									MISS WARD.
9. 'Twas in the winter cold,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Barnby.</i>
10. O sing to God.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Gounod.</i>
11. Adestes Fideles,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Andri.</i>
12. Gloria,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
									FOR THE ORGAN.

On the evening of December 15th, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, at present incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, London, and well-known in America as the author of "Music and Morals," gave a lecture—or impromptu discourse—in our Chapel, on topics akin to those treated in that book.

Mr. Haweis's description of the different arts as the natural expression of different epochs—his satire of intellect barren of emotion and imagination—his sketch of the religious devotee, uttering noble aspirations in music, that artistic result of Christianity—and many other fine passages in the lecture held fancy captive, while merry sallies, and keen, but kindly witticisms, amusingly relieved—and always in good taste—the more serious matter of this discourse.

One might not always agree with Mr. Haweis—not in his generalization of antique Greek Music as prosaic, which conclusion looks too sweeping, in the light of very recent investigation,—not in his declaration that music, alone among the fine arts, has no prototype in nature (for this would place music on the same height as Divine Revelation),—yet his views were above all things suggestive, leaving behind them a long train of subjects for thought, and another, a cometary train, of praiseful observation and remembrance.

Mr. Haweis is an amateur violinist of considerable ability, a well-read musical historian, and a disciple of the "ad-

vanced" school; he has devoted many fine pages to an elucidation of the beauties of modern composition, but in his lectures he wisely steers clear of art technicality, a rock on which many lecturers to general audiences have foundered,—one on which only the pedagogue, face to face with his classes, is at home. Mr. Haweis chiefly confines himself to the literary and aesthetic aspects of music, fitly borrowing many illustrations from its sister arts, thus making their close relationship more distinctly understood. In order to prove the moral effect of music—the emotional art *par excellence*, Mr. Haweis gave a very interesting analysis of the gradual development of thought from feeling, as the basis and principal subject of this lecture.

On each occasion of our hearing Mr. Haweis, he has referred, in that sarcastic way he has, and which is not without a dash of the Heinean flavour—to the liberties which foreign publishers take with his books in abbreviating or altering them. There must be a sort of "universal" element about them, however; something for all to take or to leave; for the last to sin in this way is a Berlin publishing house, which has just brought out "Music and Morals" under another title, omitting the lively and eclectic elements of the book, and giving it a scientific air, in its German dress, to which Mr. Haweis certainly did not aspire, for his book is rather of a popular—in the noblest sense of that word—than of a scientific cast; such, too, was the character of his lecture—an epitome of his book—and this character, combined with his personal magnetism and eloquence, is sufficient to account for the success which Mr. Haweis has obtained with his audiences among us.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! Hope you'll have a nice time and won't get too awfully homesick!" and with a parting embrace, away they hurried, bent on catching the car just

then leaving the Lodge. We who were left, stood busily twirling our thumbs and trying to make ourselves believe that we wouldn't be *very* homesick. We watched until the last umbrella and hand-bag had been escorted to the Lodge and then retired. We have only a chaotic remembrance of how those first few days passed. The most lasting impressions were those produced by the arrival of Christmas boxes and by the incessant drumming on room J piano, of Home, Sweet Home, and other productions equally well calculated to enliven our spirits.

Time to grow lonesome? We had scarcely time to breathe—two Christmas dinners, a Mother Goose party, a Children's party, candy-pull, and innumerable "larks." Now admit that you are wondering how we count two Christmas dinners. A suggestion—the Trustees met December 29. You can close your eyes and imagine yourself in the midst of Mother Goose and her young charges. You can imagine that you are a child again at the birthday party of a playmate. But give your imagination full play, think of the very nicest candy-pull you ever attended, and I am sure that there will still be a margin in favor of the one Mrs. Kendrick gave to us in her kitchen the last Saturday night of vacation. Then, too, there was such an air of mystery. "Come to Mrs. Kendrick's at half past seven with aprons, and you will find something to do." Was it to make clothing for the heathen? Was it to dress more dolls? Was it a candy-pull? The aprons caused the difficulty, and a few over-eager ones put them on several hours before it was time to go, as if by that means they might solve the mystery.

We wish that you might know of the innumerable midnight spreads, how the spread was obtained in many cases, the serenades, practical jokes, and other schemes originated in our busy brains—but that would be telling.

On Sunday evening, January 10, the Young Women's Christian Association was addressed by Prof. Burnham of Madison University. His remarks were based on the injunction, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Prefacing his discourse with a few words regarding the wonderful combination which the Bible presents of what is ideal with what is real and humdrum in life, he showed how inspiring and constant is Christian work and in how many different forms it may be pursued. In an impressive manner he gave many useful suggestions and much encouraged the continuance of the work in which our Association is engaged.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Nelson is chairman of the committee for the second Phil. play.

The first Phil. play was enacted, December 12, in the Lyceum.

Mr. Ottarian, an Armenian, addressed the Y. W. C. A., December 13, on the subject of the customs of his native country.

On the evening of December 13, a service of Christmas music was given in the Chapel.

December 15, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, gave a lecture in the Chapel on "Music and Morals."

Christmas vacation began December 18, and ended January 6. About twenty-six students spent the vacation in College.

A reception was given in honor of Prof. Mitchell by the Woman's Club of Boston, on December 26.

The Y. W. C. A. was addressed, January 10, by Prof. Burnham, of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y.

The N. Y. branch of the Intercollegiate Alumnae Association has been organized, and met, January 9, in the library of Columbia College, to draw up its constitution and elect its officers.

A meeting of the Boston Alumnae Association was held at the Vendome, January 2.

The Pittsburgh Alumnae Association is being organized and will meet for the first time at the house of Mrs. Thaw-Thompson.

In preparing to go away on her Christmas vacation, one of the students committed the slight error of putting both her checks on her trunk.

The following dialogue was recently overheard :

Miss X : " My train leaves at 12:44 P. M."

Miss Y : " Why child, that's in the middle of the night !"

The request for contributions to the MISCELLANY has met with a response. The Miscellany box has been the recipient of papers informing us regarding the studies elected for next semester by several students.

The following is almost too good to be true. Two Vassar girls, returning to College after a vacation, found that they had forgotten to check their trunks at the city which now lay far behind them. A gentleman, observing their distress and perplexity, offered to arrange the matter for them. On

his return from doing this, one of them bravely said, "I suppose you think we have no presence of mind at all, but don't think it is because we are Vassar girls. We aren't really Vassar girls ; we're only Preps."

WANTED:—V. C. Class Day books previous to the year 1873. Any one willing to furnish any number of the same will please notify the MISCELLANY or Miss M. E. Jones, 10 James Street, Boston, Mass., and will be liberally paid for them.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'70.

The first of the Vassar Alumnæ Receptions was given at the house of Mrs. Rice-Crane, December 29.

'74.

The second reception will take place January 14, at the house of Mrs. Capwell-Allen, and the third, on January 23, at the house of Miss Annie C. Brown.

'76.

Miss H. E. Hersey was elected President of the Boston Alumnæ Association.

'77.

Born, in April, 1885, a son, Logan, to Mrs. Logan-McCoy.

'78.

Miss Fullick is teaching Art in Tacoma, Washington Territory.

Miss M. E. Gaston, formerly of '78, is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

'79.

Miss Helen Banfield will spend the winter in Poughkeepsie.

Miss Hazard is teaching in Boston.

'82.

Miss E. M. Howe was elected Secretary of the Boston Alumnæ Association.

'85.

Miss Deming and Miss Wheeler are teacher-correspondents of the Boston "Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home."

'86.

Married, at Fort Ann, N. Y., December 15, Sarah Gardner, formerly of '86, to Waldemar J. Nichols.

Miss Bernard of '83 and Miss Winne of '85, (School of Art) have visited College this month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Yale *News* recently gave a description of the University of Tokio, Japan. This institute, of which so little is generally known, contains over two hundred students and forty professors. The course of studies is advanced and the standard high. All the instruction is given in English. The University has a good library and reading-room, and publishes a monthly magazine.

The Colby *Echo* contains an interesting sketch of the life and work of Tauler. "Illegitimate Wit" is discussed in an able article by one of the alumni of the University. The incongruous conjunction of the sublime and the absurd, a form of wit in which Byron excelled, and in which many less able poets have followed his example, meets with especial censure. A large majority of parodies are excluded from the province of legitimate wit; while the true parody, at once keen and free from ill-nature, is commended as one of the most effective forms of humorous literature. A standard is thus suggested which, if aimed at by college publications, to say nothing of more ambitious journals, would banish much of the nonsense that is now tolerated in their columns under the name of wit.

The *Tech* is publishing a translation of a quaint German romance, called "Althausen." Thus far we have followed the adventures of the hero with pleasure, and we now await the next number with some curiosity as to the result of his sojourn in the enchanted village.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

They deck with white and wealth of gold,
The year that groweth old,
And, like the rays of setting sun
When a November day is done,
With purple deep and red, unfold
Their beauty to the cold.

Nassau "Lit."

A correspondent of the Harvard *Advocate* writes in defense of the morality of the French realistic school of novelists. This article is more substantial in character than most of those which appear in the *Advocate*. Though this paper apparently claims to represent only one aspect of the literary work done at Harvard, yet its contents often

impress us as undesirably superficial. In one of the December numbers there is a melodious poem on "The Passing of the Year."

The Blair Hall *Literary Magazine*, is always prepossessing in its external appearance, but its contents are sometimes a disappointment. The biographical sketch of John I. Blair, the founder of Blair Hall, given in the December number, is an appropriate contribution. "The Mission of a Christmas card," in spite of its hackneyed theme, is as good as much of the fiction that finds its way into school and even college papers; but, for such a meaningless attempt at wit as the composition on "Cats" there is no excuse. Give us fun—we enjoy it. Even a good pun is acceptable; a bad one that frankly proclaims its lack of merit is endurable; but a pretentious bad pun is a pathetic failure.

The Williams *Literary Monthly*, possesses a rare treasure; namely, an interesting exchange department. In the January number this is chiefly devoted to a consideration of the merits and prospects of college poetry. From another part of the *Monthly*, we quote a few verses on the same subject—verses which well express the reasonable aspiration of the college poet.

ON HEIGHTS OF HELICON.

On Heights of Helicon we do not spend
Our busy days, nor all night long attend
Euterpe's court. The proud Calliope
Is never wooed by poets such as we—
Called poets by the flattery of friend.

We never see the frenzied muse unbend
To lead fantastic dances, or to lend
Divine afflatus to the souls set free
On Heights of Helicon.

Yet in our smoke-blurred valley we suspend
The throb of care, and to the muse dare send

Our humble praise. Far up the steeps we see
Her choir—content if in that jubilee
Of heaven-born songs our own may softly blend
On Heights of Helicon.

WILLIAM'S *Literary Magazine*.

The *Century* for January contains an article on "Feathered Forms of Other Days," by R. W. Shufeldt. This deals with those birds which have recently become extinct and also with those which are only known to us by their fossil remains. "A French Painter and his Pupils" comprises a series of lectures or talks by the artist Mr. Carolus Duran. There are stories by Frank Stockton and Joel Chandler Harris, and poems by Helen Jackson, Celia Thaxter, and others.

In the *Atlantic* "The New Portfolio" is continued, to the satisfaction of those readers who feared that it was finally closed. Charles Egbert Craddock again leads us into the familiar country of the Great Smoky Mountains, in a new story, entitled "In the Clouds." The other serials are continued as usual. John Fiske contributes an article on the "Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender at Yorktown."

The *St. Nicholas* begins the year with even more than its usual share of stories and other bright literature. Among other well-known names, are those of W. D. Howells, Mrs. Burnett, Hezekiah Butterworth, Helen Jackson, and H. H. Boyesen.

BOOK NOTICES.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys" has been published in the convenient "Riverside Series," by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. The two neat volumes contain "The Gorgon's Head," "The Gold-

en Touch," "Paradise of Children," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Miraculous Pitcher," and "The Chimaera."

"A Handbook of Whist," by "Major Tennace," is a reference book containing the general laws of whist, together with instructions for special emergencies. The author says: "In this handbook an attempt is made to condense, arrange, and to marshal into a system all the specific directions for play that could be found in the works of the acknowledged masters of the game of whist. The object is to present these directions, unencumbered by explanation or discussion, in a form convenient for reference."

A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Handbook of Whist. By "Major Tennace." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 5.

TAPESTRY WEAVING.

“O what is so rare as a day in June?” when the dull ground is alive with dancing buttercups and daisies, when all the winds are whispering happy secrets of summer joys to come. Over our heads, the great boughs are woven into many an ever-changing form, by the fingers of the merry breezes. Higher yet are meshes of fleecy cloud, entwined with tangled sun-rays, wrought on a ground of deepest blue; a glorious far-spreading canopy. A woven tissue of sweet spring sounds surrounds us on every side, and a waving veil of light and shadow rests on the pleasant fields.

How beautiful is this fair tapestry with which our mother, Nature, gladdens the eyes of her children at every incoming of the year. And how wonderful are the ways in which it is wrought. Deep in the dead earth, through all the brumal cold, tiny germs of life have lain waiting

for the time when, far from the eyes of men, they should begin their fairy weaving. One after another, the little seeds have quickened and put forth delicate fibres, to intertwine in a strange white network, with many a snarl and break—the hidden side of this wondrous tapestry which veils the earth about us.

We might spend long hours in some green nook, some little Nirvana, free from all desire, feeling an idle joy in the wealth of life and song and color all around us ; but this is not what our dear Mother wishes. So she draws a warning cloud over the face of the sun, and sends the fore-runner of the coming storm. Softly, at first, it whispers in the rustling leaves above us ; then, growing louder, whistles among the grey old rocks and sobs through the dark branches, and slowly, sadly, takes the form of a sombre, haunting song :

“ We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.”

Ah, even here in the bright country, enfolded by Nature's seamless robe, we cannot quite forget the far different weaving done by the “people of tired cities” where we pass our daily lives. However far we have wandered, we turn to them again, for among them is our work, and the threads of our lives are closely twined with theirs. As we near home, ever louder sounds the mighty loom which dins in the ears of the workers day after day, with distracting whirr and roar. At length we stand in the city streets, and the rain pours steadily down from the dark, cloud-hung sky. Over our heads, instead of waving boughs, is a firm warp of beams and woof of iron bars, along which rush the heavy-laden trains, like giant shuttles toiling through the night. Higher yet, a golden network gleams in the rain and the glare of many lights, perplexing

in its shining intricacy, fading on either hand into the darkness. Prosaic enough by daylight, grey and dull are these wires, but to-night we see them as they really are, thrilled through with living fire.

If we stand for a moment on the level of these trains that roll above us, we see in the distance, hanging over the broad river, a graceful web ; marvellous in its slender strength, the tedious work of thirteen years, the pride of two great cities. Below us, the hurrying crowd surges to and fro, a great throbbing creature, murmuring, sighing, never at rest. Over the wet roofs wail the sad voices of the wind ; they moan through narrow lanes and wretched alleys, then rise and sing above the unquiet throng :

“ Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show ;
’Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.”

Oh, let us listen no longer to this song of doubt. We know that it is not true, though the city is wreathed with smoke and the country with storm-clouds, though there is nowhere rest for the tossing human sea. It cannot be true; for within the inner world of man are tapestries rich and beautiful, which no storm nor night nor length of time can ever destroy or darken. Within the human brain, in secrecy and silence, what glorious weaving is done. The threads of thought are wrought into a fabric, filmy at first, and indistinct, but growing firmer and clearer, until at last the busy hands can take the threads and work out a design that will be a delight to men for ages.

But this weaving, which gives the world her works of science and of art—is even this the most wondrous done by the mind of man ? There is another tapestry, far more delicate and priceless, on which each man works steadily, never pausing until cold hands close gently over his and, taking the threads with which he has been working, pass them on to others, losing no smallest one among them all.

And the pattern of this tapestry? There are many, for each weaver has his own. Some look behind them and copy the designs of great men and women of the past; others turn their eyes upward, trying to catch a little of the perfection of that heaven they can almost see above them; others look on all sides and study to keep their work in harmony with the lovely robe of Nature; and some gaze far, far forward, straining after the vague, bright outlines of the future's radiant Ideal.

They toil ever upon the wrong side of the tapestry, weaving constantly threads of good endeavor and of failure and weakness, of hope and love, despair and every fiery passion, of friendship and old association, of courage, submission and lofty faith. All colors and all shades of color are mingled in the woof upon the ever-standing looms. Some hold rich tints, firmly inwoven by careful hands, some, medleys of uncertain and discordant hues. Here is one grey as rueful sackcloth, there one gleaming with the purple of exultant victory. In this are blended colors like those of some cathedral window, in that, the pale, elusive tints of opal and of pearl; while through them all winds in and out a shimmering thread of purest gold.

Above the busy workers rise clear and sweet the notes of a melodious song. A few are singing it, the while they weave; and, as they sing, a heavenly light falls on their looms and touches their bowed heads softly, tenderly. They sing their hope and trust that some day all the looms will stand complete and perfect, that coming men who take the threads which they have dropped will fill out all their broken outlines, will cover their sad failures with the fair colors of success. They sing of the coming time—far-distant, but surely coming—when the light of a lofty purpose at length fulfilled will illumine every feeblest effort of the past, when every imperfection will melt away into full radiant splendor. Even though their eyes may never see that

day, although to them the tapestry may always show its inner side, yet do their voices rise in joy that they can help in some little measure to weave a pattern which, when viewed entire, will gladden the eyes of other weavers yet to come.

Voice after voice echoes the refrain, and more and more will echo it, until one day all men shall sing in happy unison. Then at last will the patient weaving be in accord with all of Nature's working : then will the song swell in harmony with the music of the stars that ceaselessly weave above their mystic choral dance, in harmony with the unheard music of the Universe.

L. C. S., '87.

A PUZZLE.

A frank, bright young face, a manner made up of gayety and good-humor, a sort of radiance about her that suggested morning and sunlight and spring-time,—it was not strange that she took our hearts captive the first time we saw her. The dull little town where we were living was a brighter place for her presence there : in fact, in those first days of our acquaintance it would have seemed absurd to find fault with her in any way. She had certain traits of character which no one could help admiring. Concealment and deceit seemed foreign to her nature ; nothing disturbed the sweetness of her temper, or her bright cheerfulness ; she was gentle, affectionate, quick to forgive. I linger with a certain fondness upon this side of her character, for I am reluctant to admit that after a time perplexity and uncertainty began to mingle with my thoughts of her and slightly mar my pleasure in her companionship. At first I combated my doubts vigorously ; it could not be, I said to myself, that she was dull or insensible to good, beautiful

things,—she who seemed, by her very nature, to be allied to them. And she certainly was not dull intellectually ; we studied together, and I had daily cause to admire her wonderful quickness of mind. Nothing was so difficult that she could not comprehend and remember it, seemingly without effort. Still, it was not a thirst for knowledge that impelled her to study, but the necessity of applying her surplus energies in some way, and a very ardent attachment which she had formed for the lady who taught us both. Nothing escaped her observant eyes ; and to observation she added an artistic taste that made charming pictures of herself and every place that she inhabited. But she had no feeling for the beauty of nature. I remember plainly yet, a walk that we took across the fields, one autumn afternoon. We had stopped to rest a moment ; not a sound broke the stillness ; all around us the level country, only broken by occasional strips of woodland, lay peacefully in the afternoon sunlight—

“ And quiet now the depths of air,
As sea without a wave,”

quoted my sister, absently. A burst of merry laughter interrupted her. “ Don’t be a sentimental little goose, Mary ! ” cried our friend, in a tone of affectionate admonition. The laughter and the words were sweet as a bird’s note, but they jarred on my ear. Many such trifling but significant incidents compelled me to admit, after a time, that she thought no more than was absolutely necessary, that she was quite unmoved by finer humor or finer pathos, and that poetry and music stirred no answering chord in her nature. In one memorable conversation she revealed to me the fact that enthusiasm, devotion to an ideal, or to one’s fellow-men, the spirit which makes martyrs and missionaries, seemed to her incomprehensible foolishness. “ If we were compelled always to think of the poor, wicked,

miserable people in the world," she said, "we might as well be poor and miserable and wicked ourselves. It would be horribly uncomfortable. And as for the people who rave about principles and ideas, they can not have ordinary common-sense."

She was remarkably thoughtful in attending to the little preferences and fancies of those whom she loved; this always seemed to me one of her most charming traits, and it shocked me inexpressibly to find that she was capable of something little short of cruelty toward those whom she disliked. And her love for her friends did not prevent her from constantly misunderstanding their motives. If one could not always agree with her, could not approve of everything she said and did, the injured, reproachful look that she wore for some time, told us plainly that she could not understand, poor child! that we could love her, and yet disapprove of some particular act of hers. Perhaps it was this quality that led her, several times, to do real and serious injustice to those who loved her best.

There was nothing lawless or violent about her nature. She would have been incapable of any great wrong-doing, for great wickedness always frightened and horrified her. But of religious feeling she had scarcely a trace; this she admitted, with a charming frankness, and lightly, as one confesses some slight weakness. She was by no means scrupulous as to minor points of conscience. In fact, though she had little vanity and almost no pride, she was quietly but completely satisfied with herself.

Our gradually developing knowledge of her caused us, as I have said, a good deal of perplexity. But, as it seems to me now, it was because we did not understand her. A nature so richly endowed, so lovable, we thought, should have or should not have this or that quality. But if her nature was at variance with our preconceived ideas of naturalness and propriety, it was at harmony with itself.

Nothing in her suggested the idea of a soul divided against itself, a better and a worse nature in conflict. Such a conflict is fatal to the peace of the soul in which it rages, and no one was more happily contented, no one was less subject to moods or fitfulness than she. Sometimes I have sought for an explanation of her character in the circumstances of her childhood. Her father had died in her infancy, and her mother was a confirmed invalid. Consequently she had been left to her own devices, and, as the heiress to a large fortune, beautiful, and remarkably gifted, she had been much flattered and petted and taught to consider her will the only law. Still, this is hardly a complete explanation; circumstances will not account for everything. Poor child? In those days we often blamed her; perhaps we were unjust. We do not blame a blind man because light and color, all the glories of earth, sea, and sky are mere names to him. Why should we censure her because she lacks something which is almost another sense—the power to be strongly moved and influenced by what lies outside ourselves? All the teachings of this age point out the high obligations of each individual to mankind as a whole. It is an age of far-reaching sympathies, of conscientiousness almost excessive. It exalts self-sacrifice as the chief of virtues. But her faults and virtues were of quite another order. If the requirements of poetical fitness were always met, she would have lived in some old Pagan land, whose inhabitants led careless, happy lives under the open sky, taking the pleasure that the flying hours afforded, untroubled by conscience, by the great problems of life and death, by any of the “obstinate questionings” of the present day.

I have not seen her for years, but I know that she is happy, and that she is very much loved. And the world ought to be kind to her. Others will grieve over its sorrow and sin; others will toil over its great problems; she brings it sunshine and warmth and joy.

WHY HAS THE DRAMA DECLINED?

A comparison of our age with that of Elizabeth shows that the drama has beyond question greatly declined. We have no great play writer: the pieces produced upon our stage are for the most part either the works of the old dramatist or inferior comedies of modern composition. To what cause are we to attribute this lack of dramatic genius? Evidently not to want of interest on the part of writers or of the public; for enthusiastic critics of Shakespeare are common, and never before has he had so many appreciative readers.

It has frequently been remarked that plays written since the time of Charles II are so untrue to life that stage character has come to be considered as quite distinct from real character. This change from the standard of the Elizabethan age is supposed to have taken place in obedience to the fiats of those French dramatic critics who for a time controlled public taste in England. These learned theorists insisted upon consistency in dramatic characters until these characters came to have almost nothing in common with poor, inconsistent human nature. But not to this alone, or even principally, can the decline of the drama be attributed. Otherwise the revival of admiration for the old dramatists would have brought about an improved modern drama.

The drama has been justly defined as the poetry of outward life and human nature. But human nature varies with the age. It is, then, to psychological facts and to changes in social condition that we must look for the solution of the problem.

The realistic tendency of the present age strongly distinguishes it from the periods of dramatic fruitfulness. We no longer believe in the fountain of eternal youth or dream of rivers with golden sands. We do not picture

countries beyond the sea which could put Spenser's fairy-land to shame. Our imagination does not bid us listen to "the music of the spheres." The world lies before us in our atlas. We know the area in square miles and the population of every country. The mountains mean gold-mines; and the rivers, commerce. Our universe is great and wonderful; but we measure the speed of the planets and know the elements that are in their atmospheres; we weigh the sun, and hope, ere long, to determine accurately the parallax of the fixed stars. Even in our religion we exercise the imagination less than formerly. We strive after the tangible, are unwilling to rely upon faith, discard figurative expressions, and declare that we desire nothing but absolute truth. The imaginative must enter largely into dramatic conception, and we have to some extent ceased to be imaginative.

But we have not ceased to be introspective. The morbid morality of our Puritan ancestors, which once drove the drama from the stage, is with us still. We think that we are called upon to dissect character and to analyze our own feelings. This tendency is unfavorable to the drama; for although it enables us to appreciate the old productions, it fails to make us creative. It may be said that this condition of mind is but temporary and does not preclude the possibility of a drama in the future; for some philosophers think that our moral feelings are gradually leaving us as our race approaches perfection, our impulses becoming more nearly what they should be and so requiring less the restraint of moral judgment. But a state of society morally ideal would not be more favorable to the drama than is the present. For it is the portrayal of the tragic or comic operations of our imperfect nature that makes a successful drama.

Our advance in social and political liberty has removed many dramatic elements from our lives. Dress as a class

distinction, the power of the higher classes over the lower, the unlimited authority of parents over their children, unquestioned hereditary rights, and restrictions to freedom of thought and expression, were doubtless evils which our greater justice has remedied ; but they were also factors of such a nature as to enter largely and with fine effect into dramatic composition.

Again, ours is an age of general culture, and culture does not serve to foster the drama. Plays have had the greatest influence upon the rudest ages, and perhaps mere stage effect is best appreciated to-day by the uneducated. Lamb, indeed, advocates the idea that the best dramas are of the most value for literary monuments and of the least, for representation. The acting out of a thought was necessarily much more common before language was developed ; action was as important a means of expression in the childhood of the race as it now is in that of individuals. The days of Shakespeare seem not the childhood, it is true, but the vigorous youth of the English national life ; language was well developed but was not yet weakened by a commonplace and formal diction ; thought and emotion still found spontaneous expression. The refinement of our mature age tends directly to the concealment, if not to the suppression, of our real selves. It is only in times of great excitement that the student of human nature can hope to see the revelation of character. War, political agitation, or some personal joy or grief may draw aside for a time the drapery of custom ; but it is soon re-adjusted, and the observer is inclined to doubt either his senses or his memory. Under such a condition of society the production of a good drama would indeed be a miracle.

Perhaps the most fatal obstacle to dramatic progress may be found in the fact that our love of the practical and scientific so reduces everything to a system that there is little scope for individual development. Thus, the inven-

tion of gun-powder has removed the opportunity for personal prowess in battle. Every man belongs to some class of workers, becomes absorbed in his department of work, and is identified with its interests. The drama is pre-eminently the poetry of individual dignity, and this we do not possess to nearly so great a degree as formerly. It is true, that individuality of thought and opinion is advocated and encouraged ; but, such individuality is purely intellectual, and the fact that philosophers lay so much stress upon it points to the conclusion that individuality of character either is declining or is crowded out of sight by the pressure of our intellectual and material interests.

We have not so great cause for regret at the absence among us of dramatic talent. We are perhaps the better able to judge with fairness the old master-pieces of the drama, to enjoy their beauties, and to appreciate the genius that called them into being. Why regret that our literature is characterized by logic and truth rather than by imagination ? Our lives, though less rich in rapturous enjoyment, have in compensation a quieter and deeper happiness and less terrible and crushing woes.

I. J. B., '87.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

CYNTHIA'S EXPERIENCE.

(*Miss Frances Russell to an intimate friend.*)

“For the first few days, my dear Helen, I rested absolutely. Blackberry Valley was made to rest in; that was my first discovery. I remained blissfully content with it for a week, then I began to investigate and observe. ‘Did I remember that I was quite young and that the country did not exist solely to undergo the pleasure of my inspection?’ Why, no, my not-so-very-aged friend; that, with some other bits of your dear wisdom, I have stored away for a rainy day. Just now the sun distinctly shines with me.

Blackberry Valley is delightful; there are only two well-cared-for farms in its whole extent, one being our boarding place and the other belonging to one Abram Mason. The inhabitants, I find, no longer live up to their traditions, but they are not ashamed of it. The old Puritan stock, gone to seed here, has produced a peculiarly lethargic set of people, indifferent in politics, and lax in religion, (they have the most charming old church!) with a standard of morality quite their own. Their farms afford them a bare living and they seem to care for little more. To be permitted to take their life easily and their cider hard,—this is all they ask.

They make a fine background for my shining white Puritan maiden, and it is easy to see how little she owes to her surroundings. She is *the* discovery of my summer, and if I could present her to you as she seems to me, you would say she was a dream or a fancy of mine, but I maintain

that she keeps heights my fancies never found. "Your latest enthusiam?" you ask. Yes, but more worthy than some. Let me tell you: her name is Cynthia Fuller and she lives with her aunt, Huldah Ward, who nurses the sick when there are any, and has "shares in the bank." They have a little house at the foot of West Spur—Mrs. Farnum's, where we are, is almost similarly situated with regard to East Spur—and a long green lane runs in from the road to their barn.

Cynthia—well, Cynthia is interesting. She has looked upon the ways of the ordinary girl of the Valley and to those grave, gray eyes of hers they seem not good, so she has secluded herself from them and lives her own life unhindered save by the feeble protestations of Aunt Huldah, who has been heard to wish Cynthia wasn't so unsociable.

Nature is everything to her. I had supposed my own love for it was a very serious and genuine thing, but now I feel like an airy flirtation of to-day brought face to face with a stern, primitive passion. She is fanciful, too, and expends a great deal of crude imagination on the different aspects of the Valley—as when she tells me that sometimes the sweeping outlines of its ridges seem to her like the curves around lips that smile, and sometimes like the drawn lines on the paralytic's cheek!

I call her my Puritan maiden, for she looks the character, and I think I see indications that she *is* it. She does not indulge herself in her fancies, and sometimes treats even her own ideals with a dash of severity. I think she has the temperament that longs,—but the character that struggles to repress longing, if I may say so. I fancy that in the midst of her rebellions she would feel that submission was a more fitting thing, that any content was more decent and becoming than any unrest. And she will always walk according to her light though its flickerings may disturb her. I shall perhaps suggest to her that this

is a failing the electric light shares with the tallow dip. I do not believe she has thought of that.

These are unnecessary suppositions on my part,—but you know already that I, at least, am not given to restraining my fancy. I shall like, sometime, to tell you how I discovered some of Cynthia's favorite haunts, and afterward herself in them, and how pleasant it was to make her shy acquaintance; we are very good friends now, and of that which I have, I have delighted to give her, from the last new way of doing the hair,—up, I suppose it is up. She has an exquisitely graceful head and a wonderful apprehension of the best of everything. In this last she is my ideal unspoiled child of Nature. Why is it that the children of Nature usually so called, betray every other influence before that of their acknowledged parent?

All this, and yet you have no idea of Cynthia. I am comforted only by reflecting that there is nothing in this unique place of which I *could* give you any idea, unless it be Mrs. Farnum's best parlor, whose like you have seen before.

I nearly forgot to mention that it is apparent to discerning eyes like mine and Aunt Huldah's, that the young owner of the other well-kept farm highly appreciates this engaging but not exactly domestic child. I do not think Cynthia knows; or, knowing, she quite disregards. She is so young as that!" Frances Russell added to this letter a page or two of chat more personal to her correspondent and herself, and then folded and sealed it with an air of dissatisfaction. She had failed to convey to her friend's mind just the picture she intended, and yet that was a thing in which she was generally quite successful. She said to herself that she must try again some day, for really, Helen would take pleasure in knowing this mountain girl.

It happened, however, that she did not make the attempt soon, and the weeks that followed made it seem less desir-

able to do so. She was obliged to admit to herself that either Cynthia had changed or else she had overstated in her own mind the attractiveness of the girl's nature, for intercourse with her had certainly ceased to be the fresh, stimulating thing it had seemed at first. Miss Russell was conscious that she was not altogether free from a liability to be carried away by her enthusiasm for the new—and there was no apparent cause for any change in Cynthia. In thinking this, however, she did, for her, an unusual thing; she underestimated her own influence in shaping the moods of those with whom she was closely associated.

It was now September, and Miss Russell was preparing to return to her home; she was, besides, unusually occupied with her own affairs. She would perhaps have given more attention to the difference that she felt in Cynthia if there had not been so much of interest in her own life just then. It was a bright young life and drew its inspirations from many sources. Cynthia would have furnished the material for a letter or two, and one of those clever, sketchy talks that a few of Miss Russell's intimates were privileged to hear. Was not that something? She found few who gave her more than this, and some who desired to be much to her, gave less. As a matter of economy it seems a pity that she could not have known the whole of the little drama in which she figured, for it would have been the most effective of all her summer stories.

Before meeting Frances Russell, Cynthia's inner life had followed a course which though not always smooth was still her own. She had always been stronger than anyone she met, and hitherto had known nothing of the subtleties of personal influence, that mental electric fluid which shatters or strengthens where it comes as chance, it sometimes seems, decides. Now she was to understand in some part the difference that one human being, neither greatly loving nor hating, but quietly pursuing a pleasant path of life, can make to another.

She could perceive that Miss Russell liked her, and as for herself, very presently she found the attraction and admiration she felt at first for this most gracious and brilliant young lady, growing into a tense affection which she hid in her secret heart, rejoicing, and betraying it not. Freely as Frances gave to her, did she return that also which she had, and the result was indeed pleasant and edifying for a time.

There never were such days of delight as those summer days. It was not simple air that Cynthia breathed, but some rarer ether. She saw all things more clearly, and even the world that she loved was more dear to her. She apprehended joy everywhere, but how shall the heart and soul and brain of the New Englander be awake and his conscience sleep? Shall he not use his whole quickened perception to discern that such keen happiness is criminal?

There are some natures born to suffer; the friends of such are spared the pain of thinking, "If this had not been so, had the circumstances been but a little different, a life might have been happier"; for if not with the sword, then with the penknife such souls will wound themselves. Cynthia's simple life had brought her into contact with few people and given her small opportunity to exercise any weighty weapons against herself; but it must be acknowledged that she used the penknife skillfully.

It was not long before her vague feeling that there was something irregular in the great gladness that she felt, grew clearer, and presently she discovered that she was depending too much on another nature. This seemed a spiritual crime to her; viewed with uncompromising justice, what else could it be? In her lonely life she had known that rarest and least recognized of passions, the ardent, blind longing to sacrifice one's self for something human; but here was no opportunity for that. She needed Frances, and Frances had no need of her. If she then clung to this

friendship, it was for her own selfish sake. This was self-indulgence and not self-sacrifice.

How very clear it was, how simple! Here was one wrong in the world that she could right, and none would suffer but herself. The idea possessed her and grew upon her. No truth had ever seemed to her so assured, so absolute; the strength of what the world calls stubborn facts was as weakness beside it. It did not occur to her that in walking according to this light she might find pain which would be hard to bear. While vision is yet strong and action unbegin, personal endurance seems nothing. Who am I, asks the impassioned and usually youthful seer, that I should be permitted to suffer for the absolute, pure truth.

Cynthia was ready to act. Was the first thing to be done to break off her acquaintance with Miss Russell? Very well, it should be broken off. She would not make a scene of it, and run the risk of being laughed at a little and told that this was folly, and brought to believe it herself, and so drawn back to the dear intimacy she had resolved to forego. She would, rather, withdraw her companionship softly and imperceptibly, demonstrating indubitably to herself in the process, what she already believed—that she signified nothing to Frances. She could do this, and she did, with the effect on Miss Russell already noted; but though buoyed up by continual excitement, it was hard to do, and she was not sorry that Frances would soon be gone. Not sorry: Yet when Frances was actually gone and she was alone, she did not find herself greatly rejoicing. It was difficult to maintain successfully that mental attitude which had at first seemed to her the only right and natural one. She began to realize that the hardest part of her task was yet before her. One may alienate one's friends from one's self with sufficient ease, but who shall teach us how to separate ourselves from the souls to whom we cling, or with

what anæsthetic can the pain of such severance be deadened ?

Cynthia had acted from a stronger conviction of purely spiritual facts than she had ever felt before, and she had expected to know afterward at least the satisfaction of a hard duty well done, but she experienced only an unhappiness that confused and dulled her. She was all loneliness, not only for that which she had lost, but for all that she had never had. She had attempted to broaden and render symmetrical her life, according to her highest conception of symmetry, but she had only taken a few blind steps in the endless path of spiritual struggle. Not possessing the fine consolation of being able to philosophize over her misery, she bore it doggedly as best she could.

Day succeeded day of the amber, October weather, but, self-absorbed and struggling she did not know how they passed. She could not have told how long it was from the day when she heard that Frances was gone, to the one when the first snow-flake fell on her face as she was rambling aimlessly over the mountain.

It may be imagined that Aunt Huldah did not find her easy to understand at this period. If Cynthia had not been her only sister's only child and born in Troy—a problematic region whose effect on character Aunt Huldah was not inclined to underestimate—it might have gone more hardly with her in her aunt's estimation, for it seemed obvious to Miss Ward that Cynthy "had got her head turned through bein' so much with that girl from the city." Remonstrance could effect nothing now, and Aunt Huldah could bide her time, but when it came there was a word or two she meant to say to Cynthy.

The storms came presently, shutting them into the little house, and they experienced the dreariness of a winter that seems to have no end. It was a dreamlike season to Cynthia. Physically speaking, when suffering reaches a cer-

tain point, unconsciousness supervenes, and she had now fallen into the long lethargy which corresponds to that in mental ills. Aunt Huldah's occasional caustic remarks tended to rouse her ; but at the same time, sewing carpet-rags by the hour is a monotonous occupation and not eminently fitted to enliven the mind. By way of variety she might look out of the window, but the winter landscape was one which demanded entire attention and a keen regard before it revealed its finer aspects. There were the trees, to be sure ; one need not exert one's self to see that the maples yonder at the mountain's foot crouch, dumb and patient, waiting for the spring, or that against its sides they cling dim and gray, like a mist that waits for the sun to rise.

When at last spring opened, Aunt Huldah, at least, was heartily glad to see it. She didn't know when she had passed such a dull winter. "If it hadn't been for Abram Mason comin' in now and then, and the Farnum's, she didn't know what she would a'done. Cynthia hadn't been no company at all."

Cynthia herself was more indifferent to the budding year than was her wont, and it was June before she was so far her former self that Aunt Huldah ventured to speak the words she had had on her mind to say. They had been sewing all the afternoon, and now, after the early tea, Cynthia was still sitting by the window with her work in her lap, but doing nothing. Aunt Huldah was stirring around the room putting the tea-things away in various cupboards and drawers. She felt vaguely that it was easier to speak her mind when she was active and Cynthia idle.

"Cynthy," she said abruptly, "what do you s'pose Abram Mason comes here so much for?" "I don't know, Aunt Huldah," returned Cynthia listlessly, letting her work fall to the floor as she spoke. "I guess you could tell if you had give it as much consideration as

I have," returned Aunt Huldah dryly. "He's a good man and a good pervider, Cynthy, an' I don't want to be harsh, but everybody ought to do something in this world to make 'em worth their salt, if they don't earn it out an' out. You'll have what I've got when I'm gone, but that's only a little, and you couldn't go on livin' here the way I've done. I don't know as the's any better place for you, or one where you'll be more use than on the Mason farm. It's a good one, too," added Aunt Huldah reflectively.

Silence in the little kitchen. The girl rose hastily with a gesture that might mean anything, and turned to go out the low east door. She passed the glass as she did so, and looking in it, put up her hand half-unconsciously to smooth the heavy coils of her hair, which she had worn all winter in the style Frances had taught her. She still clung eagerly to that and one or two similar non-essentials.

She went down the lane, and leaned upon the bars, looking about her. Of a sudden she became conscious that it was a June evening, and that June was beautiful. How sweet the air was! and yonder the new moon was going down the west, a golden shadow above the serene, pale yellow of the evening sky. She looked upon the world as with unaccustomed eyes, and found it very good. It seemed long since she had looked on it before!

She drew in deep breaths of the warm, sweet air, she caressed with soft touches the slender, light leaves of the budded orange lilies that grew on either side the bar-posts. She felt a pervading sense of surrender to the influences of the perfect night.

And then, down the road she saw her farmer-lover coming with his light, swinging stride, and whistling as he came. How strong and confident and trusty he looked! And she remembered now, though often and often she had seen it, unrecognizing, that his smile was tender. She

stood and leaned upon the bars and waited ; her thoughts were swift but very calm. Was this the right end of it all ? Was this the one moment toward which her life for the last year had been blindly tending ? Why not ? *Why not ?* If it were, then surely she must meet it fittingly, and what did that mean if not that when he came and stood beside her and looked down upon her with infinite tenderness and patient questioning in his face, she should look up with an answering greeting in her eyes ?

It is not too much to say that she had passed through her hardest experience. She had not been able to say "This also will pass away," and yet although she could not know it in her worst days and be cheered by the thought, none the less was it true, and it came to pass for her as for others that when the spring freshets were over, the current of her life ran steadily and contentedly on through all the summer days and summer storms that followed.

Her after-life was above all else peaceful, and though she read its occasional narrowness and deprivation by the illumination of those early days when she had experienced the most penetrating and abounding sense she was ever to have of the life and fullness that is in the world, she saw more and more clearly as the years went on, that the fierce light that sometimes shines out across our youth, gives too lurid a glow for the evening lamp ; rightly or wrongly, she apprehended that such incandescent illuminations are chiefly of benefit when they have taken their place as stars in our sky and we follow them afar off.

Editors' Table.

Order is heaven's first law, and the comfort of earth requires the enforcement of that law. Two places where we should like to see it more strictly obeyed are the Reading-Room and the Library. How pleasant it is to go into the Reading-Room for "just five minutes," and then to spend half of those five minutes in hunting for the particular paper or magazine that one wants, or to go to the Library—especially to case 31—and, after looking as a matter of form in the place for which a book is registered, search through all the fifteen shelves without feeling satisfied that the book is really drawn!

If only each student would in the one place return her paper to the spot from which she took it instead of dropping it wherever she happened to be sitting, and in the other pay some regard to the labels on the backs of the books, virtue would surely bring its own reward. If this is too much to ask, possibly some arrangement might be made by which the librarian would kindly return to the shelves the books of those students who "can't stop" to put them where they belong.

The Senior parlor is kindly granted by the Faculty to the Senior Class to ensure to them and their guests a privacy which the College parlors do not afford. Naturally, the privileges of the room are extended to friends in the other classes, but its limited extent curtails the quantity of our

hospitality in deference to certain ideas of quality. The smallness of the room is felt especially when College guests are taken there, since so many desire to meet them, and the space will accommodate so few. But the unavoidable difficulties are increased a hundred fold by the thoughtlessness of certain students, who, in their enthusiasm, linger about the door and gaze through the *portière* as through the bars of a cage. The unfortunate object of scrutiny is embarrassed, and the entertainers are wrathful, but the crowd increases until the stranger wonders if there has been a strike. The class does not want the parlor for itself alone, but a stampede of girls from all quarters of the building makes it impossible to entertain the friends who have a right inside the door. The Senior parlor is as much a private room as one of the study parlors, yet few of the people who crowd around the door of the former could be persuaded to do the same in front of a student's room, no matter how great a curiosity might be inside.

Much discussion has arisen in those colleges which possess Conference Committees, as to whether these Committees are doing the work and exerting the influence which might reasonably be expected of them. They are accused of introducing unimportant subjects of debate, and of accomplishing nothing in more serious matters. Some students advocate abolishing the Conference Committees. This question is one which each college must settle for itself, but in which all colleges have an interest. It would seem unfortunate if a body organized for the purpose of keeping before the faculty the opinions of the students on matters involving the welfare of the college should be dissolved. On the other hand, if the Committees discuss trivial subjects, without definite purpose, they defeat their

own end. Small grievances, the mere gossip of college life, should find no place in their deliberations. If those Committees which are already established would realize fully the dignity of their position, and a larger number of colleges would try the experiment of allowing the students a voice in matters which so closely concern them, the troublesome problem might be speedily solved.

For some time past a feeling has been growing among the students that we may with justice ask to have a mail delivered at the College in the evening. At present any mail matter arriving in Poughkeepsie after eleven in the morning reaches us at nine or noon of the following day. It is no doubt true that the bulk of the mail is received at Poughkeepsie during the morning hours; but again and again we have letters bearing a stamp which shows that they have reached Poughkeepsie during the afternoon or early evening. It is far from agreeable on Monday morning, for example, to open a letter which has lain for thirty-six hours in the city two miles distant. We can easily see that if, as we have been told, an evening mail at the College would be so small as to average only twelve or fifteen letters, it would be absurd to ask to have the necessary arrangements made. But we feel that we are not unreasonable in asking to have the experiment tried for two or three Saturday evenings, that it may be decided whether or not the gain is proportional to the additional expense and trouble entailed.

Within a few days it has been rumored that the students will not be allowed to give a fourth Hall play this year.

It has been the custom during the past few years to have four Hall plays, two in the first semester, and two in the second. It has been the case, however, that very seldom have the plays been equally divided between the two semesters. On account of the difficulty in settling down to the dull routine of work attendant upon the first semester, we have usually had one play then, and the other three in the following semester. This year has proved no exception to the rule, and the first of February finds but one Hall play in the annals of the Philalethean Society, and what is more, the prospect of only the allotted number before the end of the year. A thorough search through the minutes of the meetings of the Philalethean Society fails to bring to light any record of the necessity for having the first two plays before the end of January, or never. As long as there has been such a misunderstanding about the rule, it seems rather hard to have it enforced on short notice. Of course there is a great amount of work connected with these plays, and it is but right and just that this work should be distributed as evenly as possible throughout the year. We would ask as a great favor that the rule should not go into effect this year, but be left over until the next. Then, after being brought before the Philalethean Society with due regard, no discontent would arise at its enforcement.

This world is so full of contradictions that the opposite of everything is likely to be true. Dr. Watts and innumerable others have sung of the virtue of industry. It remains for us to declare that idleness also has its place among the virtues, and that there are at least a few girls in College who ought to cultivate it,—the girls who study until the latest possible minute at night, and then set their alarm-clocks for half-past five; the girls who can not eat or

sleep during examination time ; the girls, in short, who work far harder than there is any necessity for their working. Although "The Lotos Eaters" is not commonly considered a didactic poem, some of these girls could learn a great deal from a careful perusal of it. But speaking seriously, feverish haste and an unnatural tension of every nerve will not help to make our lessons profitable to us ; in fact, that they may be profitable to the fullest extent, we ought to enjoy them. We do not want to become mere mechanical contrivances for memorizing and reciting. We do want to gain control over ourselves, and to stop short when one has done enough is decidedly a manifestation of self-control. We are proud to say that the system of the College does not require any girl to over-work, and therefore those who do are quite inexcusable.



HOME MATTERS.

Our first concert this year was given, in the Chapel, on Wednesday evening, January 21, by Edward B. Perry, pianist, and the New York St. George's Glee Club. One of the features of the program was the Schumann Sonata, in F sharp minor. The very beautiful Introduction leading into the first movement was charmingly rendered, as were the Aria, Scherzo and Finale which followed it. The interpretation of this Sonata was of peculiar interest, as Mr. Perry has just been studying it with Clara Schumann, to whom the Sonata was originally dedicated by the composer.

Dr. Ritter's Indian Serenade, "I arise from dreams of thee," which was heard this evening for the first time, was warmly applauded.

The Club sang with much spirit and precision, and received a hearty applause, worthy of better selections than

some on the program ; their encores especially were of an uninteresting character. Dr. Ritter's short talk in the afternoon added to our interest in the Glee. The Glee, which is the English song of the people, corresponding to the German lied or French chanson, is in its nature popular, but it has not necessarily the sensational character of those which were heard in the evening.

We can say of Mr. Perry's playing what can be said of so few players we have heard, that it is truly satisfactory. His interpretation of Chopin is always pleasing and artistic. He has the sensitive delicacy of touch which was so characteristic of that composer. The Impromptu, in A flat, the Nocturne, in D flat, and Ballade, in G minor, were perhaps the most enjoyable selections of the evening.

The Toccata in D flat by Mayer and Rhapsodie Hongroise of Liszt are brilliant compositions, and were performed in a brilliant style.

The first encore which he played, a Polonaise, by Dewey, had in it some wonderful octave work.

Three years ago Mr. Perry was a teacher in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. From there he went to Germany where he has been studying for the last two years with Clara Schumann and Liszt. He returned to this country last August. Since then he has been engaged in teaching in Boston and in giving concerts from time to time.

This concert was so thoroughly enjoyed by all, that we hope it will not be long before Dr. Ritter gives us such another musical treat.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in the usual manner, and yet the day seemed singularly impressive, for it is seldom that we have the privilege of listening to such a sermon as Dr. John Hall brought to us that morn-

ing. We were amazed to find that so many rich thoughts cluster around the familiar words of his text: "But we preach Christ crucified." Taking the sentence word by word, he clearly showed why Paul takes Christ as his theme, and not the Father or Holy Spirit, and why he preaches Christ crucified rather than Christ born or risen. It would scarcely be possible to give an analysis or sketch that would convey even a faint idea of the forcibleness of the discourse. The preacher is so eminent that any who failed to hear him may well regret their loss.

It is probably well-known that Dr. Ritter is the author of several musical works which have supplied a lack in the literature of music and which have stimulated the love and study of music as an art. The "Students' History of Music," "Music in England," and "Music in America," have received high commendation and just appreciation in this country and abroad. It is generally granted that his history of American music is the only one which deserves the name. His most recent work, a "Manual of Musical History," has come into our hands and we are glad to recommend it to all lovers and students of music. The aim of the author in this treatise is to point out the most important artistic events from the epoch of ancient Greece to our present time, and to prepare music students for more elaborate works, and especially for his own writings which are mentioned above. It is also intended as a concise and reliable text-book for teachers or lecturers who have under their charge classes in musical history. At the end of the volume are found two useful lists, one embracing the names of the principal musical forms; the other the principal instruments with their compass, as used in modern orchestras. We congratulate Dr. Ritter upon the

success with which his works have met and predict that a fate equally happy awaits his latest work.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Rev. Rowland Howard, Secretary of the American Peace Association, conducted the evening Chapel service, January 19.

A concert was given in the Chapel, on the evening of January 27, by the St. George's Glee Club, and Mr. Edward B. Perry.

Thursday, January 28, was the Day of Prayer for Colleges; the morning Chapel service was conducted by Dr. John Hall of New York.

The second semester began February 1.

Dr. Hall has taken Dr. Mosher's place in College.

The elocution classes have been organized. We are glad to welcome to the College Miss Hoag as the new elocution teacher.

Fifteen new students have entered College since Christmas.

Mrs. Emily Talbott-Walker, a former student of Vassar, has presented the Department of Natural History with a large collection of ferns from the Sandwich Islands.

The committee for Founder's Day has been chosen with Miss Southworth as chairman.

7 has chosen the following officers for next semester :

President, Miss Wilson.

Vice President, Miss Terry.

Secretary, Miss Critchley.

Treasurer, Miss Frank.

3's officers for next semester are :

President, Miss Ward.

Vice President, Miss Pocock.

Secretary, Miss Brosius.

Treasurer, Miss Warner.

's officers are :

President, Miss Boyden.

Vice President, Miss Chester.

Secretary, Miss Greer.

Treasurer, Miss Comfort.

oteric's officers are :

President, Miss Phillips.

Vice President, Miss Werne.

Secretary, Miss Bush.

Treasurer, Miss Thurston.

ie officers chosen by the Y. W. C. A. are :

President, Miss Learned.

Vice President, Miss Bradley.

Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Miss Mac
Creery and Miss S. Chester.

Treasurer, Miss M. Chester.

reshman, to Sophomore :—" Why don't you take Zoöl-
? It is so interesting to study the derivation of words."

ne young lady in last semester's Logic class announced
: the Canons of Induction were invented by Sir Humph-

rey Davy. Another made the still more startling statement that the Indus is the largest river flowing into the Mediterranean.

Professor :—"Now, Miss X., if, after eating a certain kind of food,—oatmeal for instance—for a long time, I should come to the conclusion that oatmeal is exceedingly wholesome, what method of induction should I employ?"

Miss X.—"Why, if it agreed with you, the method of agreement, I suppose." Sensation.

First student, translating French :—"People take the American express to see Niagara Falls."

Second student :—"What !" First repeats.

Second student (contemptuously), "People go to America expressly to see Niagara Falls."

WANTED :—V. C. Class Day books previous to the year 1873. Any one willing to furnish any number of the same will please notify the MISCELLANY or Miss M. E. Jones, 10 James Street, Boston, Mass., and will be liberally paid for them.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'72.

Miss Brace lectured before the New Century Club of Philadelphia, February 3, on "The methods of the Theatre-Francaise."

At the annual meeting of the New York Association of Vassar Alumnæ, January 30, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Will to remove from our midst
CHARLOTTE E. FINCH, an honored member and former president of this
Association; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our associate we loose one who was
warmly interested in the work of this Association, and whose heart and
effort were given in devoted service to the cause of true education.

Resolved, That we offer our sympathy to her family and friends in their
bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Vassar Miscellany,
and that a copy of them be sent to the family of our late member.

'78.

Miss Helen Brown has written a novel, entitled "Two
College Girls," which will shortly be given to the public
through Ticknor and Co., Boston.

Dr. Mary W. Case is practicing in Troy.

'80.

Married, at Perry, N. Y., October 13, Miss Carrie P.
Walker, formerly of '80, to Mr. Ambrose J. Wood.

'81.

Miss E. L. Bush is teaching in Ishpening, Mich.

Miss Henck is traveling in the Southern States.

Miss J. A. Meeker is spending the winter in southern
California.

'82.

Married, in New York, December 19, Genevieve Buck-
land to Frank L. Crawford.

The following are the names of former students who have
visited College during the past month :

Miss S. F. Sheppard, '77; Miss Hillard, '78; Miss Val-leau, '83; Mrs. Cornwell-Stanton and Miss Jenckes, '84; Misses Hunting, Harvey and Putnam.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

An editorial in the *Concordiensis* calls attention to the evils of the marking system as practiced at Union College. While one of the functions of a college paper is the discussion of matters pertaining to the government of the institution which it represents, there are limits which can not be passed with dignity. Surely, when criticisms on the acts of the Faculty take the form of offensive personalities as in the present instance, these limits have been transgressed. The *Concordiensis* contains a plea for Civil Service Reform. Some strong arguments are stated in favor of the Reform movement, and certain possible means of opposing the spoils system are mentioned.

With one more number, the Harvard *Advocate* will have completed its twentieth year. It has been decided to give prominence to the occasion by filling the next number with contributions from past editors. The promised *Advocate* prize story and essay have been published. The latter is a tolerant, sympathetic, and well written article on "Pessimism."

Lasell Leares comes to us full of boarding-school sentimentalism. In some few respects the paper is well conducted. The short columns headed "Musical Notes," "Political Notes," "Art Notes," and "Scientific Notes," generally hold interesting information. But the editorials are trivial, the personals are too familiar for publication, and the longer articles are usually not remarkable for literary merit.

The *Nassau "Lit."* contains an unusually large number of poems of considerable merit. Some of these are translations. Among them are several lyrics of Aristophanes.

"The Battle of Monmouth," the Clark Prize Oration printed in the January number of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, comprises a striking description of the battle, and a statement of its results. The literary style is excellent. "The Influence of the Various Political Parties" is a careful outline of the changes which have taken place in our government since its establishment, together with their causes and effects. The Editors' Table of the "*Lit.*" is well filled, especially with alumni news.

In the February *Atlantic*, Mrs. Oliphant's novel, "A Country Gentleman," is brought to a conclusion. The two other serials, "The Princess Casamassima" and "In the Clouds," are continued. Whittier contributes a poem entitled "The Homestead." "A Half-Score New Novelists" is a review of the chief productions of some of our minor novelists. "Salem Cupboards," by Eleanor Putnam, affords pleasant light reading. "Ministerial Responsibility and the Constitution," by Abbott Lawrence Lowell, is a discussion of the question whether "a responsible ministry can be grafted into our institutions without entirely changing their nature."

The *Century* for February is unusually fine. The first article is an account of the life and work of Antoine Louis Barye. It is illustrated by plates showing some of his finest statues. "The Minister's Charge," a new novel by Howells, is begun in this number. Cable contributes a picture of southern life, under the title, "The Dance in Place Congo." This is rendered vivid by numerous illustrations and by selections of Creole music. "Will the Land Be-

come a Desert?" is an argument in favor of the preservation of the forests of the country. Stockton begins a story, "A Borrowed Month." "John Bodewin's Testimony" is continued.

The *St. Nicholas* contains several stories of hunting and fishing. Edmund Alton, in his serial, "Among the Law-Makers," compares the English and American Constitutions. "The Firm of Big Brain, Little Brain and Co.," is a lesson in physiology. Mrs. Jackson's "New Bits of Talk for Young Folks" ends, for the present month, with a poem.

BOOK NOTICES.

Richter's "Inorganic Chemistry," translated from the German by Prof. Edgar F. Smith, is a comprehensive textbook of general and theoretical chemistry. The order of topics is based upon the periodic classification of the elements according to Meyer and Miendelejeff. Considerable attention is given to this system of classification and also to the chemistry of heat. The characteristics of the elements and their compounds, together with the methods of obtaining them, are clearly stated. A chapter is devoted to crystallography, another to a brief account of spectrum analysis. The theories of chemistry are treated concisely and in a manner that can not fail to win interest. The book contains illustrations and a colored plate of spectra.

A Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry, by PROF. VICTOR VON RICHTER, translated by PROF. EDGAR F. SMITH. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son and Company.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR ALUMNÆ.

The regular annual meeting of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae was held at Hotel Vendome on January 2, 1886, Dr. Culbertson presiding. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, Miss Howe reported that \$162.50, the proceeds of the Authors' Reading, held November 24, had been forwarded to the committee holding the gymnasium fund. The nominating committee offered the following list of officers for 1886 :

President—MISS H. E. HERSEY, '76.

Vice Presidents—MISS A. W. FOSTER, '72, DR. E. B. CULBERTSON, '77.

Secretary and Treasurer—MISS E. M. HOWE, '82.

Assistant Secretary—MISS BERTHA HAZARD, '79.

Miss Foster, '72, gave the report of the committee on college, and her paper was supplemented by remarks from Miss Whitney, '68, Miss Reynolds, '80, and Miss Leach, '85. It having been suggested that Professor Mitchell was willing to try to raise an endowment fund sufficient to put the astronomical department upon an independent basis, the Boston Association voted to raise \$500 to meet any expenses which she might incur in this work.

The new constitution proposed for the General Association was then read and discussed, and it was finally handed over to the Executive Committee for further consideration.

It was moved and carried that the Nominating Committee for each year should be appointed not later than April.

The meeting was then adjourned until after luncheon, when Miss Foster, '72, presented a report of the work of the Boston Association during the past year, and Miss Howe, '82, read a paper upon "The Social Element of College Life." Extracts were also read from the report of the Western Association, and after discussion of the papers read and of the excellent work of the Alumnae in the West, the meeting adjourned.



The Nassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1886.

No. 6.

OUT OF BONDAGE.

“For ye were called unto freedom.”

Roll-call—never long in Senior Greek—was over. Professor Dean laid down her class-book, and said in her calm voice,

“Miss Blanchard.”

Eleven young women settled themselves comfortably in their seats, with inward thanksgivings; the twelfth grasped her copy of Thucydides, and sat erect, with such an air of desperation that Professor Dean said, with a touch of amusement in her voice,

“Are you as happy as you look, Miss Blanchard?”

“Happy!” cried the girl; and the class smiled.

“Then you are not looking forward with pleasure to the work of the next three weeks?”

"Well—not *exactly*," was Miss Blanchard's reply ; at which the smile grew into laughter.

"Are you all of Miss Blanchard's mind?" questioned the Professor. "Is there really no one here who hopes to enjoy this review?"

"Professor Dean you don't really mean you expect it?" protested Miss Blanchard, finding her voice. "Why, I've just about *died* of the advance—doing it without notes too—and the review will be worse because now you will expect me to know something ; and I don't know *any* thing ; and it's going to be very unpleasant—having everybody find out!"

"If I should tell you that after this your part in this class would be that of a listener, would you be happier?"

"O *won't* you?" murmured Miss Blanchard, with such sigh of rapture that the laugh broke out again.

"Then I am to understand that what troubles you is not your ignorance, but the fact that people 'find it out'?"

"Professor Dean ! you know I don't mean that !"

"No, Miss Blanchard, I do not know it. I wish, with all my heart, I did. Young ladies, I am glad this subject has come up this morning. It is quite time you asked yourselves a few plain questions, and gave them honest answers. You have been doing some difficult work this semester, and you have done it well. I have been much pleased with both its quantity and quality ; but I have not been pleased with the spirit in which it has been done. I asked you to read these chapters with no helps but your lexicon and grammar, not so much as a test of what you could do as a test of what you are. I find that some of you are superficial ; some of you are careless ; most of you are conscientious learners. I wish I could say that any of you are *students*. If I had been an Egyptian task-master, condemning you to make bricks without straw I could scarcely have caused more groaning or a

deeper sense of bondage. Not one of you has seemed to have a glimpse of the truth that you are not here to show what you know, but to find out what you do not know ; and that I am here, not to condemn your ignorance, but to enlighten it. Miss Blanchard is indignant because I have told her that she prefers a show of knowledge to its reality, but it is true of every one of you. If your presence in this class-room means anything at all, it means that you love wisdom and seek understanding, not that you are already possessed of them. Yet I hear you every day lamenting—what? Your ignorance? your carelessness? your inaccuracy? Not at all; only the betrayal of them. If one is to judge from your speech you would be content to be fools all your lives—if only you could appear to be wise. Now, it is, perhaps, a fine thing for you to be able to read Greek—though that is a matter, allow me to remind you, on which there are differences of opinion. It would be a finer thing for you to have learned how to *study* Greek—or anything else. Mere knowledge has no value in itself; but the *student's habit of mind* is a precious possession. To observe accurately, to think clearly, to work patiently, to have ‘hospitable minds,’ to love truth, however bitter, and hate falsehood, however sweet, to look at things ‘as they are in themselves without regard to our personal relations to them’—has any one of you even imagined this state of mind? It is the reproach of women that they see nothing in the mass, but everything in detail. A woman’s opinions carry little weight because she so seldom sees the whole of a question. We are said to be partisans by nature—incapable of broad and impersonal views. It seems to me too many of you are proving the truth of this. Your whole attention is fixed on the details of your work, and as details are always wearisome it becomes mere drudgery—a task and not a pleasure. When I remember how many are starving for the feast over which you are grum-

bling and pouting, I want nothing so much as the power to give you a little wholesome starvation. Now, if I have not been clear this morning, or if any of you would like the subject elaborated, I would be most happy to give you private lessons—with notes and illustrations. Miss Blanchard, I think we are ready. The Greek first if you please."

"To think of her asking me to do that!" moaned Miss Blanchard, as she relieved her feelings in the seclusion of her own parlor, half an hour after. "After shriveling me all up—she fairly scorched my bang!—to ask the miserable little cinder that was left to do *anything*—especially read the Greek! O Ethel Wilder!" as a slender, dark-eyed girl entered, "did I see you stopping to *spea*k to Professor Dean?"

"Yes."

"Intrepid creature! I'd as soon have spoken to Pallas Athene with all her armor on. Did she put her 'mighty spear' right through you?"

"She did that before," Ethel answered, crossing the room to her own door. "I am glad you were able to drag your shattered remains home, Kate, and that Jessie is here to put you together again," she added, as she disappeared.

"'Shattered remains', indeed!" exclaimed Kate, making a little face at the closed door of the 'double inside.' "I know somebody who is considerably more dismembered than I am, and that's you, Miss Wilder! Don't I know whom Professor Dean was transfixing all the while with those gray eyes of hers! I think they get more like Pallas Athene's every day. I wonder if she doesn't really turn into an owl, nights, as we used to tell the Preps!"

"If I could only talk it off like Kate!" Ethel was thinking on the other side of the door. "Oh I don't want to think—and I *won't*!" she finished desperately, as she began her preparations for the next recitation. She had just paused, as she passed Prof. Dean's desk, to ask, half de-

fiantly, half meekly, "Did you mean *me*?" and again and again through the afternoon she felt herself blushing hotly, as she recalled the look that answered her.

At seven o'clock that evening she came wearily into her own parlor, to find it deserted, and a note, in Kate's dashing hand pinned to the table-cover:

"We recreate among the bric-à-brac. Come down.

K. and J."

She was glad to go. The Senior parlor would be quiet while chapter-meetings were in progress; and she presented herself directly at the open door of that "aesthetic" little room. It was silent and unlighted, but a voice called to her,

"Ethel! we are over by the window."

"You mean to make it exciting for callers, don't you?" Ethel answered, moving a little uncertainly down the room. "This is like the heart of the 'dark continent'."

"O you can see a little," answered Jessie Howe's voice.—"We are so thankful not to *have* to have a light; and Kate's head aches."

"Yes, I'm a wreck," said Kate: "but you are so used to me in that character, Ethel, that I don't expect any sympathy. We decided that chapter-meetings are a bore and ought not to be encouraged by our presence. You may relax your Senior dignity on that sofa. Jessie, with her usual selfishness, has taken the best chair, and left me only a cushion on the floor; but as she is curing my headache I put up with it. This is Diogenes, the Cynic, 'subtly sentimentalizing' behind the window-curtain. People speak to her at their own risk."

"Good-evening, Miss Gray," said Ethel, making herself comfortable among the sofa-pillows. "You may answer now, or next year—at your convenience."

"I hope it *is* a good evening, Miss Wilder," returned a voice from the curtained darkness of the window-seat.

"Thank you, no—a very bad one."

"Where have you been, you poor thing?" asked Jessie.
"You weren't at dinner."

"No, I went to a spread, down in 40."

"Whom do you know down there? Freshmen, aren't they?"

"No, partly Sophomores. It's Carrie Wells' parlor. That's why I was asked. Miss Beaver gave the spread."

"Did everything taste of money?" asked the voice from the window-seat.

"No, Diogenes. I think the crackers retained their natural, inexpensive flavor."

"Crackers?" said Kate. "She never had anything so common as *crackers*? O—with the raw oysters, I suppose. Well, I'm sure they were something special—ordered up from New York for her, I don't doubt. Awfully commercial set, aren't they, Ethel?"

"Pretty bad," Ethel assented, with a sigh. "I wish Carrie were out of it. She is beginning to estimate things by their prices in a way that won't do for a girl with a limited income."

"How interesting it would be," mused Kate, "to hear Professor Dean tell the Beaver what she thought of her, and her crowd."

"I should think," Ethel answered, dryly, "you might be quite content with knowing what she thinks of you and your crowd."

"O, but it's rather good fun after all—as a reminiscence! I heard her giving Bess Harlow a private, the other day. She told her she was committing mental suicide. What an incarnation of worry that girl is!"

"Aren't we all incarnations of worry?" asked Ethel.

"Heaven be praised, no! Look at Jessie, here!"

"Blessed Saint Serenity!" Ethel answered, heartily.
"How could I forget you!"

"When I fall heir to my millions, Jessie," Kate continued, "I'm going to establish a department for the study of the lost arts of Serenity and Leisure, and give you the chair."

"Thank you, my dear. Will you come and be one of the specimens in my cabinet of Warnings and Examples?"

"Are you always serene, Miss Howe?" asked Miss Gray.

"Of course she is," answered Kate. "It's no credit to her—it comes by nature."

"Does it come by nature, Miss Howe? I would really like to know—if Miss' Blanchard will kindly allow you to answer for yourself."

"Crushed again!" murmured Kate.

"Don't you think one can be serene 'on principle'?" asked Jessie in her sweet voice.

"Then it doesn't come by nature?" All the better. Can't you give us your secret?"

"Don't be so modest, child!" admonished Kate. "I can feel you blush; but go on. We all need reforming—even Diogenes. Though of course hers isn't plain worrying, but something very highminded and philosophical."

"Why I don't know that there is anything to tell, girls. I did make myself rather miserable the first year. But one night Aunt Harriet came out to a concert in chapel; and she studied the girls instead of listening to the music. And afterward she said to me, 'If I thought you were ever going to look like some of those girls, I'd see that you went home to-morrow.' She said they looked worried and tired and bored, and she didn't think people had any business to look like that—especially women. She thought it was just as much your duty to look agreeable as to be disagreeable—and if it wasn't your duty to be agreeable she didn't know what was. And if people couldn't help looking like that then there was something wrong with the way they were living. Well, that set me thinking. Then I

heard Professor Dean say something, one day, about feelings being really nothing but habits of mind ; and that one could cultivate a habit of being happy just as well as a habit of being miserable ; and that made me think more — I'd found out that I wasn't bright, and I wasn't deep, and that there were a good many things I couldn't do. Somebody says 'it is always our inabilities that irritate us.' That made up my mind I wouldn't let mine irritate me. And then—do you remember Miss Mercer's coming down to dinner one Monday night in her best black silk ? and when we asked her what for, she said, 'I have failed in every recitation to-day, and I will be a lady, if I am a fool !' I think I felt like that. I thought I'd like to be a lady—a real lady, I mean—the 'bread-keeper,' you know—one who has something to give people when they need it. Everybody is in such a hurry, now-a-days. It isn't here, only, but outside, too. There doesn't seem time to think of the little things. Everybody's got a specialty, and a vocation ; nobody seems to think it is enough just to be 'pleasant to have about' ; and perhaps it isn't, I don't pretend to say. Only I haven't any specialty, unless,"—with a laugh—"it's hair-dressing. I can make your back hair perfectly lovely, Ethel ! So I thought perhaps I was meant to see to things that nobody else had time for. I thought I'd see if I couldn't cultivate a habit of being 'at leisure from myself. I shall never really *do* anything, but I thought perhaps I could make things pleasanter for the people who are doing. It seemed to me there ought to be somebody for that. And so," Jessie ended with a tremulous little laugh, "I thought I'd try and be—a recreation period."

"You blessed little saint !" cried Kate. "Do you know what a magnificent success you are ? You have re-created me uncounted periods."

"You are a true philosopher, Miss Howe," said Miss

Gray, coming out from her retreat, and taking a chair beside Ethel.

"O, please," remonstrated Jessie, "I'm not anything in particular—not even a very good recreation period. Where are you going, Kate?"

"Perhaps you didn't know," said Kate, rising, "that you were going to make calls with me, after chapter-meetings are out. Well, you are; and you might as well come and do my hair—seeing that's your specialty."

"Diogenes," said Ethel, when they were left alone, "you might as well tear my last shred of self-respect into atoms now, as any other time. I know you have been longing to for weeks. So fall to and enjoy yourself."

"You wish me to tell you the truth?"

"No, I don't wish it. But I know you mean to do it, so I might as well give you the luxury."

"It will be a luxury," said Marion Gray. "You can't tell the truth to women as a general thing. It hurts their feelings; and nothing worse can happen to them, than to have their feelings hurt. They would rather be liars and cowards than be made uncomfortable. Yes, I mean you—and myself. You are going to listen to me because you are too proud to run away: but you would like to run away. I have never asked for your friendship, though I have sometimes fancied I might have had it: but I have respected you more than I do most girls, and so I have watched you. You had an ideal when you came here; you were capable of understanding what education is, and I believe you really wanted to be educated, and not simply crammed. I fancied you might grow into a woman I need neither despise nor pity. I do despise most women—when I don't pity them more. You must remember I don't see things with a girl's eyes—I'm too old for that. Don't you know what petty lives women live? how they never get beyond their own personality, or imagine there can be any higher truth

than their own feelings? We live and move and have our being in trifles, and agonize over pin-pricks. Look at the life here! don't you know how narrow it is? And yet these girls talk about the narrowness of the 'purely domestic woman' in a way to make you wonder! I heard Kate Blanchard doing it yesterday. Women who can't see beyond their day's work, and their own affairs are not inspiring: but does Kate Blanchard think she isn't one of them? As if one couldn't do the noblest work in a mean way! We talk such cant about the 'broadening effects' of what we are pleased to call 'education': as if one couldn't know all the facts in the universe and still be narrow enough to put in a nut shell! You ought to have been above this—you were capable of being. But you have lowered your ideal: you have let the life around you pull you down. Lately it has pulled you down so far that you have indulged the vulgarest of ambitions:—you have worked harder than you ever did before—for the sake of seeming to know more than Maud Hastings."

"Stop!" cried Ethel, starting up—"How dare you! You have no right to say that!"

"Why haven't I a right to say it? Because it isn't pleasant for you to hear? That's a true woman's reason! You know it is true. I want you to understand what you have done. You have chosen to live by your lower self and not your higher. You have spent four years in a breathless race after a little—a *very* little—knowledge, when you might have been learning a little true humility, and the first principles of wisdom. You ought to be growing into a woman who should be an inspiration to every life she touched. There are not many such in the world. Most women make you feel that life is a very petty thing: you might have made people feel that it is a great and noble and beautiful thing. I shouldn't say this to most girls, for they wouldn't know what I was talking about: but you

w perfectly. You ought to have been a continual pro-
against all that is narrow, and false and little in the
here ; and you might have been a power for the best.
you haven't done it. You have drudged along, and
ed the 'demon of the commonplace,' and been a slave
our own vanity, like the rest of us."

here was a clash of bells through the silent house ; doors
ned and shut ; voices and footsteps began to fill the cor-
rs. The two rose without more words, and moved
he door. In the light they paused and looked at each
er.

I would like to see who you are," said Ethel, very pale,
smiling a little.

Have I spoken like a stranger ?"

No—like my best self. But you have been only a voice
he dark."

'A voice crying, 'Repent' ?"

'Yes. Do you know you did not add, 'For the king-
n is at hand' ?"

'It is always at hand," Marion Gray answered, "for
se who will give all for its sake."

and with that they parted.

lthel walked slowly down the corridor to her own door,
n turned, with sudden resolution, and went straight to
fessor Dean's room.

'Can you spare me half an hour ?" she asked, when she
l gained admittance, "I've come to have the subject
aborated'."

he knelt on the floor, folding her arms on the broad
a of Professor Dean's easy chair.

'Pallas Athene," she said, looking up into the brilliant
y eyes that were bent upon her, "you used to do great
ngs for your friends in the old days. Can't you do
ething for me ? I don't seem to be fitted for the nine-
nth century. I'm a failure at being 'heir of all the

ages'. Won't you put me back a few thousand years? It must have been so simple to have been—Nausicaa, for instance. I would like to go a-washing 'by the beautiful stream of the river', and play at ball after it."

"And have Odysseus on your hands? and the gossips?"

"Oh," answered the girl, a sudden gleam of mischief in her eyes, "we have that any way. You see we have all Nausicaa's responsibility, and our own too."

"You think the responsibilities of this age outweigh its privileges?"

"Considering that I have shirked the responsibilities and abused the privileges perhaps I have no right to say that I do."

"No, do not say it, my child. Great opportunities being great responsibilities: but it is only a coward who would lose the one through fear of the other."

"Then I am a coward," Ethel burst out. "O it has all been a miserable failure! and I knew better. I knew how to study when I came here, and I loved it; and I used to look at the girls when they worried and fussed over their work and just despised them for it. I used to feel so above it, and so sure I should never do anything except from the loftiest motives! It was just the Pharisee's feeling of being thankful I was not as other men: and now I am even as they, and worse. I can look back and see how I yielded little by little. And lately—this year—I don't believe I have had any motive except to get ahead of—somebody else. I've been ashamed of it all the time, though I have never owned it, even to myself. That's a noble motive for a *student*, isn't it! A 'student', indeed! O Professor Dean, it all seems like such child's play to me! and we girls talk about it with such satisfaction and importance. I suppose I shall go out in the world and people will ask me where I've been 'educated.' I haven't been educated at all, as far as I can see; and it's my own fault. And now

What am I to do? I can't go back and be Nausicaa: I've got to go on and be a nineteenth century, higher-education girl, with ideas about everything: and I can't take it on the surface, either. I can't take it as a huge joke, as some of the girls seem to, or be perfectly satisfied with what I've done as some of them are. I'm not satisfied. I feel as if all my work had been on the surface. Oh, I can't tell you how I have felt, to-day—only it didn't begin to-day. It's been like—like the handwriting on the wall! the being weighed, and numbered, and found wanting. Is the rest of it true too? Is the kingdom taken from me? Marion Gray made me feel as if it were. Because I have chosen little-ness here, will I go on choosing it? Will the life away from here be too strong for me. Just as the life here has been? Will you be my Daniel and interpret for me? I feel as if I had come to judgment."

She spoke with swift vehemence, her eyes downcast, the color rising in her pale face; and now she looked up wonderingly as Professor Dean said,

"I think you have come to the blessing as well—the blessing of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

"Why, I never thought"—began Ethel, bewildered.

"You never thought it meant that. Which means that you have never really thought about it at all. Is righteousness anything but the being *right*? and isn't that what you are longing for? I think there is a righteousness of the head as well as of the heart."

"O if I could only have it!" cried the girl, with a new light coming into her eyes. "I do want to be right, through and through—every bit of me. Do you think there is such thing as having your *brains* 'converted'?"

"I should be sorry if I did not. How else are we to be transformed but by the 'renewing of the *mind*'? When the kingdom is at hand have you forgotten the herald's cry? 'change your *minds*' is the command. It is not a

new set of emotions that we need, but a new intelligence, and a quickened perception."

"I have been thinking of you much of late," she went on, after a little silence, in which Ethel had been pondering the last words. "You have so much, Ethel. You are young and strong; you have money and beauty, and a clear head and a warm heart—great gifts all of them. And you have that yearning for the ideal—that hunger and thirst after righteousness—call it what you please, it is your dearest possession. Do not let the world rob you of it. You will be of consequence wherever you are; your opinions will be asked, and your decisions followed. See to it that they are on the side of the high and the real. Don't you know that half the shams and lies of the world would be ended to-morrow if women had the courage to do without them? Remember that your little world is *not* the world—there is a universe outside, of which you are the merest fragment, but to which you are in every way bound. Keep a widening horizon, not a narrowing one. If you will do this you will be happier than most women, though, perhaps, not as comfortable. You will have many such hours as this to-night—hours full of self-condemnation and the sense of failure; but believe me, they are to be prized far above the hours when you are satisfied and at ease. I do not know what duties life will bring you, but remember, the duty of being a sustaining and widening influence in your little world is first of all. It is so easy—especially easy for women, I sometimes think—to tithe the mint, and anise, and cummin—to be pitifully conscientious over the minor duties—and to neglect the weightier matters of the law—the being just and merciful, and loving the highest and best with the whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. My dear"—Professor Dean broke off suddenly, and turned the lovely, downcast face up toward her own—"My dear, when I look at you and think of all

to be and do, it seems to me the most beautiful in the world to be a girl—a nineteenth century girl.”
“I’ve been feeling as if it were so dreadful!”

“You little faint heart! Pull yourself up out of this of Despond! Live and grow and be a blessing—and comfort, and joy for all your life reaches your kingdom—take possession.”

“What my sentence?”

“Is it a hard one?”

“No!” It’s a death sentence. It means the extermination of all that has been strongest in me for months. Do you know that?”

“Yes, I am glad to know it.”

“Can you imagine I will do it?”

“Now you will.”

She put her arm about the girl as she said it, and Ethel’s sudden motion of submission laid her head upon it. She was silent, for a little, Professor Dean’s hand touched her dark waves of hair with motherly gentleness. Then she said, very low,

“I will try—oh, I will try not to care so much about beauty.”

“Then she lifted up her face and said: ‘If I could say anything to anybody what you are to me! but it isn’t possible.’”

“You can be far more,” the other answered, kissing her forehead with a rare tenderness; and Ethel went away to lock her door in her own room for a season of meditation.

When the light-bell rang, she called Jessie in.

“Look at me well,” she said, holding that little lady at arm’s length. “Do you see anything remarkable in me? My reformed character—that’s what I am. I’m going to try if I can’t cultivate ‘habits of mind’ as well as some people. Humility is the one I am struggling with.”

to-night. I hope I can make it habitual. I intend to follow it with serenity, magnanimity, and general sublimity. Will you take me for one of your pupils?"

"Ethel! what do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to give up the Phil. play. Nobody but you knows I've been asked, and you can keep still."

"You are going to give up—Ethel! they will ask Maud Hastings!"

"And a very good thing for me if they do—and probably a very good thing for the play."

"Ethel!" cried Jessie again, with a sudden comprehension, "O I am *glad*!"

"Glad, are you?" Ethel answered with a bright smile. "Well I am—going to be. Good night, sweet child," she added, bending to kiss the flower-like face. "When one is like you, 'faithful, modest, noble, tranquil,' one can afford to 'let who will be clever.' As for me, 'I have delivered my soul.' It remains to be seen whether I can 'live serene and free.'"

L. A. S.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

Inside the College walls, at least, the interest aroused by Miss Brown's "Two College Girls" was intense. The story of a girl's introduction to college life, of her gradual adapting of herself to her new surroundings, of the influence she exerted upon others and that others exerted upon her, of the unfolding of her character under the peculiar influences about her,—could not fail to awaken a feeling of sympathy in the minds of those who have passed, or are passing, through a similar experience.

In spite of the suppression of all names, it is evident that the book attempts to give a representation of the life of a Vassar girl, and this attempt is, in most points, successful. The pictures of class-room work, of the social life, of the amusements and duties of all kinds, are true to the life, and free from any exaggeration. The time-honored jokes and good stories are served up in a style that is quite appetizing, though the fact that they have appeared in so many courses takes away from us the relish that an outsider might experience at his first nibble. One of the happiest chapters in the book is the description of Prof. Powers' history class,—and next it we would place the one which brings out so finely the subtle, elevating influence of Miss Ireland's character upon the girls about her.

The characters in the book are consistent and well-drawn and there is something fascinating in the occupation of trying to recognize them under the masks made up of assumed names and a few traits of character that belong to somebody else. The rapidity wherewith one character whisks off his toga and slips on that of another, is remarkable,—

but it is still more remarkable that it always seems to fit; and we lay down the book with a bewildered feeling that a man can be himself one minute and his neighbor the next without being at all inconsistent. The utter absence of unpleasant allusion to personal peculiarities displays a delicate consideration, doubly grateful in a place where ridicule only too often passes the bounds of courtesy.

It is difficult to judge how much of our appreciation of the book arises from merely local interest, and how much is due to its intrinsic worth. It seems to aim at being, not an elaborate novel, but simply a descriptive story, and such does not differ very widely from the host of boarding-school stories that have gone before it. It is more faithful and painstaking than original; more like photography than art. Yet it is bright, well-written, and clever, and will perhaps be all the more interesting to the world at large in that it depicts the girlish, boarding-school side of college life, and fails to bring out the soberness, dignity, and sense of responsibility which distinguish this life from that of the seminary and school.

A STUDY FOR A STORY.

The room was scrupulously neat, but it was not decorated. Somebody had once pinned on the wall a pastoral landscape torn from a bolt of cotton cloth, under the impression that the very pink shepherdess reclining in the midst of her flock, on emerald grass that met a turquoise sky, was an ornamental object; but this was the only article in the room which could be accused of decorative purpose unless you regarded the cover of the bed that stood in the corner, as having that purpose. It was a somewhat worn white quilt with a pattern in minute squares of green calico, yellow-spotted, and faded.

The house was small and the family was large, so there must of necessity be a bed in the living-room, but it shrank back unobtrusively into its corner, and tried to ignore the presence of the dining-table on the other side of the room. The table was in front of the window over which grew a screen of morning-glories trained upon such a number of white strings that a thought of the "seamy side" was inevitable. The table was covered by a black oilcloth with pattern in red and yellow dots; in places it had cracked and peeled, leaving patches of gray. The dishes were racked, too, and had a discouraged air of being unequal to their position, for the table was very carefully set as regarded the position of the knives and forks and the general rectangular arrangement of the dishes.

A yellow dog with an abbreviated tail and one cropped ear, stood on the door-step and looked wistfully in as Mrs. Crowley moved about preparing the supper.

Though the window and doors were open the room was hot and uncomfortable when Hannah came home, for a cooking-stove was part of its furniture, and there was fried pork for supper. No one knew, however, that Hannah objected to the heat—or the pork. People did not usually know whether Hannah objected to things or not, and therefore it was customary for them to think that she had no objections to anything.

She came home as usual a little earlier than the other girls to do the last few things about getting supper ready and on the table before they came. There were five of them, and all factory girls. The rest loitered a little with their companions in the mill-yard and up the street. Hannah was the oldest and had worked in the mills longest—perhaps loitering had lost its charm for her. At all events she went directly home to help her mother, who, possibly, could just as soon not have been helped, but that made no difference with Hannah's sense of duty in the matter.

The eldest of five, and approaching old-maidenhood ; not pretty as one or two of her sisters were, but strong and comely ; gray eyes ; dark hair ; straight, thick, black brows and a resolute chin ; that was Hannah as her acquaintances knew her. A trustworthy girl you would have said, and no one can say that she knew herself otherwise.

To-night as every other night, her father and the girls came in due time ; the pork was done and set on the table together with the cold beans, and the family gathered around the black-and-yellow oil-cloth for their evening meal. A cool breeze had come up out of doors, and Hannah, who sat opposite the window, shivered slightly. Her mother noticed it and gave her a little shoulder-shawl,—a shoulder-shawl in tiny squares of sullen red and black. The light of the low sun penetrated the morning-glory screen and shone in Hannah's eyes. Her sister Susan noticed and spoke afterward of the look it gave to them, a look as of yellow fire playing over their clear gray depths.

She was not hungry, and at last, pushing back her plate almost untouched, "Excuse me, Mother, I can't eat anything to-night some way," she said, and rising from the table she went out of the door into the fresh evening air.

It was fifteen years ago—fifteen, but she has not yet returned. Her mother, sitting by the western window where the morning-glories never were replanted, watched for her year after year,—was watching for her when she died. Her father, quite old now, and imbecile at times, sits there and watches for her still.

C. A. P., '87.

Editors' Table.

"So this is your last number of the MISCELLANY? How glad you must be!" is echoed on all sides. A few of the serious-minded are heard to add, "Or are you sorry?" Being possessed of a hardened heart, we can truly and heartily say that our exit from the editorial stage fills us with unalloyed pleasure. Did ever editors have such trials as we! Was not the MISCELLANY headless for a time by the resignation of its chief support? And was not its dire calamity accompanied by a *direr*, namely, the thought of suspension on account of lack of funds? These misfortunes were scarcely weathered, when considerations, which had been of minor importance before, came to the front. As an example in arithmetic we propound the following: How many numbers of the MISCELLANY, each requiring four long or five short literary articles, would two sets of essays from two classes furnish, provided only six of these from one class and two from another proved eligible? The question assumed the form of an enormous conundrum to the editors, when they knew that "six" must be the answer. The solution was difficult. How well it has been accomplished we leave others to decide.

"Time and tide wait for no man;" so we must hasten to our peroration. Perhaps the incoming editors may begin to think that MISCELLANY life is filled with doubts, and fears, and vexations. Our sense of veracity will not allow us wholly to contradict their impression, nor will it allow us to finish without a word of regret. (All tears reserved for private). At times we have enjoyed our duties, and always

we have been thoroughly impressed with the "honor of being a MISCELLANY editor." And, now, '87 and '88, we heartily wish you success, and—not too much hard work.

In the Constitution of the Philaethean Society, there is a clause which reads as follows: "All students of collegiate grade are eligible for membership in this Society." There seems to be a misunderstanding in College regarding this matter of membership, inasmuch as during the last year many students who are ranked under the ambiguous name of "Collegiate Specials" and who are not of collegiate grade have asked and received admission into the Society. The term "Collegiate Special" is a very broad one, and in many instances includes those who are by no means of collegiate rank, although they may be advanced in some directions. The proper question to be asked in discussing the eligibility of students for membership is, "Are they eligible for the Freshman class?" Unless this question can be answered in the affirmative, the names of such students should not be proposed. It is necessary to bring this matter clearly before the students to avoid misunderstandings in the future and to prevent mistakes such as have been made in the past.

No trait of character is more thoroughly beautiful and attractive than considerate thoughtfulness of others; and we shall probably never have better opportunities to cultivate and exercise it than here. Thoughtfulness toward those whom we love best is, or ought to be, simply natural, and common civility is all that circumstances allow us, with regard to most of those whom we meet in the world outside: here, however, we are daily brought into close re-

ations with a great many people whom we know but lightly. Surely there is ample scope for the virtue of kindly courtesy to grow and flourish here. But does it? Are we always considerate and thoughtful of each other? Do we pay due heed to the "small, sweet courtesies of daily life?" Our own accusing consciences answer no. The rule we observe is something like this: "Give every one else her rights and insist on having your own." Not a bad rule in many respects; it is well that public spirit here enforces fairness. But simple justice toward those about us is not all that we ought to require of ourselves. We all know this well enough; in fact the only excuse that we make for our deficiencies in this respect is that threadbare old excuse "I haven't time." But we take time for so many other things; ought kindness and courtesy to be quite crowded out? Let us try to think of our opportunities to exercise these virtues, as one of the "advantages" of our College course, which we are in danger of losing; we feel quite sure that the best results will follow.

To petition or not to petition was the question which agitated our minds during the last week or ten days of February. Whether it were better to leave to the discretion of the Faculty the change in the spring vacation or to move in the matter ourselves and by making the request end our doubts,—was a subject upon which opinions differed. "To petition" prevailed, and the Monday night after the document was presented we were gratified to hear the change of the vacation officially announced. The change was desirable on many accounts. The principal object in having a spring recess is to give an opportunity for rest and recuperation, before entering upon the final and most trying period of the College year. Postpone this until the last week in

April, and it unavoidably defeats its own object. If the need for rest is not imperative before then, it will not become so during the remaining four or five weeks of the year. The custom of having the spring vacation include Easter Sunday is deeply appreciated by many of us; but as Easter is later than for several centuries, the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance this year. "The Faculty of Vassar College is ready to grant all reasonable requests which the students may make," was the remark with which President Kendrick prefaced his announcement of the change. The students can and ought to show their appreciation of this fact by returning to College promptly at the close of the vacation, and by doing all they can towards the avoidance of any interruption of the regular College work at Easter time.

While the "red" street-car continues to form the only cheap means of conveyance between the College building and Poughkeepsie, we feel justified in speaking a word of criticism on the management of the city railroad, hoping that some hint of the very general dissatisfaction prevalent may reach head-quarters. A cheap means of conveyance did we say? Regard for the truth forbids such a misrepresentation. For half the price one may ride two or three times the distance in New York City, over a much smoother road, in cars with cleaner windows. Perhaps the incessant jolting that rasps the nerves and throat is due to imperfections in the track, and not to obstructions on the track. If that be the case, we make no protest against performing part of our journey in a vertical direction, provided that this portion be reduced to a minimum by making as few side excursions as possible from the track to the rough road. But every passenger must object to an accumulation of dirt that diminishes his comfort and self-respect with every

trip. Mud in winter, dust in summer, kerosene at all times—or some apology for kerosene, even worse in its obtrusiveness than the genuine article,—all this is not only productive of discomfort, but it is unjust. We pay for clean accommodations, at least. If it is not possible to reform the management of the road in two directions at the same time, let us have either cheap dirt or expensive cleanliness.

“These are the times that try men's souls.” Is it a wonder that the Seniors heartily echo these words in view of the fact that the time is speedily approaching when Commencement “honors” will be awarded? How we wish that we might be spared the trying ordeal and be allowed to receive our diplomas with no harassing regrets and anxieties. But the Fates, in whose power we are, seem to decree no such favor, and nothing is left to us but to acquiesce,—cheerfully if we can. At the crisis, it will be hard to appear natural or at ease. Every member of the class of course has a deep interest in the selection, which the Faculty will make, of girls to represent the College and the class on Commencement day. Those of us who expect no such honor for ourselves cannot fail to desire to see our deserving friends rewarded. Those who are set down as doubtful are in need of sincere sympathy. The hopes of some are raised by kind (?) friends only to be annihilated by stern reality. May there be few of this type in '86 is our wish. The few who are fortunate enough to be on every girl's list are not without their tormenting doubts. In short, no Senior is, at this juncture, to be envied. Mark this, ye happy ones of the under classes. And just here we desire to ask a favor of you: “when the mists have rolled away” and what has been hidden is finally revealed, please do not scan our faces and fondly imagine you see depicted on the countenance of every Senior a mark of bitter disappointment or of proud exultation.

HOME MATTERS.

"A meeting of the Philalethean Society is called in the Lyceum at half-past seven o'clock." Such was the announcement that set us all aglow with anticipation, on the evening of February 13. The usual crowd collected about the door long before the appointed time,—finally the "Open Sesame" was spoken, and we filed in, welcomed by an array of sailor lads who gallantly ushered us to our seats. Then it slowly dawned upon our uninitiated minds, that this play was not another military one as we had conjectured. Our discussion of the possible subject of the piece was interrupted by the notes of a violin, and all necks were craned to get a better view of the impromptu orchestra, which was quite a novel feature of the programme, and which together with Miss Green's playing and Miss Ward's singing, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Finally the curtain rose upon "On Guard," and we were introduced to Mrs. Fitz-Osborne and Jessie Blake. We were very glad to welcome Miss Harker to the Vassar stage. She was well adapted to the part of Jessie Blake, and we enjoyed her acting for its naturalness. Miss Dameron as Mrs. Fitz, was admirable. Her acting, however, was so much more pronounced than that of the usual college girl, that it perhaps seemed to us somewhat overdone. In the natural order of things, Baby Boodle next presents himself for inspection. As usual, Miss Fox was irresistible, and we regret that at the end of this year we shall lose in her, one of our best actors. Miss Smith as Corny Kavanaugh, made a most impressive villain. Mr. Grouse's leap aboard the yacht assured his reputation, and his appearance was always a signal for applause. Guy Warrington looked his part but showed considerable nervousness. Miss Wellman's conception of Denis Grant was a strong one, and though the part was very difficult, she did it the fullest justice.

The scenic effects throughout were fine, and the committee deserve the highest praise for their ingenuity in producing the scenery for the second act. It is by far the prettiest the hall affords, and will ever be looked upon with awe, for having been painted by "home talent." The program was a very enjoyable one, and we came away feeling that "On Guard" had greatly added to the reputation of Society Hall.

On Wednesday evening, February 17, an organ concert was given in the Chapel by Mr. Frank Taft and the Chapel choir. Perhaps we were more eager than usual for music, as this being but the second concert of the College year. Certainly it was with pleasure and satisfaction that we came together to listen to the organ, whose rich tones are heard here too frequently in our musical entertainments. The first selection was a Fugue in G minor, by Bach, in the rendering of which Mr. Taft showed great technical skill, and a good command of the instrument. Following this was an Andante, by Batiste, which thoroughly deserved the hearty applause which it received. The next piece was the Nuptial March, by Guilmant, after which the choir sang the chorus, "O Jubilemus," by Mozart. This was followed by a Pastoral Sonata, by Rheinberger, in three movements,—Pastorale, Intermezzo, and Fugue. The choir then sang the chorus, "O, Sing to God," Miss Hubbard accompanying as organist, and Miss Bliss, as pianist. In this section the solos by Miss Hayman and Miss Shera were much enjoyed by the audience. This chorus was repeated as an encore. Mr. Taft then played a Concert Fantasia, and a Pastorale, and closed the entertainment with a Thema and Variations by Thiele.

The selections were not long, and they displayed a pleasing variety in style. While all were good, the Andante

and the Concert Fantasie were perhaps worthy of special mention. Mr. Taft showed great skill in the management of the organ, and performed very difficult manual and pedal work with a correctness and smoothness that won the admiration of all who heard him. This, his first public appearance, promises a brilliant future for him in his profession.

The singing by the choir—a repetition of a portion of our last Christmas music—well merited the enthusiasm with which it was received, and witnessed to the careful attention bestowed upon our Chapel music by our organist, Miss Hubbard.

On the evening of the 27th of February, the expectant Freshmen gathered in the Lyceum and anxiously awaited the rising of the curtain. Soon after we were seated, we were each presented with a program which delighted us with the appropriateness of its suggestive, mathematical cover. We were especially pleased on opening it to find that the play was based on our favorite opera, the Mikado, and therefore was called the Mathematikado. We followed Ayty Ayt through his love, indifference, and dislike of Trig Trig, heartily laughed at the philosophical courting of Bot Ah Nee (Miss Patterson) who made us appreciate the fact that a good actor can overcome all the difficulties of her part; and we gazed on Iatisha (Miss Wooster) with more admiration than we had ever given to the study which she personated. But, perhaps, more than anything else, we appreciated the "Three Little Ayty Nynes" (Misses Brosius, Kountze, and Wallace). Were they not the personification of the grace, beauty, and wisdom of our own class? We were impressed with the dignity of '88 as represented by Miss MacCreery. Trig Trig (Miss Blackwell) enticing in

spite of her wisdom, made us disregard the warning of our sister class and long for the time when we could enjoy a closer acquaintance with her. Miss Austin in her character of the Mathematikado caused many a hearty laugh and especially worthy of mention is her song "I've got a little list." By the kind permission of the committee we give it in full :

As some day it may happen that a College I must found,
 I've got a little list, I've got a little list
 Of college life offenders who might well be under ground
 And who never would be missed, who never would be missed.
 There's the pestilential nuisances who didn't come for work,
 Who cut their classes every one, and all their duties shirk.
 All tender invalid students who half their classes miss,
 All persons who in taking ex., take exercise like this,
 All friendly ones whose lengthy calls we hardly dare resist,
 They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.
 There's the systematic sponger and the others of her race
 And the devoted pianist—I've got her on the list,
 And the people who chew tolu with a horrible grimace,
 They never would be missed, they never would be missed.
 Then the girls who always come back late and have no reason why,
 All screechers in the corridors, who make you want to fly,
 And the Freshman girl ambitious who rises at all hours,
 And others who by gossamers defy the watchman's powers,
 Those who bring their notes to class and from using won't desist,
 I don't think they'd be missed—I'm sure they'd not be missed.
 And the habitual late riser who never is on time,
 The punning humorist, I've got her on the list.
 All lofty Senior egotists who think they are so fine—
 They'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of 'em be missed.
 All quarreling and divided Juniors, who know their Cushing through,
 Whose overwhelming class conceit is evinced in all they do—
 All girls who love each other so and really "don't know why,"
 All girls who think they have great minds, and will four studies try.
 And all bold folks who on coming over "Engaged" insist,
 They'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of 'em be missed.
 All girls who speak so low in class you can't hear what they say,
 All who propositions twist, I've got 'em on the list,
 All girls who bring their shawls to class yet shiver every day,
 They never would be missed, they never would be missed.

All girls who sit behind the posts and think they can't be seen,
Who for their cosines always add though they've done it times nineteen,
Who make circles with their handkerchiefs instead of just like this,
Who fall desperately in love with Trig and think it perfect bliss
But soon say that they hate her, and on leaving her insist—
They'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be missed.

'88's "Trig. Ceremonies" was a great success. The play, we believe, was the joint work of the committee and we desire to thank them for the pleasure it gave us.

On Monday evening, March 1, Dr. Strong, President of Rochester Theological Seminary and one of our own Trustees, spoke in the Chapel on Robert Browning. Opening his talk with a sketch of the poet's life, he showed how necessary it is for us to make his acquaintance on account of the many Browning clubs which have everywhere sprung up, and the general interest manifested in his poetry. He then compared and contrasted him with other writers and poets, thus proving him to be a great writer, but he declared that his greatness as a poet depends upon our definition of poetry. He is, in Dr. Strong's view, a poet not of nature, but of man; not of events, but of thoughts; not lyric, but dramatic, in that he does not describe thoughts directly but leaves this to his readers. And here lies the secret of his power as a poet: Every one of his readers has to work, imagine, and construct for himself. Though he may come below the standard in artistic form and in the constructive element, yet every faithful reader must grant that he is a great creative genius and a great theologian. A very attentive audience listened to this interesting dissertation on Browning and his poetry.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The second Phil. play was given February 13.

An organ recital was given in Chapel, February 17, by Mr. Frank Taft. The College choir also sang two choruses.

'88's Trig. Ceremonies occurred February 27.

Dr. Augustus Strong conducted the morning Chapel service, Sunday, February 28.

March 1, Dr. Strong gave a lecture on Robert Browning's Poetry.

Mrs. Cheney, of Boston, addressed the class in Senior Astronomy, March 1.

Miss Reed is chairman of the committee for the third Phil. play.

Miss Southworth has resigned her position as chairman of the committee for Founder's Day, and Miss Curtiss has been elected to fill her place.

The morning Chapel service, Sunday, March 7, was conducted by Bishop Potter, of New York.

For the present at least, we shall have a Saturday evening mail.

A petition of the students, asking that the spring vacation be given in the latter part of March instead of the latter part of April, has been granted by the Faculty.

The MISCELLANY board for the ensuing year stands as follows :

Editors from '87 :

Miss L. C. Sheldon.

Miss E. C. Greene.

Miss A. K. Green.

Miss Learned, Business Manager.

Editors from '88 :

Miss E. Shaw.

Miss Kountze.

Miss MacCreery, Assistant Business Manager.

Apropos of the Browning lecture, there is a dreadful rumor afloat that a Junior was heard to inquire whether Browning was not a novelist.

A clothes-basket just outside the door of the Senior parlor was the repository of '86's valentines. On the day after St. Valentine's Day, the Seniors met and examined its contents, finding a large number of valentines of all descriptions, which afforded the class much pleasure and amusement.

Scene in History class :

"Miss X, who was king of Palmyra?"

Miss X. :—"Zenobia's husband."

A meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Women was held in Poughkeepsie recently, and Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Wolcott, Mrs. Brown of Chicago, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Bogg, and Mrs. Colby of Nebraska, have been guests of Prof. Mitchell.

Miss Dane, Dr. and Miss Strong, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rockefeller of New York, have been guests of the College during the past month.

The following books have been recently added to the College Library :

Dictionary of Biography.....	Thomas.
Ancient Rome.....	Middleton.
Greek and Roman Sculpture.....	Perry.
Modern and Classical Essays.....	F. W. H. Myers.
Ferns of North America.....	Eaton.
England in the 18th Century, 4 vols.....	Lecky.

By the Students Subscription Fund :

Red Letter Days Abroad.....	
For a Woman.....	Nora Perry.
Margaret Kent.....	
Life of Louis Agassiz, 2 vols.....	
In the Tennessee Mountains.....	Charles Egbert Craddock.
Down the Ravine.....	" " "
Prophet of Great Smoky Mountains.....	" " "
Bonnyborough.....	Mrs. Whitney.
Zeph.....	H. H.
Saxe Holm Stories, 2 vols.....	
Cape Cod Folks.....	
Sweet Cicely.....	
Mr. Isaacs.....	Crawford.
A Roman Singer.....	" "
Tom Sawyer.....	Mark Twain.
Sketches.....	" "
Condensed Novels.....	Bret Harte.
Artemus Ward's Sayings.....	
Poems.....	Dante Gabriel Rossette.
Lucile.....	Owen Meredith.
Old Words.....	Idyees.
Louisiana.....	Mrs. Burnett.
A Fair Barbarian.....	" "
Through One Administration.....	" "
Pepacton.....	John Burroughs.
Fresh Fields.....	" "
Rise of Silas Lapham.....	W. D. Howells.
A Modern Instance.....	" " "
Kismet.....	Geo. Fleming.
Andromeda.....	" "
Jewel in the Lotos.....	Tincker.
Aurora.....	" "

A Daughter of Heth.....	Black.
A Princess of Thule.....	"
Warden and Barchester Towns.....	
Two College Girls.....	H. D. Brown.
Upon a Cast.....	Charlotte Dunning.
Domesticus.....	Wm. Allen Butler.
Marius the Epicurean.....	Walter Pater.
Characteristics from the Writings of.....	John Henry Newman.
Six Months in Italy.....	Geo. S. Hillard.
Fiammetta.....	W. W. Story.



PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly
received by the Personal Editor.]

'80.

Mrs. Barnes-Knight is living in Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Healy has lately returned to America. She has just completed a three year's course at the University of Paris, and has been made a member of the Polyglot Society of Paris.

Married, in Brooklyn, February 18, Miss Lillie Pratt, formerly of '80, to Mr. F. L. Babbott.

The following Alumnae have visited College during the past month:

Miss Lapham, '76; Misses Healy and Thurston, '80; Misses Slee, Sherwood and Wygant, '83; Mrs. Cornwell Stanton, '84; Miss J. E. Ricker, '85; Miss Helen Baker, formerly of '87; Miss Barnes and Miss Nassau.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Crimson* gives a summary of the annual report of the President and that of the Treasurer of Harvard College for 1884-'85. "President Eliot's report," it states, "is devoted almost entirely to an elaborate study of the working of the elective system. Of the system itself the report says: 'It is emphatically a method in education which has a moral as well as an intellectual end, and is consistent with a just authority while it grants a just liberty.' The twenty one pages, on which is a complete record of every member of the classes of '84 and '85 for the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years, this record comprising the courses elected and the ranks attained, contain data that can not fail to carry with them most convincing evidence of the successful operation of the elective system." The Faculty of Harvard have passed a decree declaring that any student detected cheating in examinations shall be expelled from the College.

The *Oberlin Review* is a substantial little magazine, whose contents are a happy surprise, after a glance at its advertisement-covered exterior. In the last number there is an able defense of the Nihilists of Russia. The writer possesses a vigorous style, and a degree of interest in his subject that must enlist the sympathies of his readers, even of those who may hesitate to adopt some of his conclusions.

We take this occasion to inform the editors of the *Acta Columbiana* that their failure to receive our paper *was* due to the Post Office department or to some unknown cause; not to any resentment at their "little advice of last spring,"—advice which, if our memory serves us, we returned at the time in like quantity though perhaps not in like quality.

A year ago, on first assuming editorial trials and responsibilities, we spoke words of greeting to our exchanges, but made no promises; consequently, there are no broken vows upon our conscience now, in addition to the other burdens which have accumulated during the year. Moreover, we can say truthfully that the reliance upon the justice and kindly feeling of our exchanges, with which we began this year's work, has not been diminished, in spite of their many silly jokes at the expense of Vassar. At length the responsibility, which has sometimes been irksome, slips from our shoulders. To our successor we leave the somewhat refractory realm of the exchange-table. To our exchanges and their contents, to "literary" articles, brilliant or dull, to graceful poem and senseless doggerel, to the little company of humorous sayings and the "chestnuts" innumerable, we say farewell. Finally we offer to all exchange editors our heartfelt sympathy.

The Century opens with the first of a series of papers entitled, "Italy from a Tricycle." The article on "Recent Architecture in America" is continued from last month. Washington Gladden discusses "The Strength and Weakness of Socialism." The life of Castelar, the Spanish orator, forms the subject of two papers. Howells's new novel, "The Minister's Charge," and Mary Hallock Foote's serial, "John Bodewin's Testimony," are continued, and Frank Stockton's story, "A Borrowed Month," is brought to a conclusion.

The Atlantic is full of contributions by noted authors. In an essay bearing the title "Classic and Romantic," Frederick Henry Hedge distinguishes the Classic school of literature from the Romantic. "The United States after the Revolutionary War," by John Fiske, is a review of the development of the United States government, from the

meeting of the first Continental Congress to the adoption of the present constitution. Thomas Wentworth Higginson contributes a fine article on Grant. In "The New Portfolio," Dr. Holmes reads his two latest "occasional" poems, one of which is addressed to his college classmates, the other to Frederick Henry Hedge.

The *St. Nicholas* contains a number of short biographical sketches of French painters, and an article on "Wonders of the Alphabet." The latter, is the first of a series of papers on the same subject, treats of picture-writing and some of its earlier developments. "The Great Snow-ball Fight" and "Quaker Esther's Ride" are two exciting stories. The "St. Nicholas Dog Stories" are well told, and we can easily believe that most of them are true.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Story of the Jews," by Professor James K. Hosmer, is a popular history of the Hebrew people, from the earliest recorded times to the present date. The first part of the work consists of a summary of the Bible history. Though this is necessarily very much condensed, much of the picturesqueness of the original narrative is retained. The story of the destruction of Jerusalem is followed by an account of the writing of the Talmud and of the persecution of the Jews during the Middle Ages. The third division of the book is occupied by sketches of prominent modern Hebrews—"money kings," statesmen, musicians, and philanthropists. The spirit in which the author writes is one of sympathy and admiration. The style is admirable in its vivid picturesqueness.

"The Lepers of Molokai," by Charles Warren Stoddard, is a tribute to the devotion of missionaries in the leper colony of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Hand and Ring," by Anna Katharine Green, is a detective story with a thrilling plot, the excitement of which almost causes the reader to lose sight of its improbability.

Two College Girls, by HELEN DAWES BROWN. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

The Story of the Jews, by JAMES K. HOSMER. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Hiram S. Wiltsie, Poughkeepsie.

The Lepers of Molokai, by CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press.

Hand and Ring, by ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 7.

INTERPRETATIONS OF A PICTURE.

A long time ago I saw in a collection of curiosities a picture which then struck me as very remarkable. Looking at it from one side, you saw a portrait of George Washington and from the other a good likeness of Thomas Jefferson. Now it seems to me that that painting was only a material representation of what is true of every other. Every picture has different meanings for you at different times and still different meanings for your friend.

I know of no pictures of which this is more strikingly true than Murillo's "Magdalen" and Guido's "Mater Dolorosa." As day after day a copy of the "Magdalen" stood on my table, the face was first penitent and pleading, then indifferent, then despairing, then trustful. Neither the face of the "Magdalen" nor that of the "Mater Dolorosa" depends entirely on my mood. It is not when I am

calm that the white light falls like a benediction on the mother's holy face, nor when I am gay that she smiles, nor yet when I am depressed that the heavenly light pales, and a look of agony comes into the eyes and parts the white lips. Yet the change must be in me, for the outlines and the lights and shadows remain the same.

Hawthorne says:—"A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself in due proportion with the miracle which has been wrought. * * * When you are cold and critical, instead of sympathetic, you will be apt to fancy the loftier merits of the picture were of your own dreaming, not of his creating."

Not long since, I was more thoroughly convinced than ever of the important part which "the eye of faith" has in the interpretation of a picture.

I was examining with some friends a photograph of a late painting by Fredericks. It was an illustration of a passage in the story of Guinevere; but the quotation was covered by the mat, leaving our imaginations and our lamentable ignorance of the poems full play.

The picture is panel shaped. In the background, and to the right, rises a gloomy moss grown tower. At its base stand two women. The younger is scarcely more than a girl. She is simply dressed and her hair falls in two heavy braids below her waist. The old woman has a kindly wrinkled face and is clad in the garb of a servant, with snowy neckerchief and cap. The maid's attention is taken up with a group of horsemen who ride from behind the tower, but the old servant rests her eyes with loving interest upon the central figure of the picture. This is a woman tall and beautiful. She stands in a weedy path which leads to the tower in the background. Her shapely head covered with luxuriant hair held back by a dainty fillet, is slightly bent and her dark eyes scan the knights. Her

robe falls in rich folds to the ground and is fastened at the waist by a girdle. Bracelets encircle her slender wrists. Her left hand rests on a low stone wall which runs along the path to the tower, her right nervously holds a corner of the cloak thrown over her shoulder. The whole attitude is one of controlled expectancy.

It was Guinevere. That was all we knew, and we called to mind what Arthur said :—

"O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore."

Our theories as to what portion of Guinevere's life was illustrated were numerous.

One thought that the old woman was a nun, and the maid, the prattling novice ; and that the Queen had come out of the convent to watch Arthur ride away after their last farewell. But there was not enough emotion in the face to warrant our accepting such an interpretation, even had there been a passage to support it. We found the Queen described as "pale" and "in anguish." Moreover the circumstances of the parting did not suit the picture. The Queen watched the King from the casement, and he "sat on horseback at the door, and near him the sad nuns with each a light."

Another was sure that she had read in some legend that Lancelot had visited Guinevere at the convent. We rejected this as highly improbable ; for even had such a meeting taken place, it would not have been in the company of nuns and a crowd of soldiers.

A third said vaguely that Arthur was passing, but that the Queen was thinking of Lancelot. That she was thinking of Lancelot we all agreed. The look on her face was certainly far from innocent. It seemed to me that Guinevere, while on a walk, had accidentally or otherwise met Lancelot. She seemed to be making an effort to control her interest and emotion, but the hand which clutched her

dress betrayed her excitement, and her eyes as she glanced his way revealed her guilty pleasure and her shame on account of it. Carrying out my idea I imagined that the little maid was helping to spread the scandal already whispered at court, but that the older servant regarded with sad interest the woman whom she had watched perhaps from childhood. This passage kept coming to my mind :—

“ If thou tarry, we shall meet again,
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze
Before the people, and our Lord the King !
And Lancelot ever promised, but remained,
And still they met and met.”

We were all wrong,—at least our interpretations were not the interpretation of the artist, nor did they in any way harmonize with his. We made inquiries and found that the quotation hidden under the mat was from “The Coming of Arthur.”

“ And Guinevere
“ Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass.”

As we looked at the picture and repeated these lines to ourselves, remembering the circumstances of Arthur's first meeting with Guinevere, gradually the little maid ceased to gossip and instead she chattered about the gay knights, and the old servant began eagerly to watch the effects of the unaccustomed sight on her royal charge. As we thought of Guinevere stolen from the castle and seeking among the soldiers the deliverer of her father's realms, the look of shame passed from her eyes and one of modesty and timidity took its place.

Yet even now as I look at her face, the old guilty look will come back at times, as though she did a conscious wrong in unconsciously mistaking the King's favorite for the King himself, and I cannot but believe that the artist,

influenced against his will by his knowledge of the Queen's unhappy future, painted in her face a prophecy.

CLARA L. JONES, '87.

SOME VIEWS ON OLD AGE.

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

This tribute of praise, Shakespeare causes a flatterer to offer to Cleopatra, the fair daughter of Egypt. No bolder eulogy could be pronounced on beauty, intellectual force, or goodness; no deeper condemnation could rest on the darkest embodiment of evil. Of whom could such words be spoken, in their fullest meaning, save of that goddess whom men call Fate?

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

But, with that irony upon which, to so great an extent, her fame depends, she bows the necks of mortals with painful oppression, under the same burdens which she lightly bears, erect and smiling; and not the least among these is the burden of old age. It is sometimes disheartening to look forward to this weight which must be laid upon as many of us as run the full course of life. But there are many ways of lightening a burden, and other loads are to be laid aside before this final one is assumed. Much depends, too, on a certain knack, acquired by practice, that enables us to take hold of our burdens in the least awkward manner, and to rest them where the pressure will be lightest. Meanwhile, before our own turn comes, there is a half sad interest for us in observing how other men adjust this weight of old age, as it settles upon their shoulders.

The most superficial view of age is that taken by the child, who looks with half-amused, half-pitying wonder at grey hair, wrinkled features, and old-fashioned garb

and manners. In the presence of old people, a child is very obtrusively the product of a new generation, and is sundered from them by a wide gulf of which he is, at times, quite conscious. He is, above all, observant, and his strong sense of contrast is not yet subdued by that habit of reflection which causes him, later, to regard life as a whole. What child has never, in thought, if not in words, described some acquaintance as Holmes does the old man in "The Last Leaf"?

"Now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer."

A few more years pass and the child, laying aside his childishness, is no longer inclined to laugh at age. The youth, beginning now to realize how much joy his own life promises, grows into sympathy with the old man, for whom all such joy is past.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

The sorrow which proceeds from external circumstances finds ready sympathy in young minds, for they are too romantic not to feel with those who are on the downward side of Fortune's turning wheel. But not until the man becomes conscious of his own individuality, of his strength

old weakness, of the needs of humanity, and the shortness of life, can he imagine the bitterest sorrow of old age. As the child contrasted external appearances, so the man in the prime of life contrasts internal states. He watches the changing play of emotions, of hopes, ambitions, and aspirations, that rise in the young heart and gather force and impulse with advancing years, too often only to degenerate, in old age, into peevish regrets and complaints. What wonder if he be thus led to pronounce "all the world a stage," and to look forward with dull half-resignation to the time when

"The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon."

However natural this gloomy view may at first appear, it is not a reasonable inference ; for though the world may be a stage, not every play is a tragedy ; and we have ample evidence to prove that old age is not invariably an unhappy state. There are plenty of useless, discontented, crabbed old people ; but there are many whose age is the fitting termination of an active, worthy life, who have retained the enthusiasm of youth and added to it a contentment peculiar to maturity. It is of such natures as these that Colmes says :

"He doth not lack an almanac,
Whose youth is in his soul.
The snows may clog life's iron track,
But does the axle tire,
While bearing swift through snow and drift
The engine's heart of fire?"

If we search philosophy, rather than the sentiment of poetry or the confused facts of every-day life, for proof of the beneficence of old age, we find notable testimony in the writings of Cicero. When sixty-three years old, he wrote *De Senectute*, an emphatic protest against the idea that old age is undesirable. The evils attendant upon age, he ascribes not to length of years but to a lack of dis-

cipline in youth, to ill health, to a sour disposition ; in short, to those faults of character and circumstance which are common to youth and age. An old man, he says, though debarred from violent physical exertion, may take an even more active part in intellectual pursuits than a young man ; he is weaker in body, but less physical service is expected of him ; he is obliged to give up many of the pleasures of youth, but these pleasures are often harmful, and old age has its own more tranquil enjoyments ; he sees death approaching, but death is no evil, nor is it confined to the old. "A young man hopes that he will live a long time, which expectation an old man cannot entertain. His hope is but a foolish one ; for what can be more foolish than to regard uncertainties as certainties, delusions as truths ?" "To those who have no resource in themselves for living well and happily, every age is burdensome but to those who seek all good things from themselves, nothing can appear evil which the necessity of nature entails."

Such philosophy as this is as good now as it was in the days of the Romans. Countless changes have been rung upon it ; sermons and essays have been based upon its underlying ideas ; poetry is full of its calm wisdom. Thus the philosophy of right living and contentment banishes the fear of old age and holds forth the promise of a season of placid enjoyment and usefulness at the close of life. Yet something is lacking ; the impression left on the mind by reading *De Senectute* is one of acquired resignation. How a touch of spontaneous humor causes the calm depth of philosophic thought to sparkle and gleam ! For this reason, Holmes is pre-eminently the poet of old age. In the many poems addressed to his classmates, however serious or sad the occasion, he never gives way to dejection he never allows himself to 'feel old.' His grey-haired companions are always "the boys." Life, for all its solemnity,

an excellent joke ; not the jest of a cynic, but of a humorist. Is it not enough to spread a smile over the stern face of Father Time himself, to hear the old man parody complaints so often heard from aged lips ?

“ Where, O where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime ?
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.”

Suddenly, into the midst of this jesting, comes an intrusive memory that drives the smile from our lips. What can be said when a grand mind, rich in lofty thought and far-reaching inspiration, begins to bow under the weight of years ? Where is there any comfort ? The people of this generation will never forget the feeling of rebellion with which they heard, a few years since, of the living memory of Emerson. We could not believe that one could touch rudely that proud intellect. Surely the great destroyer would not dare to harm our nation's prophet. In that troubled hour, with what gentle reproach came his own words of resignation. In the midst of unavoidable regret, what resolute good cheer he proclaimed to all on whom the hand of Time had fallen heavily.

“ It is time to be old,
To take in sail ;—
The God of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said : ‘ No more !

There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two ;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.’

My Grandfather's House.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime ;
' Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive, unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.' "

LAURA C. SHIELDON, '87.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

Our thoughts always linger with tender, half-joyous, half-pathetic love about those places which were dear to us in childhood. Wearied brain and heart rest there as in a haven of peace. They bring back so vividly those joyous days when care and sorrow were yet in the dim future, and we were happy without knowing why ; days when the clear blue of our mental horizon was undimmed by clouds of doubt and vain questioning. The days were longer then than now, the sky bluer, the sunshine brighter, for we had no past to look back upon and no sad thoughts to come between us and the brightness of a present joy. These happy memories throw their bright radiance over the home of our childhood, making it ever dear to us.

No place was dearer to my childish heart than my grandfather's house, though of beauty it had little except to those who loved it. It stood some distance back from the road at the end of a grassy lane, across which crooked apple-trees and feathery elms mingled their fantastic shade. On either side ran low, mossy stone walls, over which the morning-glory wandered in wild profusion. There sweet wild roses blushed in June, and golden-rod reflected the hot sunshine of August. There, too, the dainty red squirrel found a fitting home. The gate at the

end of the lane always stood invitingly open upon the neatly-kept yard with its lilacs and rose-bushes, and its rim gravel walk bordered with old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers.

My ancestors must either have been very fond of wind and sunshine or have cared very little for appearances, for the house was surrounded by no trees to protect it from the ravages of the elements or to soften into beauty its weather-beaten visage. There it stood on a slight elevation at the foot of a forest-covered mountain, and turned its bare, gray front toward the smiling valley spread out before it. If the old house had ever been painted it was before my day and the storms and suns of many seasons had long ago stripped it of its frivolous dress. Only on the wide front door, protected as it was by the vine-covered porch, there still lingered a coat of dark cool green.

In the doorway I can see even now the bent form of my grandfather as he used to stand there, bright, sunny days, his kind old face reflecting the placid beauty of the scene before him. From under the broad-brimmed hat fell locks of soft, thin hair, whose whiteness seemed a fit emblem of his purity of heart. His blue eyes looked out from their shaggy brows with a merry twinkle in their depths telling of a world of merriment hidden under that calm and gentle exterior. He passed his life literally and figuratively in the sunshine, and ever managed to extract some sweetness even from life's bitterest trials. Many years of ministry to the souls of men left him in his old age as simple at heart as the children whom he loved so dearly and with whom it was his delight to be surrounded. He was beloved by all the people of that region, for he was ever ready to "rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep." Like Goldsmith's village pastor,

"To relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

The old house in which my grandfather was born and where he passed all his life exists now only in the memory of those who knew and loved it for his sake, but there it forms a clear, unfading picture. I remember well the little hall, which hardly deserved the name, as it was but a small square room with a steep, winding stair-case on one side. The door on the left which was always kept so carefully closed, led into that *sanctum sanctorum* of old-fashioned country houses—the best parlor. It was very impressive to our childish minds, it was so still and cool, with its shades carefully drawn to exclude every ray of sunlight; its immaculate white muslin curtains and stiff, quaint chairs; and its long mirror with the wonderful gilt spread-eagle over the top. The narrow mantel was high enough to keep its ornaments safe out of the reach of childish fingers. But I remember that to my grandmother's eye the glory of this room was the sacred "parlor-cupboard" through whose glass door could be seen the precious china and glass and silver which were brought forth on very special occasions. Here was displayed the dainty tea-set which was one of my great-grandmother's wedding presents, and tiny silver spoons which were older still. In the lower part of the cupboard used to be stored dainties of a more perishable character but far more tempting to our young eyes and palates; cake of special richness and indigestible character, jam and marmalade and preserves, not to mention the raisins, citron and various other condiments which go to make up the housekeeper's reserve force.

In spite of the attractions of the parlor it was a relief to pass from its stiff coolness across the hall into the glorious cheeriness of the east room, which was my grandfather's special delight, as it had windows looking both to the east and the south so that it was filled all day with a flood of sunshine. At one south window stood grandfather's big arm-chair and beside it on a little table lay his Bible. Di-

rectly opposite was grandmother's chair and work. Here were my grandfather's desk and his books, not many but very big and formidable in our eyes. In one corner was the tall old clock whose benevolent moon-face used to beam upon us cheerfully; in the opposite corner was a cupboard containing mulberry-colored dishes with Chinese landscapes wonderful for their perspective.

My grandmother's kitchen was, I suppose, like a great many other New England kitchens of that time. The red brick chimney offered a cheerful and bright contrast to the shining yellow of the floor, while the fresh cleanness of everything was a rest to weary eyes. It was a long, low room, whose western door looked out upon gently undulating fields where cows were lazily browsing, while a chain of blue hills stretched out as far as the eye could reach. Such a view as this it was which accompanied my grandmother's household labors, and the brightness of the scene was reflected in her bright dark eyes and sweet old face.

The rooms up-stairs were uninteresting, being all bare and very much alike, their principal furniture consisting in a "four-post" bed and a chest of drawers whose unattained ambition was to reach the ceiling. They were dull compared with the attic. That was an attic calculated to fill the hearts of children and curiosity-seekers with joy. Many were the strange things we discovered there; well-thumbed school-books adorned with the quaintest of woodcuts, broken playthings, and little water-color sketches drawn by childish, unskilled fingers. There, too, was the great, dusty, cobwebby loom, and the spinning-wheel, swifts and distaff, symbols of past labor. In these books and drawings, and useless implements of labor, one might read the history of a generation past and now almost forgotten. It is this pathetic, silent history which makes the attic the most interesting feature of an old house.

MARGUERITE SWEET, '87.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

"THE BOSTONIANS."

Under the title "The Bostonians," Mr. Henry James has given the world a novel that is striking, fascinating, and disgusting. The book contains three leading characters, Olive Chancellor, Verena Tarrant, and Basil Ransom. Miss Chancellor is a rich, intelligent, and narrow young woman of intense and Puritanical temperament. Her passion is hatred of man, and her religion is Woman's Rights. At a meeting of some of the champions of women she meets and hears Verena Tarrant. The girl's striking beauty and her marked talent for extemporaneous speech-making at once impress her, and she determines to know more of this attractive being. She soon comes to look upon the girl as a kind of personification of the cause of Woman's Rights, and her one fear is that her friend may marry. She finds that Verena has one fault. She can not be made to dislike men as individuals, though perfectly willing to condemn them as a class. As she is pretty and singularly attractive, she has many lovers, chief among whom is Basil Ransom, Olive Chancellor's poor cousin from the South, and the object of her hatred. It is with a prophetic shudder that Miss Chancellor sees Ransom speak to the girl for the first time, but her fears appear to be groundless for he soon leaves Boston, and goes back to his poverty-stricken law practice in New York. Soon after this first meeting, Olive takes Verena to her own elegant little home in Charles Street, and here amid winter roses

the two women spend the ensuing months, reading history and edifying each other with lectures on the untold suffering of women during past ages, and the awful retribution that awaits their tyrants. That either of them did anything at this time to make the modern suffering woman less miserable does not appear. The year following this studious winter is spent in Europe, and on their return they visit New York, where Verena again meets Ransom. During the next summer Ransom's financial prospects brighten, and he determines to marry Miss Tarrant. He follows the two women to a little Cape Cod town where they are spending the summer, and then comes a time of torture for Olive and of exultation for Basil. The beautiful death of Miss Birdseye, the aged philanthropic friend of Woman's Rights, recalls Verena from her dream of love, and Olive hurries her away from her lover, hoping that she may regain her old enthusiasm and prepare herself to speak in Music Hall where she is to enlist the sympathies of Boston and the rest of the universe in the cause of Woman's Rights. But the evening for Miss Tarrant's *début* finds Basil Ransom in Music Hall. Verena sees him before she goes upon the stage, and his presence unnerves her. She can not speak against his will. He gains access to the little group around Verena, and tells her that she may not speak. With pathetic trust she begs for one night only, that Olive may not be utterly disgraced; but he meets her pleading with a smile, sneers at Olive's prayers, and finally leads his bride away, leaving behind the great angry crowd, leaving behind Olive in all her torment of shame and wounded love and dead hope.

So much for the story. We have read much better plots in the lightest of summer novels. But Mr. Howells has said: "In one manner or another the stories were all told long ago." And in speaking of the novel of the future, he writes, "It will be an analytic study rather than a story."

In the works of authors of the school of Mr. James and Mr. Howells, there is character-painting and scene-painting, but no story-telling. In "The Bostonians" Mr. James shows his great skill in word-photography. The radicals gathered at Miss Birdseye's, the heterogeneous company assembled in Mrs. Tarrant's parlor, the aristocratic group sitting in the firelight in Mr. Burrage's college room, all are perfect to the smallest detail. The book is a kind of album for photographs of real life.

The characters in the novel are much less vulgar than many drawn by writers of the modern school, or indeed, by Mr. James himself. We find no Bartley Hubbard, no Daisy Miller. Olive Chancellor typifies the extreme refinement often found in the women of New England. She is unusual only in that she has missed the discipline that should give her mastery of her feelings. This child of the Puritans is as much swayed by her passions as any daughter of Italy. But her passions are of an intensely New England character. She is an idealist in the truest sense, and she possesses a sublime courage and earnestness. In Basil Ransom, Mr. James has drawn the ordinary man, born under Southern skies and reared amid Southern influences. He sees things from a masculine point of view, and never for a moment doubts that his view is right. He loves Verena, and he means to marry her, and he utterly ignores the claims of others. He is in a way brutal, though ever polite. In fact, he is the modern gentleman with the courage of his opinions.

Verena Tarrant is a bright fascinating chameleon. She reflects the feelings and opinions of her companion, but they have no lasting effect on her. So strong is this feature of her character that we can hardly tell what she would be if left to herself. Her talent for speaking and her untiring good-humor are her only permanent attributes. She responds equally to her mother's longings for Beacon

Street and to Miss Chancellor's appeals for suffering women. Two years of most intimate companionship with Olive did not prevent Ransom from gaining an influence over her, and his influence did not hold her when the power of Miss Birdseye's death touched her. On the night of her *début* in Music Hall she would have been gloriously successful had not Ransom appeared; and as it was, had Olive been self-possessed and strong instead of passionate and weak, she would have held Verena to her purpose. In spite of the girl's belief that she cared for Woman's Rights, we know that after living with Ransom for a few weeks, she would uphold his theories as eloquently as she had upheld those of Olive Chancellor.

The minor characters in "The Bostonians" are, for the most part, types. Henry Burrage and his mother represent fashionable New York. Dr. Tarrant is the great American humbug, and his wife is the type of respectability very much decayed. Mrs. Luna is the frivolous modern widow, and Mrs. Farrinder is the typical female lecturer of the better class. Dr. Prance is an exception. She is one of the sharpest, clearest characters James ever drew. In Miss Birdseye we have both a type and a personality. She is as real as Verena, and as typical as Dr. Tarrant. She is the one lovable being in the book.

With all this material Mr. James has written his novel, and he has made it an example of what Ruskin terms "the modern delineation of blotches, burrs, and pimples, a study of cutaneous disease." More than this, he has seen it to treat his subject as the naturalist treats his, only without the naturalist's enthusiasm. He has passed scenes of beauty with a side glance, and has fixed his attention on what is vulgar and ugly. He shows us misery, all the more real that it is subjective. He coolly analyses Olive Chancellor's agony and makes us feel its throb, while at the same time he is reminding us that he is merely dealing

with a peculiar organism. He is never human. Victor Hugo gives us misery, objective and subjective alike, but beneath it we can feel his own great heart beating in sympathy. We know he suffered as he wrote. Henry James is indifferent to either joy or sorrow. He describes one with as much feeling as the other, but he knows that suffering has the greater artistic value, and so he elaborates all pain and gives its minutest details.

No one can deny the truth of Mr. James's pictures. It is no uncommon thing for one human being to be robbed of happiness by another. It will be so while trust and love, weakness and selfishness exist. There have been many Olive Chancellors, many Verena Tarrants. But such characters do not make pleasant studies, and if the artist must delineate them, we feel that we have a right to demand of him that he show some human sympathy in his sketches. Perhaps Mr. James has never given a better example of his method than in his treatment of Miss Birdseye. The pathetic and noble old woman who has spent her life in work for the wretched, who has endured untold hardships, and who has accepted every trial without a murmur, he designates as a "poor little humanitarian hack." Was there ever such outrage! It is as if Mr. James had been compelled in spite of himself to admit one beautiful character, and to atone for this hardship he flings that wretched scoff. Again, take the final scene of the book. Olive Chancellor has a delicate spirit, she is refined to her fingertips, but we see her a voluntary actor in a vulgar farce. There is real tragedy in the untold agony that Olive suffers during the half-hour of Verena's recantation; but it is all made cheap and mean by its surroundings. In no other possible situation could Olive appear so weak and ridiculous as in the midst of that vulgar crowd, humiliating herself before the man she hates, and turning for sympathy to Mrs. Tarrant, the woman she despises. Mr. James is

almost Byronic in the way in which he neutralizes everything noble and sacred by a seemingly innocent and chance setting. He insults our humanity. He turns his microscope upon it, and proceeds to write out an exact and artistic description of the type in hand, just as a naturalist would write out a scientific description of a strange insect. There is apt to be in our most impersonal criticisms more personal feeling than we admit. Perhaps some of our irritation at Mr. James's method arises from the fact that we unconsciously put ourselves in the place of the victim, and imagine how it would seem were some one to look upon us simply as interesting specimens.

But though "The Bostonians" unquestionably occasions disgust in the mind of the reader, have we therefore the right to hold its author accountable? It has been said that no man, especially no public man, is responsible for himself. He is the child of his age. And no man obtains recognition from his fellows unless he represents to some extent the *Zeitgeist*. Now, it is certain that Mr. James and his school have not only obtained recognition from their fellows, but that men are looking to them as to those who give expression to popular thought. In almost every book that is published, in every magazine and review, we see more or less strong indications of the spirit that pervades the modern novel. And not only does this spirit pervade literature, but it is entering common life as well. You hear it on the street, in the cars, wherever man meets man. The questioning, critical, irreverent spirit of the age has attacked politics and religion. It respects nothing in the heavens above nor in the depths beneath. The more awful and mysterious the subject, the more eagerly does this spirit attack it and seek to master it. If now all that was once most sacred in the world's thought is not spared but is treated as a common thing, why should the sacredness of the individual be respected? An age that questions

Deity may surely question humanity. Nor need we expect sympathy. This is the scientific age, and science is not sympathetic. She coolly employs vivisection at her pleasure, and in the scientific novel the agony of the victim becomes but an interesting phase in the experiment. Should we wearily ask, "But what is the good of it all?" we should be sure to hear as answer, "Truth!" And though we might improve on Madame Roland and exclaim, "O Truth, how many crimes are committed in thy name,"! our protest would have little effect. The *Zeiteist* is stronger than any man, and Mr. James's analytic tendencies differ from those of his contemporaries only in degree, not in kind. He is well worthy to be the prophet of this nineteenth century; for this age, like the ancient Persian kings, demands of its prophets the interpretation of the present, not the foretelling of the future. Such a prophet is the author of "The Bostonians." Every age has its interpreter, whether he write history or novels. The nineteenth century has no truer interpreter than Henry James.

LOUISE R. SMITH, '87.

MY SCHOOL AND ITS PATRONS.

It was a regular old-fashioned "deestricht-school," where the scholars' ages ranged from five to nineteen years, and where it was necessary to teach everything from A-B-C's to book-keeping and geometry. The parents of my promising pupils had an idea that a "school-marm" ought to know all there is to be known. I was conscious that if I confessed my ignorance on any point whatever, my reputation would be irretrievably lost, and so if I had been asked to teach Sanskrit, I should have felt compelled to make the attempt.

The school-house was three miles from the village, on

“corner,” as it was called, where the farmers went to do their trading. Once a week they jogged out to it in their old wagons, with their butter and eggs packed in behind ; and they looked extremely happy as they sat “fishing” and jerking away at the reins with one hand, while they flourished a stick in the other and kept up a series of “g’langs” to encourage the tired farm horses. Once in a while there would come a farmer in a covered carriage, and apparently without the butter and eggs. On inquiry, it was usually found that he had “bin putty lucky” with his hops or potatoes the preceding year.

As these weekly rides were the extent of my patrons’ travels, and as their reading was confined for the most part to articles in country papers, on “How to Make Hens Profitable,” “What to Feed Cows in Winter,” and other such utilitarian subjects, their views of life were naturally narrow and often amusing. Boston, New York, or any place not in their own county was always spoken of as “Outside,” and wonderful indeed was the person who had been to these great cities and returned alive and well. The fact that my home was “out to the corner,” and that I had been “outside to somethin’ called a boardin’-school” aided me much in my duties as teacher. It invested me with a peculiar sort of interest not unmixed with awe, and it took some weeks to persuade these kind-hearted people that I “didn’t feel a mite stuck up an’ wan’t goin’ to put on no airs.”

In order to make a success of a district school, it is necessary to get the good-will not only of the scholars, but also of their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins. Now it is quite an undertaking to make the intimate acquaintance of all the relatives of forty children, and so I began my parish calls, as it were, at once. Most of the families were large. They lived in houses consisting of one or two rooms, although the more palatial residences boasted

of four apartments; but in these the "front-room" was opened only on Sundays, and when the parson, the teacher, or some such dignitary came to call. Then a window was pushed up far enough to let in a little fresh air,—otherwise the mustiness would have stifled one—and the few rays of light thus admitted revealed a rag-carpet, some newspaper pictures on the wall, and a few straight-backed chairs placed with painful precision around the four sides of the room. Once a small parlor organ met my astonished gaze, and I was asked to "give 'um a toon on the organ." It would not do to refuse; so, although I had never had any experience with such instruments, I boldly advanced and prepared to execute the one waltz that I had learned years before on the piano. The key-board of the organ included but four octaves, and as the waltz runs rather high, I was in some doubt about being able to get in the upper notes; moreover, I found it almost impossible to remember to pump the organ. But whenever the sudden dying away of the music reminded me that I was neglecting a part of my duty, I renewed my efforts with great energy, and as a result, *pianissimo* and *fortissimo* occurred in many places not marked in my simple waltz. I hardly know how all these difficulties were surmounted, but my musical performance evidently satisfied my audience, for when it was finished, I was held up as a model to the young daughter of the family. "Now, Evelyn, jest hear the teacher play, will ye. 'Spose ye'll ever be able to play like *that*?" I 'spose teacher practiced when she was little." I suppressed a smile as I thought of the times I had sought refuge from my music-teacher behind the wood-pile in the back yard.

At other places I trotted babies and gossiped with the "women folks," or talked wisely with the men about haying and "gettin' in" potatoes. Then we all expressed our sympathy for poor Silas Sutherd, who was "so onlucky in

havin' his barn struck by lightnenin'," or wondered how it happened that "Ozias Bean's folks had joined the Advents an' wouldn't do no work on Saturday."

My scholars were even more peculiar than their parents. Two of my possessions—a gold watch and a silver call-bell—were wonderful in their eyes, and no honor was so great in any child's estimation as being allowed to hold the watch a few moments or to keep the bell in his desk through the night. These privileges were so highly prized that I afterwards made them rewards of good behavior. There was one little fellow, however, whom not even rewards could induce to sit still or to stop pinching those near him; but it was impossible to keep one's face straight long enough to give him a severe scolding. His chief delight was to bring a cake of his mother's "Rising Sun Stove Polish" to school, and blacken all the younger children's faces at recess. He always took the precaution to keep his victims behind the school-house until the bell rang, and then he marshalled in his long line of darkies amid the convulsive laughter of the remaining white children. One Saturday this remarkable boy walked "out to the corner to see the teacher," and when I took him into the sitting-room, he cast upon me a most compassionate look and said, "Do ye hev to stay here all alone, teacher? I'm awful sorry, 'cause ye must be terrible lonesum." The stillness probably oppressed him, for he belonged to a very poor family, and was used to having five or six children in one room. He amused himself an hour or more with picture-books, and then asked if I had a "pictur of the big boat that lots o' folks an' cats an' dogs went sailin' into." After a great deal of questioning, I found that he meant the ark.

Perhaps my most peculiar scholar was Victor Hugo Elliott. How the child ever happened to have such a name remains a mystery, for his father and mother could neither read nor write. He was nine years old when he appeared

at the school-house one warm June morning, utterly worn out by his long walk. His large baggy trousers, his pink calico shirt with the blue knitted suspenders clearly outlined upon it, his coarse straw hat with a hole in the top through which projected a tuft of hair, his fat eyelids and sleepy looking eyes, his freckled apology for a nose,—all caused me to look at him with some amusement, as he sank down on the steps outside the door, grasping his calico-covered primer in one hand and his dinner-pail in the other. He was to begin his first term of school, and the solemnity of the occasion seemed to impress him deeply.

Long and faithfully did Victor wrestle with his alphabet, and towards the end of the summer he was rewarded for his labors by being able to spell most words of three letters, although he invariably substituted for the letters n and c the words you and see, nor could he ever be made to understand why c-y-o-u-p or s-e-e-y-o-u-p did not spell cup, and s-e-e-a-t, cat.

When called upon to spell, he always rose and took an attitude of recitation—one peculiar to himself—with toes turned in, hands clasped tightly on his breast, and eyes rolled up. This gave him rather a singular appearance, which the white mark where his hat protected the upper part of his forehead only served to increase. One day “book” was in the lesson, and as soon as he was well settled in this position I waited patiently for him to begin to spell. I noticed a distressed look on his face and, contrary to custom, he unclasped his hands and plunged them into the depths of his pockets. It was evident that some great mental struggle was going on, and, to help matters, I pronounced “book” a second time. There was another silence and then Victor burst out in a high nasal tone, “teacher, if ye’ll only gimme the fust letter, mebbe I can enable it!” but alas! not even the necessary “fust letter” enable

him to "go it," and he went back to his seat covered with humiliation.

Yet Victor Hugo Elliott, with his numerous eccentricities, was less troublesome than two Canadian-French children, who brought their baby-sister to school whenever their mother wished to go berrying. The alternate coos and screams of this infant usually compelled me to send the interesting trio either to the cloak-room or to the school-house steps.

But my pupils were not all of the same stamp; there were some who were truly beautiful, and who seemed to me far above their surroundings. Though a few tried my patience, yet as I look back and remember the wild flowers and strawberries that daily loaded my desk, I can not but think kindly of them all.



Editors' Table.

The new Board of Editors, in assuming official responsibility, is aware that much is expected of it; among other things, an inaugural address. We do not wish to repeat what former editors have said on similar occasions; yet any device for avoiding repetition would require an amount of ingenuity which we do not possess. What remains for us, then, but to take refuge in silence and allow the MISCELLANY to speak for itself?

“Any communication concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.” That sounds like a plain statement, but,—it is remarkable what ambiguity may lurk in the plainest language,—we are convinced that not half the people who read the sentence comprehend its true meaning. They take it, we suppose, as a polite formula, expressing the willingness of the editor in question to publish any items sent to her. But it means more than that; the word “gladly” is used in its most literal and forcible sense, and even then is rather weak to express the exhilaration, the positive uplifting of spirit of the personal editor when she is the recipient of a “communication concerning a former student.” The position of this editor is rather a peculiar one; she knows that her department is especially interesting to the Alumnae, who form a large part of the subscribers to the paper; she perceives the importance of having her department as full as possible,—nay, she is often urged to make it so,—and yet, by

her own unaided efforts she can do so very little toward attaining this end. Helplessness and responsibility do not make the pleasantest combination imaginable, as every personal editor has realized at those times, when, as the result of her most strenuous exertions and the kind assistance of the teachers, two or three items lay before her, and her illogical feminine conscience assured her that she *must* be to blame in some way for the meagreness of her department. Alumnæ, students now in College, and all others whom this may concern, once more we beseech you, if you have a personal item, send or bring it to us. Seldom indeed will you have the opportunity of doing so much good and winning so much gratitude, with so small an outlay of trouble.

Is it always true that "the back yard tells the story"? From infancy we have instinctively judged of the prosperity of our neighbors by the appearance of their back yards, but we must have forgotten that we too are exposed to similar judgment. Is the portion of the lawn directly under our windows any the less our back yard than the ground which lies at our back doors at home? When the snow melted this spring what a revelation there was! Would anyone have believed that under so pure an exterior could be hidden the débris of the entire winters' spreads? Orange peelings, crackers, and sardine boxes met our gaze at every step. We stumbled over fruit cans, slipped on banana skins, and walked on broken glass until patience ceased to be a virtue. The untidy appearance of window-sills filled with pitchers and cans has often been impressed upon our minds, but surely the untidy appearance of the lawn under our windows is a matter of equally great moment and has given rise to more severe and unfavorable comment than we realize. Is it possible that we

are shiftless and that the lawn is the true index to our characters? Or, are we lazy and do we find the open window more convenient than the waste basket? It may be mere thoughtlessness; but whichever theory is correct the condition of the lawn at the opening of the spring was a disgrace to every student, and the evil is of such a nature that it can be remedied only by individual responsibility.

That all the students may have the use of our fiction department, it is absolutely necessary that no one take from the Library more than one book at a time; also that all books be promptly returned after reading. Many, doubtless, do not realize the inconvenience and annoyance that they occasion by their thoughtlessness. It is impossible to finish the writings of one author, before taking up another. You may go to the Library day after day and week after week without being able to find the volumes for which you are looking. While speaking of this matter, we might say a word about the usage the books receive. If a passage seems particularly good, there is no need of publishing the fact by a series of marks. The average reader is able to find the best passage for himself. But enough. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

One of the purposes of higher education is to teach us to obey not only the letter, but also the spirit of law; and here in the daily observance of our simple college duties we have ample opportunity to show how thorough we learn the lesson. It has long been a custom in the College that in going for the mail, the representative of each parlor shall await her turn, before appearing at the office window; and yet this unwritten law is broken many times during a single delivery of the letters. We know the

ry student would scorn to push herself into the waiting e, thus displacing those behind her ; but she does not itate to ask a prompt and obliging friend to perform s office, by making the desired request for her. Nothing re effectually arouses the ire of the average girl than, er standing twenty minutes or more in anything but asing uncertainty as to whether or not the longed-for ne letter has arrived, to see a troop of laughing girls ght from the elevator and after singling out their pective friend in the line, calmly enquire, "Will ask for me?" ; and soon hasten away with hands l of the white messengers, leaving the unfortunate t comer to chafe at the oft retarded progress towards window. Not only are the delayed students angered, ; the friends who are called upon sometimes have uples as to the justice of the proceeding ; but disliking refuse a request seemingly so slight, they are led to contrary to their own convictions in the matter. Then, , the practice defeats its own end ; for the line is so ken by crowds of would-be hasteners, that in the end ne of these are themselves obliged to wait quite as long though they had at once taken their rightful places at foot of the rank and allowed it to proceed without in-ruption. Last of all, the custom is not in accordance h the Vassar student's idea of kindliness. Can we not, these little things, show that we are as thoughtful and rteous in practice as we are admitted to be in theory ?

HOME MATTERS.

The first of the "Students' Concerts" was given on Friday evening, March 19. The preceding day, Dr. Ritter met in the chapel and briefly explained the programme. He ced the nine great composers of chamber music in three

distinct groups, giving the characteristics of each and showing clearly to what periods in the composers' lives the selections on the programme belonged.

The opening piece, an Allegro of Mozart's, was correctly and pleasingly rendered by Miss Borden. Miss Wellman carefully interpreted an Andante and Allegro. In the Allegro her execution was especially smooth. Miss Orton's rendering of the Beethoven Andante showed accuracy and conscientious work. We were pleased to notice a marked improvement since last year. Miss Ward was the only vocalist of the evening. Her voice seemed in good condition and her low tones are particularly clear and pleasing. Miss Pompilly played with a great deal of expression. Her touch is delicate and at the same time clear and decided. Miss Rideout rendered the Feuillet d'Album with ease and expression. This piece was somewhat different in character from the other selections on the programme and especially showed to good advantage the beauty of Mr. Bergner's playing. Miss Brewster's interpretation of Beethoven's Allegro con brio and Andante con variazoni was enthusiastically received. Her touch is graceful and spirited, her execution easy, and she seemed in perfect sympathy with the thought of the composer. Miss Marshall was the last performer of the evening. Her touch is decided and her execution well adapted to the brilliant style required for Beethoven's Menuetto, Finale and Prestissimo.

The concert was not too long to be thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we hope that soon another evening of equal pleasure may be afforded us.

If a certain disheartened scribe of the eighteenth century could have been present at the Lyceum during the evening of March 20, he would have fallen in love with his own production, "She Stoops to Conquer." It is unnecessary to

ment upon the play itself. On this occasion the plot rendered doubly amusing by the well-assigned parts. The audience were glad to greet Miss Hoy once more in the character of Mrs. Hardcastle, a typical matron of doubtful years, but decided nerves. A display of the latter suggested quite an exciting scene in the third act. Miss Sweetser as Mr. Hardcastle, made a model gentleman of the olden times. Her acting showed careful study and suggested a bright prospect for the Vassar stage. The characters of Miss Hardcastle and young Marlowe were assumed by Miss Sweetser and Miss Skinner. The youthful awkwardness and maidenly modesty which characterized the first of their acquaintance ~~was~~ admirably contrasted with Marlowe's gallantry in the last act, and the effective ruse by which Miss Hardcastle stooped to conquer won the admiration of all. From the murmur of delight which swept over the room each time young Marlowe entered the stage, it was easy to see that he was represented by an old favorite, and the audience were quite in sympathy with Miss Hardcastle, who insisted upon detaining him in spite of his oft repeated: "I am sure I tire you." Miss Jenckes as Tony Lumpkins scored one more on her long list of successful representations, and left a lasting impression on the minds of all. The asides carried on between Tony and his pretty cousin Con," (Miss Cleveland), were so well done as to distract the attention from the principal scene. Miss Harkness also held the interest of all in the scenes with Tony. The latter, (Miss Harkness), acted with admirable spirit. Miss Wickham, with her stately bearing and commanding appearance was very effective in the character of Mrs. Charles Marlowe. The minor parts were well taken and the music between the acts added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

On Sunday evening, March 21, Rev. Samuel Wilson addressed the Young Women's Christian Association, taking as his subject "The Mussulman." Mr. Wilson has recently returned to this country from Persia, where for five years he has been laboring as a missionary. In his sketch of the Persian Mussulmans, the speaker proved to us that, although they believe in the one true God, and hold many essentially Christian doctrines, they are in bondage to superstition, their religion is purely formal, and their morals are degraded. Polygamy is prevalent and consequently the condition of the women is wretched in the extreme. In some respects the country is a favorable field for missionary work ; for temperance, in obedience to the Koran, is almost universal and infidelity is not common. Foreign inventions have made some curious innovations in that Eastern land. For instance, the pilgrimages to Mecca, once so hard and tedious, can now be made in comparative comfort by railroad and steam. Mr. Wilson gave us a clear idea of the chief characteristics of this people, who in ancient times were so renowned and of whom now we hear so little.

As the last car disappeared from the lodge, we who were left behind could scarcely look with pleasure to the week that lay before us. Thoughts of the hours which we should spend in solitary meditation crowded into our minds, and we rather envied our more fortunate friends. However, one circumstance offered us some consolation. The change in the time of vacation brought it about that a larger proportion of the students remained in College than at former vacation-times ; and we hoped that the truth of the saying, "The more the merrier," would be proved.

During the whole vacation the weather was cloudy and


et. For the first day or two we were rather quiet ; soon, however, an air of mystery began to pervade the College. Excited groups were seen in the corridors, and a passer-by might have heard the oft-repeated question, "What *are* you going to wear?" On Friday evening affairs reached a climax, and anyone peeping into room J at about eight o'clock, would have seen a table strewn with favors, and lovely maidens with their attendant cavaliers gliding round the room to the familiar strains of the latest waltz. How we did enjoy that evening ! When at half past nine we reluctantly left the parlors, we voted our German a complete success. The usual number of excursions to town filled the remaining time, and on Monday evening we gathered in the College parlors to have one more good time before entering upon our daily routine of duties. Owing to the hospitality of Miss Goodsell and the Seniors, we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent. On Tuesday evening we greeted our returning friends with rather conflicting notions, nor did we quite know whether pleasure or vexation predominated when we resumed our studies on Wednesday morning.

General Armstrong lectured at the College, Thursday, March 25. Those of us who heard him last year will not need to be told of the earnestness and enthusiasm with which he speaks of the work and prospects of the Hampton school. He was accompanied by six of the students, who, by the share they took in the exercises, materially added to the interest of the occasion.

Dr. Robinson, President of Brown University and one of the Trustees of our College, lectured in the chapel, Sunday evening, April 4, on "Moral and Religious Consciousness."

He prefaced his remarks by quoting several definitions of consciousness which have been accepted by eminent philosophers, and after commenting briefly upon them, he gave as his own definition, "the mind communing with itself through the perceptions." He drew a sharp line of distinction between consciousness and perception, defining the latter as "the mind communing with outward objects." He referred to that class of people who continually make the mistake of believing that the early Christians represented a higher type of Christianity than is found in the world to-day. But he clearly showed that our moral consciousness has widened immeasurably in every direction since the beginning of the Christian era. The term "Christian" or "religious" consciousness has been in currency only about fifty years. It was first used by Schweinmacher, a distinguished teacher in the Berlin University. After speaking of its origin, Dr. Robinson referred in a few words to the revolution in modern thought in the midst of which we are living, and in which he most heartily believes. He conclusively proved that to those who have had no real Christian experience the words "religious consciousness" are as empty as the term "Platonic philosophy" is to those entirely ignorant of Plato's writings, and in closing he earnestly appealed to all to make the Bible the fountain-head of all religious consciousness.

It was stated in the last number of the MISCELLANY that the "Trig." Ceremonies were the joint production of the committee. It seems only just to modify this statement, inasmuch as the play was written by Miss Rich and Miss Lewi alone.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The third Phil. play, "She Stoops to Conquer," was presented, March 20, under the direction of Miss Reed.

The music students, assisted by the Trio Club of New York, gave a concert in the Chapel on the evening of March 19.

Mr. Wilson, who has been for six years a missionary in Persia, delivered a very interesting lecture on the Mussulmans, before the Y. W. C. A., March 21.

The faculty have kindly granted the petition for a fourth Phil. play, and Miss Acer has been chosen chairman of the committee for its presentation.

The spring vacation began March 24; college duties were resumed March 31. About one hundred students spent the week in the College.

A Junior remarked a short time ago that a life of Edmund Burke was to be found in the "American Men of Letters" series.

March 25, Dr. Armstrong, of Hampton University, Virginia, delivered an address on his work among the Indians and negroes. He was accompanied by several of his pupils, who added much to the enjoyment of the lecture by their remarks and sweet singing.

Mill Cove Lake was drained and cleaned during the vacation and now, with its new piers, it offers a most delightful prospect for the boating season.

The following appointments have been made for Commencement Day :—

Miss Borden,	Miss Reed,
Miss Botsford,	Miss Sherwood,
Miss Chase,	Miss Southworth,
Miss Nelson,	Miss Sweetser,
Miss Newell,	Miss Witkowsky.

For Class Day :—

Orator, Miss Morrill.
Prophet, Miss Lingle.
Historian, Miss Ferris.
Tree Orator, Miss E. R. Foster.
Poet, Miss Moir.
Marshal, Miss Adams.
Chairman of Class Day, Miss Buck.
Chairman of Senior Auction, Miss Fox.

Miss Jenckes has been chosen by the Class of '87 for Spade Orator on Class Day.

President Robinson, of Brown University, conducted the morning Chapel service, April 4. In the evening, he lectured on "The Moral and Religious Consciousness."

A Trustees' meeting was held at the College, April 6. It resulted in the election of Rev. James M. Taylor, pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, as President of the College.

Mr. William R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, has given one thousand dollars to the College to be used in building a conservatory in memory of his wife, who died recently. This will be of great value to the Botanical Department.

One of the Virgil students, when asked to construe *Tibi luxit uxorem*, disposed of the *tibi* as a dative of advantage.

Miss A. (to a friend) I have just seen the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Miss B. Is it a very contagious disease ?

Miss X, in translating French, makes the startling announcement that Calvin did not observe the Christian maxim "Love either one or the other."

Miss Wylie, '77, who is now teaching Latin in Packer Institute, Brooklyn ; Miss Helen Banfield, '79 ; Miss Leonard, '85 ; and Misses Deland and Iddings have visited the College during the past month.

In the list of books recently added to the Library, published in last month's MISCELLANY, several errors were made. "Old World Idylls," by Austin Dobson, was printed as "Old Words," and "Warden and Barchester Towers," as "Warden and Barchester Towns."

Books recently added to the Library by the Students Subscription Fund :—

Scherer's History of German Literature.....	
John Inglesant.....	
Hypatia.....	Charles Kingsley.
Life of Charlotte Brontë.....	Mrs. Gaskell.
The Professor.....	Charlotte Brontë.
The Late Mrs. Null.....	F. R. Stockton.
A Tale of a Lonely Parish.....	Crawford.
Quits.....	
Mediaeval Tales.....	

The report of the last meeting of the New York Alumnæ Association will be published in the next number of the MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'72.

Miss Brace is delivering a course of lectures on "The Growth of the English Drama," at Miss Irwin's school, Philadelphia.

'75.

Died, in Leavenworth, Kansas, March 7, Florence Curry Wheat.

'77.

Born, March 28, to Mrs. Swift-Atwater, of Poughkeepsie, a son.

'78.

Died, in New Haven, April 1, Mrs. Emma Woods-Lord.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton-Blatch will return from Europe in May.

Miss Margaret Pierson has devoted the greater part of her time during the past two years to the Training School for Nurses, in Orange, New Jersey. She is an active member of its board of managers and has done much towards making the school successful.

'79.

Miss E. P. Clarke is teaching at the Nassau Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Bertha Hazard is teaching in the Quincy-Shaw Kindergarten School, Boston.

'80.

Miss L. L. Iddings, formerly of '80, expects to come to the College, May 1, to pursue a special course of study in the Natural History Department.

'81.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marvin-Neff is living in Allston, Mass.

'82.

Miss Susan Coleman sails for Europe, May 1.

'88.

Miss MacCreery has left College to begin a journey of several weeks through the Far West. She expects to visit the Colorado Cañons, the Yosemite, and Yellowstone Park ; she will not return to her work here this semester.

Miss Mary Dame, formerly a teacher in the College, is at present engaged on the English Imperial Dictionary, which the Century Company are re-publishing in this country.

We miss from our number Miss Gertrude Homans, of the Art School, who has gone to China and Japan by way of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Red Sea. She will return overland from San Francisco.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Exchanges on every side ! We have read through page after page,—editorials, college stories, contributions, exchanges, jokes, and the heavier literary efforts ; and now we are wondering where it will all end. Perhaps the task will not seem so endless when we become better acquainted with " College Journals and Journalism."

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* wearies us with its endless "Rolls of Honor." It reminds us of the days of our infancy when a "Department Roll" was kept on the blackboard and when it was the aim of each child to have her name head the list. The literary department is as a rule, good, and it is a pity not to abolish this childish practice.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains several bright sketches written in an easy and popular style, such as so many college papers aim at, and so few attain. "Observations of a Wallflower" always receives our first attention.

We heartily approve of the opinions expressed by the *Oberlin Review*, in reference to the refusal of the faculty to allow Henry Ward Beecher to lecture. It certainly can not help being an injury to any college, to be so intolerant. It is the first time we have heard of a lecturer being refused on the ground of his injuring the religious standard of the college.

The April *Century* opens with a study of the relations of capital and labor, entitled "Strikes, Lockouts, and Arbitrations." The famous cruiser *Alabama* is the subject of three papers. Washington Gladden contributes a thoughtful essay on "Christianity and Popular Education." "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life" accompanies the frontispiece—a fine portrait of Longfellow. Cable's "Creole Slavery Songs" is fully illustrated, Howells's Serial "The Minister's Charge" is continued, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's dramatic novel, "John Bodewin's Testimony" is brought to a conclusion.

In the *St. Nicholas* the interest centers in Mrs. Burnett's serial "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Edward Everett tells how the Boston Vacation Schools were started, and Charles Barnard explains their workings. Scudder's "George

Washington" is continued, carrying the hero through his campaign with Braddock. "Casperl" and "Ben's Sister" are two bright and interesting stories, and there is another of the "New Bits of Talk for Young Folks" by Helen Jackson.

Henry Cabot Lodge contributes, this month, to the *Atlantic*, an interesting article on Gouverneur Morris. "Responsible Government under the Constitution" will be of interest to thoughtful readers. Another important essay discusses "Reformation of Charity." Besides the serials of James and Craddock, there are papers on "Problems of the Scarlet Letter" by Julian Hawthorne; "Children Past and Present," and "Shylock vs. Antonio," by Charles H. Phelps.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Story of Chaldea" is one of a series of historical studies written for the instruction of the young. But it possesses the rare quality of being equally interesting to the general reader. It is written in a simple, graphic style, and is fully illustrated. It well deserves a place in any library and will be particularly valuable to a student of Ancient History.

"The Essentials of Elocution" gives the usual rules—rules that are in every elocution book; but Mr. Ayres has expressed them more concisely than they are usually expressed.

Chaldea, by ZENAIDE A. ROGOZIN, New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Essentials of Elocution, by ALFRED AYRES, New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XV.

MAY, 1886.

No. 8.

ROSE ANN.

A CHAPTER IN A HUMBLE LIFE.

It was a very small tenement with but two rooms, sixteen feet by twelve. These two rooms were pervaded by a strong odor of soap-suds, burnt meat, and onions, nor could they boast of extreme cleanliness. The midday meal was still standing upon the rickety three-legged table. No one but the flies and wasps had replied to the invitation to dinner, and in undisturbed possession they buzzed sociably over the sugar-bowl or struggled helplessly in the milk-pitcher. The room in which the meal was spread was not without decorations. The bed in the corner, with its stiffly-starched counter-pane and pillow-shams, served both as an ornament and as an advertisement of Rose Ann's ability as a laundress. Two brilliantly colored Madonnas hung upon the walls, which were furthermore decorated with grotesque

collections of pictures which had once adorned the front of tin fruit-cans. Moreover the torn wall-paper had been patched in several places with tragic illustrations cut from the "Fireside Companion." Lying on a little shelf near the window, and religiously covered with a silk handkerchief was a "History of the Church," the only object in the room which revealed any intellectual tendency in the character of the occupant.

Rose Ann was a tall, large woman, but with a head so small that the incongruity seemed ludicrous. Her short black hair hung thick and straight about her deeply-lined face. She had faded blue eyes, a firm mouth, a square chin, and a preëminently stupid expression. The people in this little factory village shook their heads as this taciturn middle-aged woman passed in and out among them. They could not trust her, for, although she had lived in their midst many years she had never mentioned her past life. But Rose Ann's neighbors never saw her at her best. Half-concealed behind the high old-fashioned head-board was the holy of holies of her humble dwelling. It consisted of a bowl of holy water, a statue of the Virgin, about whose neck hung an ebony rosary and crucifix, and two half-burned candles in tin candle-sticks. This shrine was hidden from curious eyes by a faded chintz curtain. It was while kneeling here that the noblest side of Rose Ann's starved, warped nature was revealed. Could her neighbors have seen the almost heavenly light that illuminated her pale face as she poured out her soul in prayer, they would have realized that in what they called her bigotry and superstition she found a comfort and strength which far more than compensated for her lack of friends.

On the day of which I am writing, Rose Ann had been for hours pacing up and down the strip of red and yellow carpet in her "living room." It was a problem in mathematics that was troubling her and she found herself

wholly unequal to it. That morning the postman had brought her news of the death of a distant relative who had left to her care a little girl four years of age. This was the problem : could the income which barely supported one be made to support two ? In vain with tightly clenched hands and set lips did she study the yellow roses of the carpet and the blue apple blossoms of the wall-paper. No help came, and when the evening shadows fell, the problem was still unsolved. At last, lifting the chintz curtain behind the bed, she knelt before the shrine, and while praying, fell asleep.

That night Rose Ann had a vision. She dreamed that as she was sitting at her humble meal an angel came into the room, carrying in his arms a scroll from which he read the history of her life. As she listened to the record she seemed to live again the almost-forgotten past. Her happy childhood in the ivy-grown convent on the shore of Lake Killarney, her ardent desire to join the peaceful sisterhood, the anger of her worldly parents, her forced marriage at midnight to a man forty years her senior, the unspeakable torture which she endured before the flight, and the months of weary wandering ere she found an asylum in America—it was all as but yesterday. Again she experienced the anguish of that hour when the bitter conviction was forced upon her that all of her sufferings were but a just punishment because she had not brought her father and mother into the true faith ; and again she felt the peace that came to her troubled soul after her vow to devote her life to her church. She could hardly believe the angel's assurance that her thirty years of earnest faithful labor had been accepted, and that when she performed one sacrifice more her atonement would be complete, and that he would come again to take her to her final rest. Trembling with joy Rose Ann followed the angel to the window. Far down the street she saw hundreds of little girls danc-

ing and throwing flowers in the air. They were dressed in white, and as they passed the window they waved their hands to the angel, and bursting into merry song ran out of sight. As Rose Ann looked in amazement after the retreating throng, a little girl clad in black, tired, dusty, and alone, came below the window. She sat down on the tenement house steps, where at last she sobbed herself to sleep. Tears came into Rose Ann's eyes as she watched the lonely child. Then the angel, touching her gently upon the shoulder, whispered, "Behold your sacrifice!"

Rose Ann awoke. The moon was shining brightly through the casement. She looked out upon the quiet street, no one was in sight. She rubbed her eyes in bewilderment and in vain searched for the troop of merry children and the little sleeper. At last she realized that her prayer for counsel had been answered. Her duty lay clearly before her, and when on the following day the orphan child arrived, Rose Ann greeted her with a mother's welcome.

Several years have passed since little Agnes came into Rose Ann's life, and their humble dwelling has undergone some changes. A long row of paper-dolls now stretches between the windows. There are prints of little feet upon the once immaculate counter-pane. The tea-cups and the milk-pitcher have lost their handles, and the covers of the precious "History of the Church" are marred and bent. In other respects the life is about the same.

Poor old Rose Ann! Her friends become fewer and fewer every year. They look with suspicion upon the middle-aged woman who sings from morning until night, "Oh holy Mother, make Rose Ann a good girl!" And they cannot understand the piety which leads her, in imitation, as she says, of her master, to walk bare-footed in mid-winter until her feet are bleeding and torn. She is shut out from the world, but she is not without consolation. In the evening when her neighbors gather in groups to gos-

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sip, she takes little Agnes in her lap, and together they slowly read the "Lives of the Martyrs" and the "Prayers of the Saints." Then when the shadows deepen she rocks the child to sleep, and when all is still, she kneels before the shrine imploring the blessed mother to guide this young life into the path of virtue, and to grant her the happiness that her foster-mother has never known. And thus Rose Ann awaits the second coming of the angel.

ANNA K. GREEN, '87.

THE REALISM OF HOMER AND THE REALISM
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Homeric poems stand for a remote period in the history of man. Through them as a medium the life of heroic days comes down to us, softened by distance and glorified by poetry. We look back at this enchanted past with mingled feelings—we contemplate with awe these men of mighty stature, whose deeds excite high Olympus, among whom, indeed, the kindly gods are seen to walk; we admire their bravery, we commiserate their long sufferings; but above all, we regard them as children and pity and love them as such. In lofty deeds and base alike, we feel their simple naturalness, Achilles unhesitatingly boasts of his great achievements. Agamemnon does not attempt to excuse his own greed, but thinks it a matter of course. The poet commends not only the sagacity, but also the craftiness and double-dealing of Odysseus. Of self-control, the great virtue of their descendants, the Homeric heroes know little. Their life is mainly objective.

To the cultivated Greeks of a later age, Homer was not mainly a combination of the soul-stirring bard and the trustworthy historian. He was the divinely inspired poet

of heroic life, and his works were held in reverence as the mirror of the lofty past. To us he is chiefly the master poet of the world, but, in addition to his poetic charm, we constantly feel his realism. It is a realism which does not describe, but which exhibits. The glorious heroic pageant passes before our eyes. And not our feeling alone but also the profoundest researches of our scholarship tend to confirm the Athenian belief that Homer portrayed heroic life in its true colors.

Our century, differing so widely in its civilization and habits of thought from the age of which Homer sung, also has its realism; a realism as unlike that of Homer in its causes, characteristics, and results as Gladstone is unlike Agamemnon. Of this realism, which has perhaps reached its culmination at the present time, literature is naturally the exponent. This realistic tendency we see first in the poets of the Lake school, who, disgusted with the foibles and pedantry of the so-called classical school of Pope, determined to draw poetic ideas from the simple realities of life. They depicted the real in life and character for the purpose of showing that the ideal was bound up in it. Walter Scott's novels came next, with their thorough-going objectivity and their realistic representations of Scottish life and history. Then followed the equally realistic subjective novels of George Eliot. In later literature, the realism of Howells and James is of the boldest type. They do not attempt to show anything of the ideal, as did Wordsworth and his friends. They do not throw over their realism the veil of quaint manners and historic interest, as did Scott. Still less do they show us analytically the soul-life of the individual. They content themselves by photographing with absolute accuracy and the greatest mechanical perfection the detailed littleness of our outside

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life. Such realism is hardly of the highest type, but it discloses only too well one aspect of our age.

The realism of Homer is that of a child who with unprejudiced eyes sees things as they are and accepts them with all confidence that they are right, while our realism is that of a matured man, keen, critical, alert, earnestly seeking to understand life, counting it an intellectual sin to take anything for granted, having outgrown alike the simplicity of childhood and the dreamy idealism of youth.

Homer's realism is the outgrowth of a quiescent and credulous, modern realism of a restless and scientific age. The one makes the ideal real, the other analyzes the real to find the ideal. The one believes, the other doubts and searches. The one we love, and love the more because it is so foreign to the spirit of our times ; but the other we thoroughly respect.

Homer's realism had its results in the continuation of the good old customs and also in the propagation of traditional error. May not our realism, which seeks truth so steadfastly, result in our keeping the good that we have, throwing aside the evil, and ever pushing forward toward the perfection that is beyond ? Homer's realism gave a bond of common sympathy to the numerous Greek peoples. Our more subjective realism may show the nations of the earth how closely their common nature binds them together, and so may serve to teach justice and inspire lasting brotherly love,—an end which Homer, with all his genius, could not compass. The world is older now, and great possibilities lie before it. Whether or not we shall realize them remains for the future to say.

IDA J. BUTCHER, '87.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

The pretty little hamlet of Glenville is at no other time so pretty as on a bright Sunday morning in summer, when it has stopped the ringing of the hammer in the blacksmith's shop, closed the district school-house, and opened the small white church. As early as ten o'clock, a crowd of boys and young men in their Sunday suits may be seen lounging over the railing in front of the church. People from the surrounding country drive into the church-yard, some with sleek, high-spirited horses and shining new carriages, others with sober farm-horses, and "democrat" wagons which on week days are devoted to more plebeian uses. Groups of women-folk whose fathers and husbands do not keep horses or are not church-going people, are seen coming down the hill and up the railroad. The people of the "Ville" come stringing along, now a little girl clinging to her mother's hand, now a bent old man leaning on his cane. At last, the sexton, who has evidently been waiting for a congregation large enough to begin with, rings the bell. The minister and his family come out of the parsonage, the loungers on the railing enter the church, the women who have stopped for a moment's chat pass in from the hall, and the service begins. "Safely through another week," sings the choir from the corner beside the pulpit, and as the sweet words of the hymn float out through the open doors, a passing tramp stops in the road to listen. It is no wonder that he does so. The bass is not without false notes, and the small cabinet organ is played by no skillful hand, but there is a clear, strong soprano that would redeem even greater faults than these. At the close of the hymn the minister rises to read the morning lesson. He is a tall, slender young man, with thoughtful gray eyes, and a thin, dark face. He has a full, rich voice, one of those voices by which emotional natures often betray themselves.

During the reading and the prayer that follows, there is much disturbance caused by late-comers. Last of all Deacon Brown's "shackly" old wagon is heard far down the road, and after it has rattled up to the horse-block, and then rattled on to the shed, the deacon and his family file into their pew, just as the second hymn is announced. At the beginning of the sermon, the congregation is quiet and attentive. Deacon Matthews, in his accustomed place in the front pew, sits with his eyes fixed upon a figure in the carpet, and his mouth drawn into a thoughtful pucker, ready to detect any weakness in the "Elder's" theology; not that the good man is given to fault-finding, but he is strongly opposed to any departure from the sound doctrine that he has lived upon for fifty years. He has nothing to fear from that sermon, so simple and earnest, so full of faith and hope and love. Evidently the young pastor has not yet come into the power of the *Zeitgeist*. In the middle of the church is Deacon Andrews, a cheery old man, whose kindly spirit makes his rugged face beautiful. With his head bent forward and his right hand raised to his ear, he listens eagerly to the minister's words. But soon, here and there in the congregation, appear signs of flagging attention. One young farmer, unconscious of his wife's displeased glances, is enjoying the nap that he was obliged to forego this morning on account of the "milk-ing," for that must be done as early on Sunday as on any other day. A tall, elderly man, sitting bolt upright in front of the minister, coughs and yawns alternately with a vigor by which he seems trying to keep himself awake. Behind him is the minister's wife. Poor woman! The two small children with her show no inclination to sleep. The little boy with mischievous brown eyes, and his tiny roguish sister, joined in the hymns with a pious air; and during the prayer they were very reverent, holding their little hands over their eyes, and peeping out between the

fingers. But the seriousness of being at church soon wore off. Now they make faces at each other, play bo-peep, and hold animated discussions across the mother's lap. At last the boy, in attempting to rest his curly head on the back of the seat in front of him, loses his balance and falls, knocking down a hymn-book, and over-turning the long foot-stool with a bang. The mother, with a look of distress on her fine face, leads the youngsters from the church, and the annoyed listeners and the disturbed sleepers settle themselves again for the rest of the sermon. The tall man has time for only one or two yawns more, when the discourse is ended. Then, after a short prayer, the collection is taken on two cloth-covered plates upon which the pennies drop with a subdued sound. The closing hymn is then sung. With the last words of "In the cross of Christ I glory," the people bow their heads for the benediction. And as they raise them again and pass slowly out into the sunshine, more than one peaceful face shows that the service has not been meaningless.

VERLISTA SHAUL, '87.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.

“The Rise of Silas Lapham” was given to the world under favorable conditions ; the well-established reputation of its author insured his last book a wide and general hearing. Certainly no expectations aroused by other novels of Mr. Howells were disappointed by this one, for it is almost universally regarded as his strongest and most characteristic work. A list of the good qualities of the book would be a long one ; in the first place, it is written in an easy, graceful style and pervaded by a humor, half kindly, half satirical, but wholly charming. The plot is exceedingly simple, and yet permits of several finely dramatic situations ; the reader’s interest is never allowed to flag ; the moral tone is unexceptionable. But the quality of the book which impresses one most is its naturalness, or perhaps we should rather say its realism. The America portrayed in “The Rise of Silas Lapham” is not the strange land into which so many “novels of American life” conduct us, but distinctly and unmistakably our own country. The story does not contain one forced or improbable incident, and the characters act as real people would do, and use the language of ordinary conversation. We have all seen men like Silas Lapham, sitting in their counting-rooms or driving fast horses through our city streets. In fact, from Bartley Hubbard’s “interview” in the first chapter to those words of the Colonel’s which close the book, it would be hard to point out one false or mistaken touch.

Art without artificiality is a very rare and charming thing, and we can not too much admire the keenness and delicacy of observation which enable Mr. Howells to give us such graphic descriptions of people and things.

In spite of all this, it is true that most of the readers of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" laid it down with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction and a half-defined sense that something was lacking. Untrustworthy as vague impressions may be, it must be admitted that it is a fault in a novel to leave the reader with a dissatisfied feeling. A novel may be sad, but it certainly should not be irritating, or it defeats its own object. Mr. Howells, if accused of making an unsatisfactory impression upon his readers, would probably reply that novels have so long accustomed us to sentimental views of life and romantic incidents, to unnaturally perfect heroes and villains of abnormal depravity, that a novel representing commonplace people and prosaic nineteenth century life disappoints us; in short, that what we object to in his novels is really their fidelity to nature. This, if true, is ample justification. But is it true? Have not other writers given us descriptions of life quite as faithful and exact as has Mr. Howells, without rousing any protest in our minds? No one has accused Shakespeare of holding sentimental views of life; George Eliot has described commonplace people with exquisite naturalness, and yet her writings awaken in us none of that half-indignant opposition; in fact, *Adam Bede*, which is pre-eminently a novel of commonplace life, is perhaps her most popular book. No: Mr. Howells's great fault does not lie in excessive fidelity to nature, but rather in the spirit pervading his works and the attitude he maintains toward the creations of his brain. There is a significant sentence somewhere in *this* very book. "It is certain that our manners and customs go for more in life than our qualities." Mr. Howells has confined himself almost entirely to describing manners and

is, and it is his choice of this lower grade of work constitutes his principal disadvantage. Our modern he "manners and customs" of America and the enth century, lack picturesqueness. Character, the l life of the soul,—what Mr. Howells calls our ities," is as deeply interesting now as it was in speare's time. Let no onesay that a portrayal of the rdinary life need lack the element of beauty. "Let vays," says George Eliot, "have men ready to give ving pains of a life to the faithful representing of onplace things," but she adds, "men who see beauty se commonplace things, and delight in showing how r the light of heaven falls on them." To fill out the r outlines of the lives we see about us, to show us on things with a new light upon them,—this is truly ovince of the highest art. But Mr. Howells confines f almost entirely to showing us the outside. We Silas Lapham little better than Bellingham or Sewell him; we hear that he did a fine thing, and we are surprised that we feel so little enthusiasm over it. sthetic appreciation of Lapham's conduct which the s felt seems to be the author's own feeling, and he fuse into his readers no more than he has felt himself. he same with the other characters; we are able to o warm admiration for any of them; for we do not them well, and we have an uneasy conviction that owells may at any time reveal some fact which will r our good opinion of them forever.

r all, then, can Mr. Howells lay claim to absolute fi- to nature? His works show us life as it appears, a perfectly faithful reproduction of life shows us life s. He is laboriously correct in his details, but neg- o make the general impression a true one, just as ranslators render literally every word of the original,

but fail to reproduce its spirit. A perfectly truthful reproduction of human life is not merely a matter of accurate observation; sometimes nothing but imaginative insight can help us along the difficult way toward those "mountain-tops, high in cloudy air, where is the throne of Truth."

It is quite possible that Mr. Howells does not lack imaginative power, but only neglects to use it. It would be unjust to decide that he is one of those

"Who judge all nature by her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes and see
Her godlike head crowned with spiritual fire
And touching other worlds."

It may be that the defects of his works are due only to a wrong method, to a mistaken view of what a novel ought to be. "The Rise of Silas Lapham" certainly has a more cheerful tone and presents a more hopeful aspect of life than did "A Modern Instance." Perhaps Mr. Howells's next novel may dissipate our doubts and prove that he is able to attain to a really high place in literature.

E. C. GREENE, '87.

A LOW-TIDE SPORT.

Did you ever go crabbing? If not, you have the possibility of an interesting experience yet before you, and I should advise you to improve your earliest opportunity of spending a summer by the sea shore. There is a pleasure about this sport quite peculiar to itself. It is more exciting than ordinary fishing,—at least than any fishing I ever did from a wharf,—it involves no such trying scenes as the removal of a fish from the hook, and everyone is successful.

Then we are so fortunate as to receive a visit from friends who are not too old, nor too young, nor too fussy to find any pleasure in this somewhat novel entertainment, we take them crabbing.

Not long ago we had two visitors of exactly the right sort,—one of them, I think, had not even seen a live crab,—and they responded most enthusiastically when we proposed a crabbing expedition.

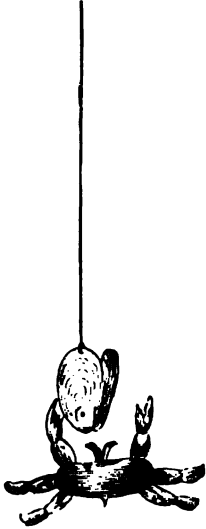
The first thing was to select our day, and for this purpose we consulted the almanac. As it was mid-summer we wanted to escape the hottest rays of the sun, and to our delight we found that it would be low-tide the next morning seven o'clock. We immediately decided to improve the good opportunity, so before going to bed that night we borrowed a crab net from a useful neighbor, collected two large covered baskets, a ball of stout twine, and a jack-knife, and set the alarm on our clock at half-past five. We retired earlier than usual and went to sleep without telling any long stories.

The alarm-clock did its duty, and at six our little party of four was ready to start, for we wanted to be back in time for an eight o'clock breakfast. We wore old dresses and broad-brimmed hats, carried our big baskets on our arms, and felt as superior to the rest of the world as you can imagine. As we went down the street together, the quiet houses with their blinds tightly closed showed no signs of the life within, and except for an occasional milkman in his rattling cart we might have thought the whole activity of the morning expended on the birds and us. At one of the little fish-markets by the water we stopped to hire a wide and heavy row-boat. Captain Chapel looked surprised to receive such early customers, but he willingly left the heap of shining mackerel he was cleaning to wrap

up half a dozen fish-heads for our bait, to help us into the the boat, and to wish us good luck as he pushed us off from the landing. He even stood and watched us a moment and called to us to mind our "hellum" as we went through the culvert under the railroad. We "minded" it, and were soon out in the open harbor.

There certainly *is* a charm about early morning that does not belong to any other part of the day. This particular morning was exactly suited to our purpose. A drift of clouds near the horizon hid the sun from our sight and prevented that glare on the water that is so trying to the eyes. A light breeze was playing with the flag on the fort, and the surface of the water was just rough enough to ripple against the bow of our boat as we cut across it. Here as ashore the work of the world was scarcely begun. We saw one man mending a torn sail, two sailors washing the deck and sides of a yacht, and a few fishing-smacks well out toward the sound, but none of the little steamers and sail-boats that enliven the harbor later in the day had as yet made their appearance. We cast a longing glance out to sea and then turned toward the cove.

There was no need to bend low as we went under the railroad bridge, and we were soon in quiet, shallow water where the tops of the long eel-grass showed plainly that the tide was still ebbing. We steered to a retired spot where the weeds were comparatively few, and there anchoring we prepared for business. We cut the cord into lengths of about six feet (the water was not more than four feet deep), tied a fish head to one end of each piece, attached the other end to an oar-lock or to any other convenient place in the boat, threw the bait all overboard, and then watched for results. Three of us managed the lines, each keeping watch of two, while the fourth and most skillful member of the party took charge of the net.



The fun of crabbing is that nothing is done in the dark. You can see your fish-head reposing on the muddy bottom of the cove ; you can see the first crab that pokes his bright eyes out of a nest of eel-grass, can watch his graceful movements as he sidles up to the treat you offer him, and can enjoy his delight as he pounces upon the unresisting prey and buries his claws in its tissues. Then comes the critical moment and you call for your assistant. The net must be lowered into the water a short distance from the scene of action, and then you may begin pulling the line in. Slowly and gently you must pull lest your greedy victim be aroused to a sense of his danger. When you have raised him a foot or two from the bottom your assistant must carefully bring the net just under the unwary gourmand and then, in a second's time, lift him out of the water and dump him into the basket. The fish-head is as good now as ever, and may be thrown overboard again to tempt some other hungry crab.

Sometimes you are not quite so successful, and in spite of all precautions the crab takes fright and hurries away ; sometimes you are even more successful and draw two prizes at once ; sometimes the captive is very lively, and in your endeavors to shake him into the basket you drop him on the floor of the boat, where he retreats to the furthest corner and meets your advances with the most ferocious snaps of his claws ; and sometimes, when you think he is fast in your net, you find that he has just escaped its meshes and has left you perhaps only a claw for your memorabilia.

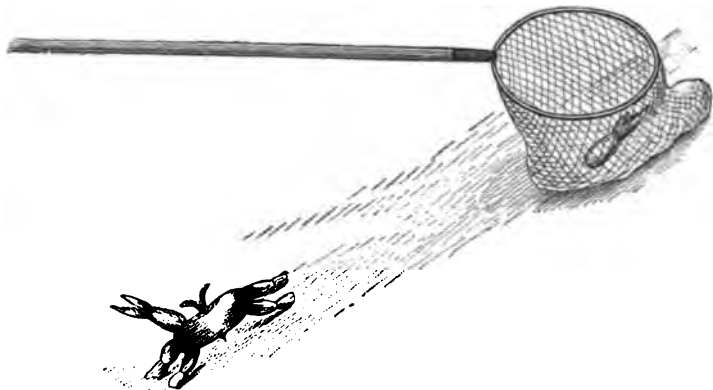
In such sport as this we had easily passed an hour and a half before we realized that the sun was up above the

clouds and that we were growing very warm. I looked at my watch and suggested that I *did* want some breakfast that morning and that we had crabs enough for at least one good meal. We drew up the anchor, cut our lines loose, and pulled again for the shore.

Now that the excitement was over we found that we were hot, tired, and hungry. We dragged ourselves home, answering all questions as to our success in somewhat vague terms, and were thankful enough for fresh water, cooler dresses, and a good breakfast.

Our fainting spirits were then quite revived, and we turned with renewed interest to our baskets and their sputtering contents. Forty-one crabs! there was no mistake, not one more or less. What could we do with them! We had crabs for dinner, crabs for supper, crabs for breakfast, crabs! We overflowed with generosity and sent crabs to all our neighbors; we fed a tramp at our door (an act quite contrary to the family habit and principle) with crabs; and at last, in despair, we consigned three luckless victims to the ash-barrel, and resolved never to catch so many again.

SARAH W. LEARNED, '87.



With the return of warm weather comes the regularly recurring query, "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Especially vexatious is this question when narrowed down from the general to the specific—from the pleasantly vague 'spring outfit' to the disagreeably definite 'spring hat.' Search for the beautiful generally involves moral problems; so is it in the case of the spring hat. To say nothing of trials of faith and temper by the way, a serious question presents itself at the outset. In our efforts to find a combination at once artistic and original, have we right to make use of birds and their feathers as ornaments?

The expression of any scruples about this matter is often met by a charge of fanaticism or sentimentalism; yet there are objections, on utilitarian grounds, to this almost universal practice of civilized women. The farmers are making a protest against the wholesale destruction of the insect-killers. It has been estimated that millions of bushels of grain are lost yearly on account of this slaughter of the insects. Naturalists are protesting against the rapid extermination of species, some of which have become almost extinct within the last few years. We are told that "it will take three generations of mankind to restore the birds to their former number and condition of four years ago."

One still more urgent argument against this practice is its cruelty. Women may quiet their consciences while resting on the belief that the helpless fluttering lives, for whose destruction they are responsible, go out very quickly and almost painlessly. But what woman, when she has heard that many of the little victims are skinned alive to preserve the beauty of their plumage, will countenance such wanton cruelty? Many women denounce vivisection, whose victims are killed to prevent worse suffering. How much sympathy for the victims of their own heedless vanity have those who raise this outcry?

The purpose of such ornamentation is not obvious. It can not be the reproduction of natural effects ; in Nature birds and flowers are associated, but by the milliner's art they are usually separated with care, the bird being placed among folds of velvet and loops of ribbon. If the purpose be an artistic one, it is hardly realized. The use of an emblem of death and cruelty as an article of finery oversteps the limits even of grotesque art.

Are not some of the students of this College willing to join the ranks of those who are protesting against this barbarous fashion ? Much ingenuity is expended every year, here in our College life ; how much, those who have served on "decorative committees" know full well. A small fraction of this energy would suffice to plan hats which might be tasteful and elegant, and would cause no loss of life to singing birds. If our friends call us sentimentalists, we can tell them what the farmers and naturalists say on this subject ; if we are accused of fanaticism, it is better to incur this charge than to deserve that of cruelty. There are not so many joyous songs in the world that we women can afford to silence millions in a single year.

Editors' Table.

This is the time of year when all newspapers and magazines represent themselves as overburdened with poems addressed to "Spring, gentle Spring!" Though the MISCELLANY finds little trouble in this direction, the universal tendency toward writing about the season shows itself in another way, and the editor, after racking her brain for a subject of general interest, concludes that at present spring is the most interesting thing within ten miles of the College, and straightway makes it the subject of an editorial. And what wonder? for spring does not only release the frozen streams and set the grass growing; it exercises its transforming power even upon our settled College life. The most studious girl leaves her books and hastens out of doors; how can she help it, with such radiant skies looking in through her window? The "habitual late riser" gets up at half-past six to take a walk before breakfast. Whist parties yield to lawn tennis, and spreads to picnics. The sober quiet of the winter is broken by all sorts of cheerful sounds,—the chirping of the birds, the click of the lawnmower, the ploughman shouting to his horses in a neighboring field. The domain of gaslight is perceptibly diminished. The hour for prayers recedes, that we may not lose the beautiful early evening. Through the open windows of the Chapel, the music of the organ floats out, making a pleasant background for dreamy thoughts. Once more we feel the charm of the beautiful surroundings of Vassar, and mingling with it, making it keener, perhaps, that indefinable something in the air which tells us that the end of the year is fast approaching. And the end of the year is al-

ways, to many, the end of College life; as we hear our Freshman friends reciting "Diffugere nives," we enter a little into the feeling of the poet, reflecting how truly "the changing year and the hour that bears away the pleasant day" admonish us that the end of our College life, that time at once of so many bright anticipations and so many regrets, will soon be here.

Some annoyance has recently been caused by the removal of papers from the exchange table. This practice is not only against the rules of the reading-room, but it seriously interferes with the work of the editor. The exchanges are the property of the sanctum, and are placed in the reading-room only on condition that they shall not be removed. All items which they contain with regard to the MISCELLANY are destined for the MISCELLANY scrap-book, not for the pages of private "memorabilia." The scrap-book is kept in the reading-room, and is accessible to the students at any time.

The Lawn Tennis Club is not abundantly supplied with funds. Since only a small proportion of the students belong to the club, the admission fee of one dollar and the annual fee of fifty cents cannot keep the treasury filled to overflowing. And yet, to keep the tennis courts in good condition, double that amount of money will be required unless economy is practiced in the use of the balls and rackets. Last year we had several dozen new balls. At the beginning of this season there were about ten in miserable condition. A few more have been found under the hedge where they lay during the winter, and now we have about twenty—on the average, two balls for each court.

Now balls seldom break, and it would be absurd to suppose them to have been stolen. There remains but one alternative. They must have been lost through the carelessness of the members of the club. It is undoubtedly annoying to stop in the middle of a game to search in the hedge for balls but as a rule, the balls if not found at once are never found. It surely cannot be a burden to pick them up after a game is finished, and yet we frequently see half a dozen lying in an empty court. Often, too, the club rackets are missing. We are glad to see that the handles of the new ones are indelibly stamped "Vassar", and now no student can possibly mistake a club racket for her own property. There is always more or less complaint on the ground that the students do not confine their playing to the periods assigned them, but appropriate any desirable court that happens to be vacant. If each member would feel an individual interest in the welfare of the Lawn Tennis Club there would be no more confusion in regard to the periods assigned for playing, all of the rackets and balls could be easily taken care of, and, as a whole, the tennis courts could be kept in admirable condition.

In these pleasant spring days, Mill Cove Lake is more attractive than at any other season of the year. Its surface is constantly dotted with boats, some of whose occupants row for "exercise," while others slowly drift, to avoid any active exertion. Groups of girls hurry down the Lake Path, eager for a row, to find—two or three boats without oars, floating as idle as the "Faculty boat" that lies half-stranded on the opposite shore. Are there not enough oars to go around? Yes, just enough. Then what has become of them? Oh, some of the boats in active use rejoice in an extra pair, the four blades rising and falling

with the most exasperating gleams. One or two extra pairs repose in boats which are drawn alongshore for the afternoon, while the rowers, book in hand, take mental exercise. The sight suggests two questions to our mind. First, can we not have a few more oars? We appeal to the "powers that be," whoever they are in the case of our boats, to supply this want. Secondly, will not the girls be a little more thoughtful, and not leave part of the boats entirely without oars, while others have more than their rightful share?

HOME MATTERS.

At the last meeting of the Trustees a valuable gift was received by the College from Mr. William R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie; it consists of the money requisite for building upon the college grounds a conservatory to be known as the "Eleanor Conservatory," named for his late wife and erected as a memorial of her. This new building will stand back of and parallel to the main College building. It will be forty feet long, north and south, by eighteen feet wide. The entrance will be in the gabled southern end. The boiler-room and coal-shed will be on the north end in addition to the forty feet of the building proper. The total cost will be about two thousand dollars. This conservatory will be placed exclusively under the direction of the Professor of Natural History, in order to supply during the fall and winter necessary specimens for botanical work. Rare and peculiar plants will be cultivated rather than the more common varieties. In accordance with the contract, the work is to be completed absolutely by the ninth day of June, the coming Class Day. Mr. Farrington, by his gift, not only increases the resources of the Natural History department, but provides for all

of the students of Vassar College a source of enjoyment that few colleges in the country afford.

We are indebted to the members of our choir, and especially to Miss Hubbard, our organist, for a most delightful service on Easter evening. The strains of music that occasionally during the preceding weeks had floated through the open chapel windows, increased our enjoyment of the concert, while they helped us to realize the amount of labor necessary to its preparation. The selections were in themselves pleasing and were given in a manner that showed the results of careful training.

The programme was as follows :

- | | | | |
|--------------|---|-----------|---------------------|
| 1. | Kyrie. (for the organ) | - - - - - | <i>Ricci.</i> |
| 2. | Et Incarnatus, | - - - - - | <i>Haydn.</i> |
| 3. | Qui Tollis, | - - - - - | <i>Galluppi.</i> |
| 4. | Solo, Agnus Dei, | - - - - - | <i>Moclach.</i> |
| MISS WILSON. | | | |
| 5. | "I know that my Redeemer liveth," (for the organ) | - - | <i>Händel.</i> |
| 6. | The Good Shepherd, | - - - - - | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| 7. | "See now the Altar," | - - - - - | <i>Faure.</i> |
| 8. | Easter Hymn, | - - - - - | |
| 9. | Gloria in Excelsis, | - - - - - | <i>Tours.</i> |
| 10. | Benedictus, (for the organ) | - - - - - | <i>Mozart.</i> |

The Agnus Dei, which we should be glad to hear every year, is especially suited to Miss Wilson's voice, and she sang it with a great deal of feeling.

No one can ever tire of Händel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and the arrangement for the organ, which Miss Hubbard played so well, is one of its most beautiful forms.

It would be hard to select any one of the choruses as the best, for they were all so good. If we should at one minute give number seven or eight the first place, we might the

next minute wish we had said number two or three, so we shall have to praise the concert as a whole.

We only regretted that the programme was so short and that the character of the service forbade our calling for any encores.

On April 17th, "Home," the fourth Hall play, was given. The character of the play was not so high as that of most of our plays, but the beauty of the stage and costumes, as well as the acting, made the evening a pleasant one. Miss Lorenz showed a full appreciation of the character of Alfred Dorrison. Miss Anderson was such a charming Dora Thornhaugh that we were not surprised that Alfred was fascinated. In spite of Miss Ransom's lack of enthusiasm she made a dignified Mr. Dorrison. Miss Dameron showed her usual ease; her acting throughout was good, but especially in the last scene. Miss Smith was a typical villain. Miss Corser and Miss Galloway personated "Lucy" and "Bertie" so naturally that it really seemed, as Bertie said, that they had loved each other ever since they were two years old. Between the acts the audience was highly entertained by the May-pole dance, and by Miss Shera's singing of "Home Sweet Home," so appropriate to the occasion.

On Friday evening, April 16, at eight o'clock, the second of the Students' Concerts of the year was given in the Chapel. The students were assisted by Mr. Herrman, Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Bergner, of New York.

The first selection on the programme was a Quartet in E flat, by Mozart. Miss Rabe played the Allegro, and Miss Goldstine the Larghetto and Allegretto. Both seemed decidedly more at ease at the piano than last year. The Ab-

endruh, by Kretschmer, was rendered by Miss Thompson and Mr. Bergner. This was one of the most pleasing selections of the evening. In the Andante by Mendelssohn, Miss Green played with feeling, as usual, and displayed not only good execution but real talent. After our treat of a few weeks ago, we awaited Miss Shera almost with impatience. We were not disappointed, and she was enthusiastically encored. Miss Shera's voice is not only sweet and clear but so strong and sure that while she sings one feels an ease which is positively refreshing. The Serenade by Saint-Saëns was particularly pleasing. Miss Phillips presided at the piano and Miss Thurston at the organ. We always hail with delight a selection for our organ, for we miss it sadly since the Sunday evening concerts have been given up. Variety was given to the programme by the Scherzo by Beethoven ; for in this Messrs. Herrman, Schwartz, and Bergner were unaccompanied by the piano. The Quartet in B flat, by Weber, was by far the most difficult selection rendered, and Miss Hayman and Miss Keck showed conscientious study of their parts.

Taking into account the style of the music, and the very short time given for practice with the instruments, it is almost to be wondered at that our concerts reflect so much credit on the Music Department. In a recent letter to Dr. Ritter, Mr. Bergner says that nowhere has he been so correctly and feelingly accompanied on the piano as at Vassar ; that while at other places he has found students who could interpret Chopin and Schumann, nowhere but here has he found those who could render with any degree of correctness and appreciation the more difficult quartets and trios of the old masters. Such hearty praise coming from one whose experience is so wide and whose opinion is of so much weight is surely gratifying, not only to those who take part in our concerts but to all members of the College.

Sunday evening, April 11, Dr. Abbott, of New York, addressed the Young Women's Christian Association. He stated in the beginning of his discourse that there was a sharp line of distinction between the Jewish and Christian conceptions of love. The former is summed up in the passages, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Christian love is exemplified in Christ's words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." The speaker showed that equity and justice, and not Christian love, were the constituent elements of the motive which leads us to do by others as we wish to be done by. He further said that if the Golden Rule governed men's lives the social problems of the day would be solved, and that a far higher plane of living would result; but that Christian love meant an entire forgetfulness of self and a continual sacrifice for others. A love which will not only die for men, but will live for them, is the only love worthy of being called Christian, and upon such a love as this for the corner-stone, Christ has laid the foundations of Christianity.

Friday, April 30, was observed as the twenty-first anniversary of "Founder's Day." There was the usual amount of bustle and confusion in the parlors and corridors during the day, but by evening order was restored and the rooms were models of beauty and elegance. Much praise is due to the decorative committee for the taste and discretion displayed in the selection of the decorations.

At seven o'clock in the evening the guests began to arrive. The President's parlors, together with the College parlors and the second corridor, were open for promenading and

soon were thronged with the students and their friends. At eight o'clock the procession entered the Chapel. Miss Anderson was an efficient and dignified marshal. Dr. Kenrick opened the exercises with a fitting prayer, after which Miss Sweetser, the President of the Students Association, gracefully welcomed the guests to Vassar College, and introduced to the audience Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale in his remarks addressed particularly the students, and earnestly appealed to them to strive to attain the highest development of body, mind and soul.

After the exercises in the Chapel a bountiful collation was served in the dining-room. The Glee Club sang three very pretty songs in such a way as to show the results of careful training, and the remainder of the evening passed quickly in promenading and dancing. In every respect the evening was a brilliant success and many thanks are due to the committee for their unflagging interest and zeal.

COLLEGE NOTES.

April 11, Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, conducted the morning Chapel service. He delivered a lecture in the evening, before the Y. W. C. A., on the "Difference between the Christian and Jewish Religions."

A concert was given April 16 by the music students, assisted by Messrs. Herrman, Schwartz, and Bergner of the New York Philharmonic Club.

April 15, the gymnastic classes ceased, much to the satisfaction of those who preferred playing tennis and botanizing to swinging Indian clubs and chest weights.

President McCosh of Princeton College, preached in the Chapel on the morning of April 18; in the evening he delivered a very interesting address on "Providence."

Easter Sunday found the students all at the College. No doubt many of us enjoyed visions of what might have been, had not the spring vacation been given so early. The Chapel service in the morning was not marked in any way. In the evening the Chapel choir rendered a delightful programme of Easter music.

The fourth Phil. play was given April 24, and was a decided success. The programmes were especially bright and reflected credit upon Miss Butcher, who designed them.

Founders' day, April 30, was a holiday as usual. The reception in the evening was attended by an unusually large number of guests. Rev. Edward Everett Hale delivered the address in the Chapel.

The outer fence has been removed from the lower end of Mill Cove Lake, and the appearance of our little sheet of water is greatly improved thereby.

The new catalogues are out. With the exception of a new cover and an increase in the number of students, we see no change from those of last year.

During a recitation in classical Latin the professor asks: "Miss Q., what do the winds do?"

Miss B—"Why, I believe they usually drive the hero of the poem about."

The Helen Kate Furness prizes for the best essays on a Shakesperian subject have been awarded. The first prize was given to Margaret Pollock Sherwood; the second to Caroline Gray Lingle.

Mr. S. P. Warren, of Grace Church, New York, gave an organ recital in the Chapel, May 5. The programme was interspersed with singing by the chapel choir.

Again it was the student of French who gave the translation: "Diogenes said, 'I look for a man with a lantern in his hand.'"

Work has been begun on our new "Eleanor" conservatory. It is just back of the south wing of the College building and is forty feet long by eighteen wide. The entrance is in the gabled southern end. Over the door will be placed a bronze memorial tablet which is to be brought from Switzerland by Mr. Farrington. The building will be finished by the ninth of June and is to be under the direction of Prof. Dwight, of the Natural History Department.

The complaint reaches us that some one, in her zeal to fill her memorabilia (?), still continues to clip from the reading-room papers, in defiance of rules, regulations and conspicuously posted notices. The Librarian will on application gladly send at any time for extra papers containing coveted items of interest, and it will be a great favor to her as well as a great relief to the honest portion of us not to have his petty speculation continue.

The following letter, addressed to Professor Maria Mitchell, tells its own story:—

DANVERS, Mass., 3rd Mo. 31, 1886.

My dear Friend,—

I hear thou art raising funds for the Vassar Observatory. I enclose check for —, just to show my good will, as I am unable to make a subscription in accordance with my wishes. Hoping that thy efforts will be successful, I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Prof. Mitchell has also received subscriptions for the Observatory Fund from the following persons: Mrs. Herr-

man of New York, Miss Weed of New York, Mr. Halliday of Cairo, Ill., and the Rev. Mr. Magoon of Philadelphia.

Mr. Shaw of Pittsburg has sent through his daughter, Mrs. Thompson, a graduate of '77, a generous contribution to the Alumnæ Fund, on condition that this fund be appropriated to the observatory.

We regret the delay which has occurred in publishing a report of the last meeting of the New York Alumnæ Association, held on Jan. 30. The proceedings were as follows:

It was moved and carried that a committee of five members be appointed to assist the Executive Committee in giving receptions. Mrs. Jordan Folger, of '79, was nominated to represent the New York Association at the June meeting of the Alumnæ. Miss Ely spoke of the plan of the Committee on Physical Culture, their methods of raising money, and the object which they have in view. A letter from Professor Dwight was read, stating the incomplete condition of the observatory. It was moved and carried that the New York Association formally request the General Association to appropriate the Endowment Fund to the observatory: also that a committee of five be appointed to solicit money for the Endowment Fund from the members present at the meeting. At the close of the meeting this committee reported that subscriptions to the amount of \$500 had been secured. It was decided that the establishment of connection between the College and preparatory schools be made the special work of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. It was also carried that the important letter of Matthew Vassar be re-printed. Dr. Kendrick, Mrs. Collier, and Dr. Bissell addressed the meeting. The new constitution of the General Association was criticised in sections. After appointing the Executive Committee for 1887, the meeting adjourned.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gladly received by the Personal Editor.]

'70.

Mrs. Swallow-Richards is instructor in Sanitary Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'72.

Married, April 29, at Baltimore, Md., Alice Deming See-lye to Dr. Egisto Rossi. Dr. and Mrs. Rossi are to reside at Rome, Italy.

Miss Brace of '72 and Miss Helen Dawes Brown of '78 sail for Europe, June 5.

'74.

Miss Florence Cushing has spent the past winter in the South.

'76.

Miss Lapham is giving a course of lectures on English Literature, under the auspices of the Shakespeare Club in Fredonia, N. Y.

'79.

Miss Andrews is studying at the Conservatory of Music, in Leipzig.

'80.

Born at Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, March 25, a son to Dr. Robert J. and Mrs. Ella Banks-Gibson.

Mrs. Helen Hussey-Severance of '80 and Miss Martha Lavaghn Hussey of '84 are at present in Poughkeepsie.

Mrs. Minnie Cooley-Douglas, of the School of Music, has recently gone abroad.

'81.

Miss E. C. Hodge is teaching in Miss Abbott's Day-School in Providence, R. I.

Miss Barnum is teaching Mathematics in the New Haven High-School.

'82.

Miss Ida Howgate is acting as a substitute in the High-School of Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Mary Harker sailed for Europe, April 3. She expects to spend a year in Germany, studying music.

'83.

Miss Mary Cooley is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Miss Ida Cushing sails for Europe, June 4.

Born in Saco, Maine, March 15, a son to Mrs. Edith Pew-Garland, formerly of '83.

'85.

Miss Lowry sails for Europe, May 8. She is to be gone an indefinite length of time.

'86.

Married, at Birmingham, Conn., April 15, Miss Grace Downes, formerly of '86, to Mr. Franklin S. Terry.

Married, April 28, at Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Alice Gertrude Hatch, formerly a student of the College, to Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack.

Born, in Chicago, March 3, a daughter to Mrs. Emily Rollinson-Poucher, a former student of the College.

Dr. Allen recently delighted her numerous friends by a visit to the College.

The following Alumnæ and former students have visited the College during the past month : Miss Grace Learned, '76 ; Miss Ida Cushing, '83 ; Miss Abbie Hussey-Severance, '80 ; Miss Hussey, '84 ; Miss Ella Gardner, '77 ; Miss Ada Thurston, '80 ; Miss S. F. Richardson, '79 ; Miss Mary Cooley, '83 ; Miss Merrick, '84 ; Miss Walworth, formerly of '88 ; Miss Harriet Barnes, and Miss Crossley.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

In the majority of our Exchanges athletics are discussed at such length that other subjects are suffering somewhat. We have no doubt that if we understood the "scores," we should find them as interesting as our brothers do ; but unfortunately they are Greek to us.

The *Adelphian* deservedly censures the carelessness of editors in copying statements without giving any thought to the truth of them. In our short editorship we have seen at least nine hundred and ninety times, the statement :—"Dr. Anderson of Chicago has accepted the Presidency of Vassar College," and frequently, too, since the last number of the MISCELLANY, in which the name of our new President was given.

It's high time to rise up against the tyranny of the so-called "weaker sex." Co-education is the order of the day. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and Vassar and Wellesley *must* admit men.—*Exchange.*

This month we welcome a new exchange, published by the students of Amherst College. This is the first issue of the *Lit.*, and if it is a sample of what its successors are to

be, it will be a pleasing addition to college journals. The essay on "Robert Burns" is one of the best written articles it has been our good fortune to read in a college paper. Any little tendency to "heaviness" is more than counter-balanced by the brightness and life in the other departments of the magazine. We wish the *Lit.* a long life and successful career.

It is hard to tell whether it is bitterness or a desire to be funny that leads the *Cornell Review* to make such criticisms as it does. But it is certainly true that it falls below the average college monthly in all its departments.

The *Lafayette* has a strong article complaining of its elective system, or, rather, the lack of one, and finally reaches this conclusion. "An examination of the colleges shows that Lafayette is at the foot of the list as regards electives."

The *Lasell Leaves* is a bright, newsy, "boarding-school" paper.

A gentleman who had indulged quite too freely, was helped home by a good Samaritan. He was very grateful in an exhilarated way, and asked his benefactor's name "My name," said the gentleman, "Oh, I'm St. Paul."

The inebriate steadied himself and looked dreamily at his departing friend.

"I shay," said he, "St. Paul, did you ever get an ansher to that long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"—*Boston Record.*

"Is Uncle Tom's Cabin' a Novel?" forms the subject of an interesting article in the *Yale Lit.*; but it is rather a high eulogy, than a discussion of its claims to being a novel.

“In view of its immense influence it seems trivial to discuss its technical right to be classed among novels—to recall the fact that it tells no love story, that it sought no artistic perfection, that it was written with an ethical purpose. How these considerations sink when we remember that no other book of modern times has so deeply moved the heart of the world. It touched humanity, not only in America but in every nation of the earth which speaks one of the twenty languages in which it has been translated. Shall we not agree with Wendell Phillips that it was not a novel, but an epoch?”

In the *Atlantic* for May, John Fiske discusses at some length “The Weakness of the United States Government under the Articles of Confederation.” Sarah Orne Jewett furnishes a story entitled “Marsh Rosemary.” The serials of James and Craddock are continued and a new one is commenced by W. H. Bishop,—“The Golden Justice.” “Memories of London” and “Waldstein’s Art of Pheidias” complete the list of the leading articles.

The *St. Nicholas* contains two well told stories, “When Shakespeare was a Boy,” and “The Girl’s Tricycle Club.” “Little Lord Fauntleroy” is continued. The “Dog Stories” are even cleverer than usual, and the little folks are sure to be delighted with “The Smallest Circus in the World” and “The Brownies on Roller Skates.”

The *Century* opens with an illustrated article on “American Country Dwellings.” Howells’s serial, “The Minister’s Charge,” is continued. There is an instructive article on “The Flour-Mills of Minneapolis.” “Hawthorne’s Philosophy” and “Evolution and the Faith” are two very

thoughtful essays. The war series is continued under the title, "McClellan at the Head of the Grand Army." Besides these the *Century* contains "Iduna", "A Californian's Gift to Science", and the "The Breeding of Fancy Pigeons."

The Nassar Miscellany.

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'87		'88	
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VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1886.

No. 9.

THE RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF ART.

From the earliest recorded days, Art has attended Religion, sometimes as a willing servant, too often as a lord, ruling with most persuasive tyranny. We seek relics of the art of buried nations in their temples. The statues which are pointed out to the student of sculpture as almost fallible models are images of gods and demigods. In the records of the worship of the ancient Israelites, we read of hangings of blue and purple and scarlet, of sockets of silver and rings of gold, of vestments ornamented with precious stones. If we look at the art of a later date; at the Byzantine dome, at the elaboration of Gothic spire and window-tracery, at all the fanciful and beautiful forms of architecture, where do we find them most perfectly wrought and most lavishly distributed? As of old, in the temples. When painting took one of the foremost places

among the arts, when the day of Fra Angelico, of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, dawned, what subjects did their genius love to portray? Witness the hosts of angels, saints, and martyrs, of Holy Families and Madonnas, that still look forth from canvases darkened by time. Deep thoughts of sages, lofty imaginings of enthusiasts, have also found expression through the art of speech. We need not look far for examples; we find them in the prophecies of Isaiah, the grand declarations of faith of the apostle Paul, the Revelation of "St. John, the Divine;" in the high teachings of the less familiar bibles of other religions than Judaism and Christianity; and in the lamentations, the thanksgivings, the 'trumpet calls to duty' of prophets of these latter days. Also, when words have failed, does not music often translate into speech the very emotions of the soul? Bible and sermon have done much for mankind, but hymn, chant, litany, and oratorio have done, for those who had ears to hear, what words could never do.

In reviewing the history of art, we acknowledge the great indebtedness of the artist to religion for material and inspiration; we feel that, without religion, art would hardly have been possible: but we are tempted to say that religion is equally indebted to art for a form of expression, or, more correctly speaking, that religion could not have reached its present phase of development without giving birth to art as a legitimate offspring and co-worker. Yet it can not be asserted that the influence of art on religion in the past has been purely beneficial. The Greeks made their love of physical beauty a worship, while their ideas of the gods and too often their dealings with one another were characterized by gross immorality. The gorgeous temple service of the ancient Israelites became a form of idolatry. The Roman Catholic church has built altars and painted pictures with an outlay of fabulous wealth, to raise which it has robbed the poor and has sold indulgences to

save the rich from pains of purgatory. Religious art has often been accompanied by idolatry, sensualism, and corruption. What wonder that many, even of those who acknowledge art to have been a natural and partly beneficent growth, say that its day of spiritual usefulness is past! Yet, though such a conclusion is hardly matter for surprise, it does not commend itself to hasty acceptance. Has not the same statement often been made concerning religion, and that with no slight show of justice? Yet so much of good result has been mingled with the evil, so much of reasonableness has remained, in the midst of unreason, that there are comparatively few who forego their trust in some form of religion, present or yet to come. We judge religion, not by its history alone, but by its possibilities, by its fitness for the needs of the human soul. The crimes committed in its name are undeniable; but not because of imperfections in the past do we cease to regard it as a sure reliance for the future. Thus, also, should we judge art.

Any attempt to fix on a universally satisfactory definition of religion would end in failure. But whether religion be an attitude of the soul toward its Creator, enjoined by a divine revelation, or only "morality touched with emotion," matters little for the present purpose. However it may be defined, its aim is the highest development of man. Religion is threefold in its nature—threefold in its subjective and objective workings, as it influences and expresses the intellectual, moral, and emotional life. Whatever ennobles man must be an aid to religion.

No reminder of the importance of art in its relation to mental development is needed. The man or woman who, in these days, is without interest in art, lacks a large part of that intellectual culture which is one of the foremost requirements of our time. Much of the modern tendency toward the aesthetic is superficial; it is largely the result

of fashion but, whatever its causes, its effect will be to broaden the mind. Out of so much study, some must be faithful ; and the faithful study of art should lead to tolerance, to humility, to intellectual enlightenment. The student is taken into other ages and countries ; he gains historic knowledge ; he is brought into contact with customs and beliefs far-removed from his own and those of his associates ; he walks with kings and prophets of the realm of thought ; he is shown the conquest of the false by the beautiful and the subservience of the beautiful to law ; he receives suggestions of that unity of law which binds the arts in one.

Whether the influence of art tends likewise toward morality is a disputed question. It is true that many artists have led immoral lives ; but instead of making art responsible for the immorality, shall we not rather say that both the artist's life and his choice of work are largely results of his temperament ? Take away his occupation, and the troublesome temperament, which might be refined by the faithful study of art, would find some other and perhaps some more harmful vent. How can pure art be other than ennobling ? Teaching lessons of laborious accuracy in detail, of harmonious purity, of tireless perseverance, of earnest striving after an ever-receding ideal, it fosters heroic attributes of soul. Always dependent on nature, it points toward that adaptation of self and individual work to environment which is the underlying principle of morality. "Proceeding," says Emerson, "from absolute mind, whose nature is goodness as well as truth, the great works are always attuned to moral nature. If the earth and sea conspire with virtue more than vice,—so do the masterpieces of art. Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth or the sun."

That the emotional experience of man is enriched by the influence of art, surely no one will deny. But how can this

experience be made to serve religion? By recognizing that, in an ideal sense, "Beauty is Truth," that the "Power not ourselves" is revealed, not only in the good, but in the fair; that blessed joy is an essential part of the perfect life; and that the service of the truth is a "duty of delight."

Because men have dared to call that beautiful which is but showy, grotesque or sensual, because they have buoyed up corrupt and sinking faiths with this mis-named art, shall we therefore banish the aesthetic element from religion? If it could be thus banished, it would take away the only lawful reward of duty, the consciousness that duty is beautiful; it would leave the truths of life and religion as hard facts instead of divine relations.

We must needs question the beneficent influence of Art; the age is one of doubt. But Art will not crown a doubting age with golden days. She waits for trusting hearts, for brains on fire with enthusiasm, for a tide of faith that shall renew the earth with its overwhelming flood.

LAURA C. SHELTON, '87.

A RAINY AFTERNOON IN AN OLD BARN.

I have always had a great fondness for this big, shadowy barn with its great piles of fragrant hay. Here we children used to romp until we were tired, and then, stretching ourselves out upon the hay, we told stories or painted splendid pictures of the times when we should be "grown up." Many a long, golden summer afternoon have I spent here reading, listening to the laughing, chattering, and scolding of the swallows overhead, or looking out upon the lovely picture seen through the wide-open doors. But it is on a rainy day like this that the barn forms an especially pleasant refuge. In the dim, gray light the corners, which the sun's rays never yet dared penetrate, seem far away

and mysterious. Here everything is in accord with the spirit of the day. Up in the eaves the swallows are twittering to each other in a quiet, confidential fashion quite unlike their liveliness on bright days. Occasionally there comes from the hay beside me the faint chirp of a poor little grasshopper who has, in an unwary moment, allowed himself to be made prisoner. On the floor a few hens, who evidently do not enjoy the day, stand about or leisurely pick up seeds. That handsome old rooster who stalks up and down in such a slow manner, shows a laudable determination to retain his dignity under all circumstances and to set a good example to his companions of the other sex.

The rain falls without cessation upon the shingled roof, now fast, now slow, the music changing with my thoughts. Sometimes it is gentle and soft as the lullaby of a mother over her sleeping child, then it becomes bright and joyous and again changes into a slow and solemn march. The music of the rain, the gentle twittering of the swallows, and the odor of June that fills the cool air, attune my heart to the low and peaceful key which nature has struck to-day. Outside, a hush seems to have fallen upon the earth. The very birds have stopped their singing. Everything seems to be waiting for the blessing of new life and beauty that comes with the rain. The fields of half-ripened grain bow as if in grateful acknowledgement of the divine goodness.

What a feeling of peace the beautiful calmness of Nature brings into our restless, unsatisfied lives ! A steady, unwavering purpose is manifest in her every act. Rain and sunshine, wind and dew, all the "sleepless ministers of Nature," without haste as without weariness do their appointed work. All Nature is full of the lesson

"Of toil unsevered from tranquillity :
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose .
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

But my thoughts are brought suddenly back to myself and the present by the sight of Farmer Jones standing in the doorway, nonchalantly chewing a straw. Farmer Jones is a true Yankee who would fill Mr. Lowell's heart with delight. He is not exactly a picturesque figure in his brown overalls, shirtsleeves, and big straw hat. I suppose he is about fifty years old, although his hair and complexion are of that delusive, neutral shade which tells no tales of age. His thin featured, smooth-shaven face indicates a character in which there is a strange mixture of shrewdness and quaint simplicity. There is a certain air of breeziness and openness about him, which is to me his greatest attraction, and comes, I think, from his constant out-of-door life. Farmer Jones has not much "larnin'" but he has a great fondness for new ideas. I shall never forget the expression of alarm, curiosity, and amusement which came into his face when I expressed to him my belief that the world was millions of years old. After bringing all my mental force and limited geological knowledge to the defence of my statement, I think I succeeded in setting his mind at rest as to my orthodoxy, although he was still very cautious about accepting the theory. But I felt quite rewarded for my trouble when he said: "Wall, now, thet's worth knowin' ef it's true." I wonder if he is thinking now of the formation of the earth or the prospect of a good hay-day to-morrow.

Although I have no crops out, I am glad to see that the rain has at length stopped and it is growing light in the west. The mist is rising from the mountains, leaving them clear and sharply defined in the pure air. The spell of silence is broken. The air is full of the songs of birds rejoicing that the rain is over. The clouds begin to break and the sun turns their edges into gold. Now the golden light floods hill and dale and is reflected in rain-drops trembling upon tree and flower. It is a scene full of quiet beauty—this

long, narrow valley lying between low green hills. The sunshine rests lovingly on broad meadows and pastures dotted with cattle. The green of the hillside is here and there relieved by patches of buckwheat in full blossom, looking like a light fall of snow, while fields of grain form a pleasant contrast to dark bits of woodland. Here and there you catch bright glimpses of the merry little brook which is joyously hurrying on to join the larger stream a few miles below here. Above this quiet scene rises

“ The sunset’s high-heaped gold,
Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that unfold
Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven.”

MARGUERITE SWEET, '87.

POPULAR FEELING IN THE EARLY ENGLISH BALLADS.

Bold, practical, outspoken, unimaginative, knowing no excess of love or hatred, is the inhabitant of that “tight little island” of England. Ready to receive as well as to give blows, he shakes hands with his antagonist before beginning a struggle and scorns to strike him when down. Slow to express admiration, but, when his esteem has once been bestowed, as slow to withdraw it; a firm friend and a brave, loyal subject. He is remarkable for his simplicity and sterling worth. “Nothing savage, nothing mean resides in the English heart. The temper of the nation, however disturbed, settles itself soon and easily; as in this temperate zone the sky, after whatever storm, clears itself, and serenity is its normal condition.”

These are the characteristics of the Englishman of to-day, and they were those of the Englishman of the fifteenth cen-

tury, though reflecting the rough and uncouth aspects of a barbarous and turbulent age. Men were passionate and quarrelsome. Blows were given for slight offences. Everyman lived with his hand on his sword. There was little respect for law; the views concerning property were lax; for, with all classes, might meant right.

Perhaps such natures would be little suspected of poetry; but that poetic genius existed among these people is proved, not only by the fact that some of the sublimest singers the world has known have been Englishmen, but that those unpretentious songs of the people, whose authors, dates, all the circumstances of whose origin, are unknown, have stood the test of centuries.

The chief charm of these songs for the Englishman of to-day lies in their simplicity and quaintness, in their directness of thought and strength of feeling. But they appealed to the Englishman of the fifteenth century as glorified reflections of his own experiences. They gave a voice to his passions, hopes, and fears. The British peasant cared little for abstractions; and here he found simple thoughts, expressed in few words and those the plainest. Battles, murders, thefts, tales of love and treachery, of peril and adventure, were the themes of these ballads, which were sung to eager throngs "by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style," and which were echoed by women over their spinning, by children at their play, and by brave men entering upon battle.

The Robin Hood group is perhaps the most popular of the songs that have come down to us. The hero, insisting on fair play, brave, generous, kind and compassionate to the poor and unfortunate, filled with respect for woman, is the typical Englishman of the age. Above all, he prizes personal independence. Jovial, a boon companion and a faithful friend,—churchmen, sheriffs, and game keepers are his only enemies. He is brave, but not always success-

ful, in his hand to hand combats ; for a tinker, a soldier, and a friar all defeat him. But, in accordance with the true English spirit, he is never angry when fairly beaten. His friendship for Little John springs from his admiration for the masterly way in which that yeoman handles a cudgel, even though the weapon is wielded against himself. Much wordly prudence had Robin Hood ; we hear him call, during one of their friendly bouts :

“ An were it not for bursting my bowe,
John, I thy head wold break.”

The English nature is not easily aroused, but from its depths of love and hatred issue at times wild and ungovernable passions. The capability of the Englishman to commit horrible deeds and to suffer untold grief is depicted in the great masterpieces of English literature ; in the tragedies of Shakespeare, and in “*Samson Agonistes*,” that tragic outpouring of a tragic life. In the ballad age each native characteristic was accented by freedom from law and restraint ; the tragic and pathetic elements in English life predominated, and in the ballads they found expression. What is more tragic than the death of Robin Hood ? Treachery, foul and horrible, ends his life ; but to the last we find him true to his principles, for he refuses to allow Little John to execute vengeance on a woman. Nothing is more pathetic than the familiar song of the “*Babes in the Wood*,” though the pathos is slightly marred by the obtrusion of a little good advice to the executors of wills.

The grand old ballad of “*Chevy Chase*” fairly bristles with English traits. As a whole, it is an expression of love for fairness and justice, while each verse portrays some especial characteristic of the English people. The readiness of the English vassal to fight to the very death when his lord and master was in danger, is set forth in the words of Witherington, the “*gallant squire*”

“ Who said, ‘ I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,
That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on’.”

How the hearts of all brave men must have been stirred
by the verse that follows !

“ I’le doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to weelde my sword,
I’le fight with heart and hand.”

The English bard is not ungenerous to the Scottish chief, whom he pictures fighting as valiantly as did the English lord ; indeed, it is by the hand of one of the archers, and not by that of Percy, that Earl Douglas is slain at last. The English admiration for brave deeds and speeches,—for pluck,—even in an enemy, is shown in Percy, who, taking his dead foe by the hand, exclaims :

“ Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.
Oh Christ ! my verry heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake :
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take.”

And much more is said in praise of Scottish valor. But this admiration for an enemy does not in the least impair the Englishman’s sense of his own greatness, It has been said that the Englishman never knows when he is beaten. We are reminded of this assertion in comparing the different ways in which the Scotch and English sovereigns receive the news of the death of the two heroes :

“ ‘Oh, heavy news ;’ King James did say,
Scotland may witness bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.’”

Then King Henry :

“ ‘Now God be with him,’ said our King,
Sith it will noe better bee ;

I trust I have within my realme
Five hundred as good as hee.'"

In the last stanza, the poet would have us close our eyes on these scenes of warfare and bloodshed, and look forward in the hope of better things to come.

"God save our king, and bless this land,
With plentye, joy and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease."

The English ballads are valuable, not only as quaint and charming songs, but also for their historical importance. While the particular events which they record may be of little value, the whole presents a picture of the period which is nowhere else to be found. These songs were not the production of a single poet, but in the transition from mouth to mouth they received the impress of many minds ; and thus they reveal to us the views, beliefs, and superstitions of the people. They were the educators of the class for whom they were composed ; through them alone did the English peasant learn either of the past or of the present. They were to him both press and pulpit, and taught him to admire and emulate brave deeds. They stimulated in him a national spirit, awakening a love for the beauties, and a pride in the glories, of "merry England" ; and by their ridicule of monkish hypocrisy, they aided the great movement of the Reformation.

EUGENIE C. KOUNTZE, '88,



De Temporibus et Moribus.

OUR POOR RELATIONS.

What thoughtful man or woman can read the newspaper or other periodical of the day without a feeling of sadness and an overwhelming sense of the injustice done men on all sides? Nearly every monthly magazine contains an article on some social evil and brings forward some new plan of reformation. Grave political questions are agitating almost all civilized nations; each nation has its own peculiar sorrows. When men are in distress they are, as a rule, most ready to give sympathy and most sensitive to

Never has the bond of sympathy between the various nations been so strong as it is to-day; the fact that, after all, we belong to one great brotherhood was never before fully realized. It is the wronged, the poor, and the oppressed of this great brotherhood to whom I have given the name of "Our Poor Relations."

Not only in Europe but also in our own country, there seems to be a growing spirit of rebellion and discontent. From a mere glance at the political condition of Russia one sees that there is reason to expect a decided change in the government of that empire; the rapidly increasing socialism of Germany likewise gives us cause for serious thought; the recent terrible riots in Belgium plainly show that there, too, some terrible social evils have been at work; the turbulent condition of Ireland is a theme of universal discussion; and even here in free America, we are afflicted with riots, strikes and lock-outs, we are brought face to face with the hard problem of capital and labor.

Thus, as representatives of the rights of these various countries, we have the Russian nihilist, the German socialist, the Irish Parnellite, and the American laborer. Their common cry is for justice, but their bitter need leads them to despair; it is when their miseries are beyond endurance that their actions are no longer governed by reason and the result is anarchy. Surely, however distant from us, however much below us socially and intellectually, they at least deserve our compassion and pity.

The thought which arouses these men to action is "That all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." There are among the reformers in these countries men of strong intellect. The methods of reform proposed and resorted to depend upon the spirit of the laws, the temperament and intellectual condition of the people. In some of these countries the evils are greater and of longer standing than in others, and need to be the more promptly suppressed, yet the demands of these unfortunate brothers of ours are in the main alike. In speaking of the representative leaders of these classes, I do not mean those adventurers who, filled with the restless spirit of the time, incite men to wild and mad deeds; but those men who represent the common people and yet are so much above them as often—indeed very often—to be misunderstood by them. As soon as an understanding is established between the leaders and the people, the latter will cease to resort to the violent and inhuman means of vengeance which now are so common.

Many of us think that these unhappy brothers of ours cherish dreams and hopes which never can be realized—that they wish for a sudden overthrow of all government; but what they really want is no more than any liberal government ought freely to concede to its subjects. First and foremost in desperation and daring stands the nihilist, whose loudest cry is for free institutions. He wishes am-

nesty for political offences, suppression of the secret police, lighter taxes, and liberty of speech and of the press. The dense fog of tyranny which for so many centuries has enveloped Russia is slowly lifting, and as fast as his horizon widens the Russian becomes conscious of his latent powers and possibilities. A change must come before long; let us hope that it may come in the form of reformation, not of revolution.

Leaving Russia we come to consider her sister empire of Germany. Here the injustice is not so flagrant nor the rebellion so reckless. The "solid" German is not fickle; the fact that socialism has gained a strong foothold among the people means a struggle to the death. What preys upon the mind of the socialist more than anything else is being obliged to pay for the support of a religion which he hates. Besides this, a cry is continually raised for a decrease in the taxes which support the immense standing army. In Germany, too, is heard the demand for liberty of the press. The proverbial "Docile Germany" does not exist.

It is Ireland that presents the saddest picture of all. Every true American must sympathize with the Irish in their present trouble. In some respects their struggle is not unlike our own of a hundred years ago, but the Irish have been weakened by centuries of oppression. At last the request for an Irish parliament and for a settlement of the land difficulties seems to have found a hearing. England's greatest statesman has espoused the Irish cause. The demands made are not so unreasonable as to warrant such long and powerful opposition. The argument that the Irish are not ready for self-government reminds us of the question raised by the Southerners at the time of the civil war, "Why give the slave his freedom when he is not ready for it?" England can in part atone for the past by dealing justly in the present. Let England only take

justice for her guiding star, and a few years will bring about what centuries have failed to achieve.

In our own country, particularly of late, there has been almost universal disagreement between capitalist and laborer. An aristocracy of the rich threatens on all sides, and monopolies are every-day occurrences. Quite recently has our attention been called to the fact that land is coming into the hands of fewer men, and that the farms of some of these are of almost fabulous size. Can we blame the laborer for his rebellious feelings when he compares his mere pittance to the enormous sums which daily fall to the lot of his master? A glance at the dingy tenement of the former and the palatial residence of the latter brings the problem of capital and labor still nearer our hearts. These unions of mechanics, car-drivers and laborers are a great good, for we have reason to hope that finally they will put an end to "starvation prices" and make men fully realize that there are certain rights which belong to all men.

The anguish and woe through which so many human souls are passing is unmistakably purifying and ennobling the race. It is bringing us one step nearer the time

" When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

EMILY LEWI, '88.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

The critics of literature who uphold the theory that every poet is the product of his age, and that consequently contemporary poets must strongly resemble one another, are liable to come upon many exceptions to thier rule. Milton cannot be assigned to any "school." Spenser passed through the times of Good Queen Bess "serenely abstracted and high," and gave to an age which was above all things

interested in human life, a vision of Fairyland. Perhaps the diversity of the nineteenth century and its many conflicting elements may be called upon to account for the fact that our two greatest living poets, Tennyson and Browning, resemble each other so little. At any rate, the difference between them is so marked that the most superficial observer may notice it; in fact, a superficial observer is in danger of exaggerating it and concluding that Tennyson and Browning are polar opposites in every respect. There is a tendency to compare them antithetically, in a manner something like this: "Browning is emphatically a dramatist; Tennyson fails most signally in his plays. Browning's verse is harsh and distorted; Tennyson sacrifices everything to sweetness and melody. In Browning, only the thought is valuable; in Tennyson, only the expression." This comparison is defective, in that it does not present the whole truth; the shallow melodist and the writer of metaphysical prose whom it suggests to us do not exist in the persons of Tennyson and Browning. Browning is more of a poet, Tennyson more of a thinker, than the world at large supposes, and one who studies their writings will find not a few points of resemblance. The style of both has, when at its best, a certain distinction and nobility, and when at its worst is marred by mannerisms, by curious or quaint expressions, rather than by flatness or commonplace. They are alike in their perfect moral purity and elevation of tone. Even in regard to the form of poetry best suited to them, they have something in common; for though Browning is infinitely more successful than Tennyson as a dramatist, they employ with equal skill and success a style of composition bordering on the dramatic,—the monologue. Compare Tennyson's "Ulysses" with Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," or Tennyson's "Tithonus" with Browning's "Andrea Del Sarto."

Still, although the importance of their superficial differ-

ences is liable to be over-estimated, although they even resemble each other in many respects, the contrast between our two great poets is strong ; this is clearly seen in their choice of subjects. The name which Browning gives to one volume of his poems,—“Men and Women”—might stand as a title for them all, so completely is he absorbed in the study of human nature. His severest critics praise the wonderful penetration which seems to disclose to him all the mysteries and secrets of the human heart, and the creative power through which he places before us such throngs of living, breathing men and women. In Tennyson, on the other hand, we see everywhere the tendency to idealize. Not that he is false to nature, in any way, but instead of simply showing us people and things in the clear light of day, as Browning does, he wraps them about in a golden haze. “In Memoriam” tells us little that is definite about the character of Arthur Hallam, but it is a wonderful tribute to love and sorrow. “St. Agnes” does not make us think of a nun, a woman of flesh and blood, but we feel the inspiration, the longing, the ecstasy of the nun in our very hearts. Yes, even though the human element is quite marked in “Enoch Arden,” La Farge’s angel with the finger on the lips illustrates it better than any picture of the weather-beaten seaman could have done. Legend and tradition, too, have a great attraction for Tennyson and almost none at all for Browning. The latter often makes use of subjects taken from the Middle Ages, but it is the uncontrolled passions, the warm stirring life of that time which he loves to depict. He would never have chosen a character like King Arthur—human enough, indeed, to meet our sympathies, but belonging to an older world, and looking larger than man through the mist of traditions. Then again, Tennyson loves to write of nature, something which Browning rarely attempts to do, though half a dozen passages in various poems of his make us wish that

he had attempted it oftener. When we hear it said that **Browning** is not a poet of nature, passages like

"This eve intense with yon first trembling star
We seem to pant and reach."

or

"That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first, free, careless rapture,"

crowd into our minds and seem to disprove the charge.

If we apply Milton's canon to the two poets, it will be seen that Tennyson is more sensuous and more simple than Browning, and Browning more impassioned than Tennyson. Browning could never have written "Fair is her cottage in its place," nor Tennyson "Ivan Ivanovitch."

Some of Browning's greatest admirers are not convinced that he has any claim to the title of poet; Tennyson's severest critics admit that he is a true poet. The truth in the matter is that Browning is a poet exceptionally and involuntarily, Tennyson, intentionally and consciously. Browning has a significant line,

"The better the uncouth,
Do roses stick like burrs?"

There we have the principle which he applies in a great many of his poems, and there we have his great mistake. Not all the deep thought and subtle reasoning in "Fifine at the Fair," or "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," can make these compositions poetry. That indefinable something which separates poetry from prose is certainly never found where the element of beauty is lacking, and the element of beauty **does not**, as some think, include merely those things which appeal directly to the senses; it includes harmonious order and arrangement; it includes all the happy touches of fancy, the magical quickening of the imagination; it requires clearness, for beauty can no more exist without clearness than color without light. In Browning's obscure

and difficult compositions, such as those mentioned above, he seems to consider the element of beauty as something quite unworthy of notice, and devotes himself to laboriously presenting the whole of his thought, all its parts and details, without any regard for form or proportion. The result is that a great part of his works cannot with any justice be called poetry. Tennyson, on the other hand, whatever his faults may be, is uniformly poetical; he has the true conception of his art; he perceives that

"Beauty and Good and Knowledge are three sisters
* * * And never can be sundered without tears."

But Browning is not insensible to beautiful things. In writing of art, he says:

"If you get simple beauty and naught else
You get about the best thing God invents."

Why then, did he leave beauty out of consideration in forming a theory of what poetry should be? His purpose, we are told, was a moral purpose; he had great lessons to teach, great truths to impart, difficult subjects to handle. He could not spend time and energy in making the verses read musically and easily, in framing pretty similes and well-turned phrases. In fact we are told that we ought to put up with a little discomfort in reading Browning, in consideration of the value of his thoughts. But the truth is that the discomfort greatly diminishes the value of the thought. What the world needs is not so much to have new truths, new thoughts presented it, as to have the old, eternal truths illuminated, made vivid and real. This the poet can do, and when he neglects to do it, he voluntarily forfeits his great gift and privilege. Others may discuss metaphysics and theology; let him show us how beautiful truth is and "virtue in her shape how lovely." We would not say that Tennyson is a greater moral teacher than Browning, but we may say with truth that "In Memoriam"

is likely to do a great deal more good in the world than "Sordelo."

These faults of Browning's plan and motive, though they have been sufficient to mar a great part of his work, will not prevent him from taking high rank as a poet. Now, in his lifetime his admirers applaud even his defects, and his detractors refuse to see his good qualities, but in the course of time he will be judged, as every poet has been judged, by his best work ; and his best work is very beautiful. A wrong idea of the function of poetry may lead a poet far astray, but if he is a true poet, his performance will often belie his theory. And Browning is a true poet ; poems like "In a Gondola" and "Evelyn Hope" prove that conclusively. In his best poems, beauty and nobility of thought is wedded to beauty and nobility of expression, and we have "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Pippa Passes," "In a Balcony," "One Word More," "A Patriot," "Prospice," and hosts of others, beside many wonderfully beautiful passages in longer but less well-sustained works, such as "The Ring and the Book." And though Tennyson's popularity has decreased in late years, we need not be afraid that the poet who wrote "Morte d'Arthur" and "In Memoriam" and "The Lotos Eaters" will be soon forgotten.

If a comparison of these two poets contains any useful lesson, it is this : We English speaking people need more definite, more generally recognized standards of propriety in literature. We see that even a man like Browning is led away into all sorts of caprices and extravagances, by a wrong idea of the province of poetry, while Tennyson, by a correct idea, keeps himself up to his best the greater part of the time. Criticism has a great work to do here, a work which Mr. Arnold has nobly begun, and which others are already beginning to follow out.

Editors' Table.

Nothing that has occurred in the college world for some time has excited so much interest as has the presentation of the Greek comedy, the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes, by the students of the University of Pennsylvania. It has been in preparation since last fall, and its progress has been watched with the greatest anxiety by all students of Greek literature. The undertaking has had the support of students, alumni, professors, and trustees, and their energy and perseverance call forth the highest praise. The Harvard students met with great success in the production of a Greek tragedy, the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles; but this is the first time that a Greek comedy has been represented in this country, and only one such attempt has been made in England. The difficulty of presenting a comedy is very much greater than one might at first suppose. The object, of course, is to present a picture of the bright side of Greek life, as far as is possible on a modern stage, and this requires an accurate knowledge of the every-day life of the period in which the dramatist lived—a knowledge often very difficult to acquire. Besides, almost all ancient comedies have a deep political significance. But every exertion was used to insure accuracy in scholarship and detail. An illustrated libretto with text, translation, and exhaustive argument was published a week beforehand, that the play might be intelligible to the audience. Besides the knowledge one could derive from such a production, the scenery, costumes and chorus invested it with the greatest charm. Independent of the great literary merits of the *Acharnians*, it has as special interest of its

own, as being the most ancient specimen of comedy of any kind which has reached us. The play is simple, effective, and humorous, and has much more of a plot than the ancient comedies usually have. The point of the comedy lies in the contrast between war and peace. The two principal characters are Lamarchus, the hero of arms, and Diaepolis, the apostle of peace. The *Acharnians* partakes of the nature of an opera quite as much as of a drama, and a large part of the action is sustained by the chorus. Taking everything into consideration the students of the University of Pennsylvania could have made no better choice.

One of the most exasperating annoyances of our College life is caused by the presence of idlers in the library and reading-room. An impression seems prevalent to the effect that the reading-room is a second "students' parlor;" but this view of the case is not shared by those who visit the room in order to learn the news or to read the latest magazine articles, during a few spare moments. In view of the purpose for which the reading-room was established, we plead for a little consideration for the wishes of this class of readers. The disturbance often raised in the library is even more annoying. To this room the students are supposed to resort, not so much for the occupation of leisure time as for downright study. When one is engaged in a dogged attempt to unravel some tangled Latin or Greek construction, even a whispered conversation is more than nerves and temper can endure. And the conversations are not always whispered. What shall we say of girls who, in the absence of the librarian, form a friendly group and, without even the pretense of opening a book, remain talking and laughing in tones which pene-

trate to the farthest corner of the room? Unfortunately, nothing which may be said will be likely to have much effect, yet with the determination which is sometimes born of hopelessness, we raise a protest.

As the days keep growing ever longer and more beautiful, we begin to feel that the year is near its close, and we are also more and more impressed with the belief that nothing can be more delightful than spring-time at Vassar. But these warm afternoon hours do not in the least inspire us with a desire to study, while the scenes of brightness and beauty without constantly tempt us to throw aside books and papers, to hope that we may not be called on in the next day's recitations, and to trust that the morrow will find teachers and professors also affected with the "spring fever." Too often we delude ourselves into the belief that we can study quite as well out-of-doors as in the seclusion of our own parlors; and so away we go, armed with lexicon and grammar, to prepare our tasks in some shady nook. But even the calm and seemingly uninteresting Mill Cove Lake proves distracting; for in spite of all we can do, our eyes will wander toward the gay carriages that roll by on the road, and toward the persevering angler on the bank, while we speculate as to whether the industry of the latter is to be rewarded by the unsuspecting "shiner" or the innocent mud turtle. Thus the minutes fly and the tea bell rings while lessons are still unlearned. It is just after a recitation so prepared, or perhaps in the peaceful, reflective hours of an editor's life that we ruminate on the evils of this mode of studying, and we find them to be many. The College year is at best very short and the time is too precious to be wasted. Can we not then, in spite of the acknowledged difficulties, be energetic until the last moment?

“Unless excused by the Resident Physician every student is expected to devote one hour daily to physical exercise.” So read our dust-covered manuals. And yet our bowling-alley and gymnasium are deserted. The Tennis Club is comparatively small in numbers, and the courts are frequented only late in the afternoon; the boats, too, usually lie idle. We have not ceased to exercise. Oh, no! But we have found another way of taking the open air, which although not attended with marked beneficial results, is accomplished with much less trouble and exertion. In spite of the oft-repeated injunction that our exercise should be vigorous, we seek some quiet shady spot to read our favorite novel, or, gathered in groups, we discuss some difficult problem in mathematics or the possibility of a Latin subjunctive's having a double construction. Some of our more energetic friends patronize the “candy-boy” and aimlessly wander up and down the paths in sight of the Lodge clock. There is one class of students to whom this manner of exercise is a dream of the future—the botanists. Armed with botanical box and trowel, they explore the grounds with never-failing interest and unflagging zeal. Ah, dear Freshmen, you may pronounce your walks a “bore,” and envy us as we rest in the cool shade, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that your mode of exercise meets the requirements of nature's laws although it is contrary to your inclination. All of us have often found, to our surprise, that a brisk walk or energetic exercise of any kind fatigues us far less, and refreshes us much more than the same time spent in comparative inactivity, and yet we continue to be averse to adopting a more vigorous style of exercise. Should not a reform be instituted?

The MISCELLANY has spoken more than once of the disgraceful crowding that sometimes precedes our Chapter

meetings, and invariably our Hall plays ; there is good and sufficient cause to mention it again, even at the risk of being tiresome. The magnitude of the fault itself is evident enough to any one ; besides, it is unfortunate that such a disagreeable circumstance should be the invariable attendant of one of our chief pleasures ; it is particularly unpleasant to have one's teeth close on a grain of sand, when one is eating strawberries and cream. Our pride in these dramatic entertainments of ours is quite justifiable. What a pity, then, that they should be preceded by a scene which might make one doubt whether the higher education really gives that boasted control of the mind over the passions and desires ! There are very few Vassar girls however, we say confidently, so rude as to use violence, —for that is what it amounts to, —in making their way to a good seat. The crowding is caused to a much greater degree by nervous haste and thoughtlessness than by rudeness. Still, the evil will never be corrected until everyone, the comparatively innocent as well as the guilty, makes it her personal affair. It is often urged that the committee should open the doors sooner, but it would be pleasant if the Vassar girls should prove that they can amend that fault without any assistance from circumstances. Let us hope that the first Hall play of next year may be superior to those of this year in that it shows a self-controlled and quiet company of girls passing through the Lyceum doors.



HOME MATTERS.

On Wednesday evening, May 5, the second organ recital of the season was given in the Chapel by Mr. S. P. Warren, of New York. The programme was pleasingly varied by two selections given by the Chapel choir. As this is the second concert this year in which the choir has taken part,

we are led to hope that the custom thus established may long continue to add to the interest of our organ recitals. We dare not offer a criticism upon Mr. Warren's playing, and his reputation as a musician of great ability is so well established that our simple tribute can add nothing to his renown. The selections were carefully chosen and were so rendered as to show Mr. Warren's complete mastery of the organ. The programme was as follows :

1. Air with variations, (The Harmonious Blacksmith), in E, *G. F. Händel.*
 2. Toccata in F. - - - - - *J. S. Bach.*
 3. I waited for the Lord, - - - - - *Mendelssohn.*
- CHAPEL CHOIR.
4. Organ Sonata No 4, in B flat, - - - - - *Mendelssohn.*
 1. Allegro con brio.
 2. Andante religioso.
 3. Allegretto.
 4. Allegro maestoso e vivace.
 5. Pastorale in G, op. 103, - - - - - *Gustav Merkel.*
 6. Latin Hymn, - - - - - *F. L. Ritter.*
 7. Rhapsodie No. 1, in E, on Breton Melodies, - - - *C. Saint-Saëns.*
 8. Fugue in D. - - - - - *Alex. Guilmant.*
 9. Adagio and Allegro from the String Quartette in C,
op. 4, - - - - - *Louis Spohr.*

In the first selection by the Chapel choir, Misses Stewart and Shera sang the solos ; the second chorus, composed by Dr. Ritter, was received with great applause. All of Mr. Warren's selections are deserving of praise, but there seemed to be the most perfect sympathy between organist and audience in the Sonata by Mendelssohn and in the Pastorale by Merkel. Mr. Warren is pre-eminently a faithful interpreter. He not only appreciates the most delicate lights and shades of the music he plays, but he has the rare power of bringing his audience into complete harmony with the thought of the composer.

May 15th, 1886, will doubtless be represented in the "memorabilia" of fifty-two Freshmen by a dainty programme in white and gold, the regulation pasteboard of "spots" or "court-cards," (the prototype of the owner for the evening), and perhaps a Japanese napkin, duly dated; and if annotations are appended we are sure the general verdict will be that "89's card party was a perfect success." The idea of having the class represent the fifty-two "exponents of pleasant pastime," was so enthusiastically carried out that at eight o'clock on the above mentioned evening, the Lyceum presented the appearance of a gigantic and very animated card-table, where, utterly regardless of Hoyle and other authorities, kings took aces for a waltz, jacks captured queens, and hearts, clubs, diamonds and spades, with no respect for "sequence," intermingled in a manner as bewildering as it was pretty.

The King of Clubs, (Miss Boyden), the Queen of Hearts, (Miss Marshall), and the Right-bower of the same, (Miss Drexel), received the guests in a graceful and courtly manner. The song by the Glee Club was well rendered, and when the familiar—"Dulce est desipere in loco" was impressively chanted, an audible smile passed over the faces of the listening admirers of classical Latinity. Dancing and promenading were the order of the evening until nine o'clock, when we adjourned to room I and partook of the nicely served collation. After a waltz and the good old-fashioned Virginia Reel which followed in room J, the well-known signal-bell commanded our respect. Several dutiful "clubs" made their adieux and we reluctantly followed suit, re-echoing in our hearts the very unmistakable demonstration which had just been given, of our hearty appreciation of the committee, its efficient chairman, Miss Marshall, and our "89."

On Friday evening, May 21, the third of the "Students' Concerts" was given in the Chapel. The programme was rather long, but the character of the pieces was such that our interest and enjoyment increased as the evening wore on, and all of the selections were enthusiastically received. Miss Boyden, the first player of the evening, easily rendered a Novelette in B minor by Schumann. In the Valse in E minor by Chopin, Miss Titus played with delicacy and feeling. Miss Hines showed careful study in her rendering of Bach's Gavotte, but upon the platform she does not do herself justice. Miss Ashley's voice has some very sweet tones and we regret that nervousness prevented her from showing its true power. Miss Davis carefully interpreted a Barcarolle in F minor and a Hunting Song by Mendelssohn; especially in the second selection, her good execution showed to advantage. Miss Lorenz rendered a Chant Polonaise by Chopin-Liszt in a very brilliant and artistic manner. The seventh selection, "Devotion," by Eulestine, was a pleasing surprise, as the violin is rarely played by our own students. Miss Bissell was accompanied on the piano by Miss Rabe. The character of the piece was in decided contrast to the previous numbers, but as the instruments were not in perfect harmony, the effect was somewhat marred. Although Miss Rich's rendering of Chopin's Polonaise showed a lack of strength, her touch is easy and light. Miss Townsend's first appearance impressed all favorably; she played the Transcription, "An Chloe," with feeling and decision. We were very glad to hear Miss Brewster again. She rendered a Scherzo by Beethoven with the artistic appreciation and spirited execution which characterizes all of her playing. Miss M. L. McKinlay's voice in Cowen's beautiful song, "Children's Home," showed marked improvement since last year. Miss A. M. McKinlay interpreted a Transcription, "Er ist gekommen," by Franz-Loeschhorn, and a Valse by Chopin in a brilliant,

appreciative manner ; there seems to be nothing mechanical in her playing. Miss Curtis's rendering of Schubert's Impromptu showed careful study and a brilliant, finished execution. Miss Fox closed the evening with a Ballade of Reinecke. Her interpretation gave evidence of conscientious work in technique as well as of natural ability.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The last of the students' concerts was given in the Chapel, May 21.

The Rev. William E. Hatcher of Richmond, Va, preached a very able sermon in the Chapel on the morning of May 9. In the evening he addressed the Y. W. C. A.

All eyes were turned anxiously toward the Faculty table upon the first night of our new president's recent visit, and it is needless to say that the impressions received were the most favorable. We had the pleasure of seeing President Taylor in recitations and about the grounds so often before his visit was ended that his face became quite familiar to us. On the evening of May 10, he conducted the Chapel service, much to the satisfaction of all.

The morning and evening Chapel services of May 16 were conducted by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

The botanizing Freshmen with mysterious boxes artistically draped about their shoulders are everywhere to be seen looking for the specimens to complete their herbariums. '88 looks upon them with envy when it hears that they have escaped raising the 'bacterial' corn and beans which so tried the patience of the last year's class.

Edward Everett Hale has consented to become an honorary member of the Class of '86, and to attend its Class Day and Commencement exercises and its subsequent reunions.

The Class of '87 has elected the following officers for the ensuing year :

President,	-	-	-	-	MISS SKINNER.
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	MISS SWEET.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	MISS HOY.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	MISS TERRY.
Class Poet,	-	-	-	-	MISS SHELDON.
Leader of the Glee Club,	-	-	-	-	MISS JONES.

The excursion of Prof. Van Ingen's sketching class to Lake Mohunk, Saturday, May 15, was rather unfortunate, as the students found the clouds upon the mountain tops so dense that they were able to add but little to their sketch-books.

The classes of '73, '76 and '78 are to have reunions at the College during Commencement week.

The geological expedition had a delightful time on May 15. Under the direction of Prof. Dwight the students sailed up the Hudson to Rondout, where they explored the rich geological fields, descended into a mine and returned to the College laden with fossils and other trophies. They were in the best of spirits, in spite of the damp and threatening weather.

Class in geology is reciting. Prof: What plants have been found in the Devonian age? Student: Why, ferns mostly and—some fishes.

At the request of his daughter, Miss Susan Raymond of '75, Prof. Robert Raymond has given a reading in Brook-

lyn in behalf of the Alumnæ endowment fund. The proceeds amounted to \$150.

It is Mr. Thaw of Pittsburg who has so generously contributed to the Observatory fund, and not Mr. Shaw, as was stated in last month's MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'69.

Born to Mrs. Colby-Smith, April 10, a son.

'74.

Miss Fisher has given up the school of which she has for several years been the principal, in Cleveland, O.

'78.

Mrs. Ransom-Milinowski will probably remain abroad another year, as her husband's duties in his new position on the German Emperor's staff will prevent their returning to the United States for some time.

Mrs. White-McClenon has removed from Geneva, Wis. to Oconto, in the same state.

Miss Cutler will return to Duluth, Minn., this summer.

'79.

Miss Helen Banfield has gone to Wolfbury, N. H., for the summer.

'80.

Miss Kate Darling of '80 and Miss Grace Darling of the School of Music spent several weeks in Poughkeepsie this spring and have now returned to Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Miss Margaret Healey will pass the summer in Alaska.

'82.

Miss Burta Brittan has visited Canada and the Bermudas this spring and is now staying in New England. She expects to return to her home in California in July.

'86.

Miss Aken is to sail for Europe on the 12th of June, and expects to be gone all summer. Miss Southworth expects to sail for Europe June 12, and will spend the summer abroad.

Miss Burta Brittan, '82, and Miss Stella Hunt have visited the College during the past month.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

This number of the *Harvard Monthly* contains two excellent articles. One, entitled "Meleager of Gadara," attempts to prove by quotations from this author, that light literature was by no means unknown to the ancient Greeks. The writer introduces his subject in the following apt manner. "The notion that every Greek author is a 'classic' puts the Greek light literature in an unfortunate position. To be a classic nowadays may increase an author's respectability, but it diminishes his audience. A classic is enshrined in bookcases, in the odor of bibliographic sanctity ;

perhaps it is worked over by professional students ; but for the general public, struggling with its ever increasing task set by the unresting demons of the printing-press, to be a classic is to be revered and unread."

The other essay is a most scholarly production on "Robert Browning." The writer's criticism of the other poets of the day in comparing them with Browning seems too severe. Especially does his comment on Tennyson seem unjust. "Tennyson is, after all, a singer of forlorn damsels and polite griefs on lines that are as 'faultily faultless', as respectability itself. He is over-delicate. His gentleness is the gentleness of weakness, not of strength." In his enthusiasm over Browning the writer has lost sight of what is due to inferior authors and poets. In closing, he says : "I believe that in future time this age of ours will probably be best remembered as the age in which Robert Browning lived and wrote." A statement, we fear, which few will accept without modification. The article is an instructive one, and answers very clearly many of the objections made to Browning as a poet.

The *Round Table* rejoices in the success of its orator at the Inter-State contest at Lawrence, Kansas. As the *Round Table* says, it is no small honor to be ranked first out of nine orators representing the best speakers of some fifty colleges. The subject of the oration was, "Conservatism, an Essential Element of Progress." We congratulate Beloit College on its victory.

Several of the colleges are to have Class Day Exercises for the first time this June, and they are manifesting a great deal of interest in the choice of their speakers and in the general arrangements.

The *Pennsylvanian* gives a detailed account of the presentation of the Greek comedy. There is no question that

it was a great success. The comments of the press and of those who saw it are most favorable. The Yale and Harvard students who wished to attend were given 'cuts', and many Professors from the different colleges were in attendance. Owing to the success of the University of Pennsylvania, there will be attempts made in the future without doubt, by other colleges, to follow in its foot-steps.



The Nassar Miscellany.

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'87			'88
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VOL. XV.

JULY, 1886.

No. 10.

IAGO'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

The villain Iago bequeathed us his opinion of himself in one short, pithy sentence.

"I am nothing if not critical," said he, and it is but courtesy to him to consider whether his estimate of his own character was just or not.

In the man who could mould his social environment into the cunningly-devised plot of a tragedy, and who, making the people about him as powerless as the hero of a play in the dramatist's hands, could transform them into the instruments of each other's ruin, there was certainly some tremendous force. The way in which Roderigo is lured on until he has spoiled Cassio's life, and then sent to his own destruction; the consummate art with which Cassio's reverence for "the divine Desdemona" is made the means of turning the Moor's great love into most awful jealousy, and

so of causing Othello and his fair Venetian bride to perish innocent, display an almost superhuman skill. This skill Iago explains by saying he is critical. And since he has proved his judgment to be almost without flaw, it behooves us to weigh carefully his opinion, and to ask what it was that gave him his exquisite appreciation of other people's weaknesses. How could he change Othello's constant, loving, noble nature into that of a fiend incarnate? How could he lead simple, open-hearted, trustful Cassio through all those intricate pathways that lead up to the final catastrophe? How could he, consummate actor though he was, play with Cassio the part of noble, sympathetic friend and adviser, and then become in Roderigo's presence a simple profligate, of foul speech? What subtlety of mind enabled him then to be, with Othello, only "honest Iago," true, simple-hearted, modest Iago, seeming half afraid lest he be making mistakes as he breathed out his poisoned insinuations?

The question is not hard to answer. Does not the secret of it all lie in his excessive intellectuality, unbalanced by moral or emotional forces; in his hard, keen intellect, his cool, sure, unerring judgment, his perfectly just estimate of everybody's weak point, his irresistible impulse to ferret out every possible fault in every cause, or principle, or character; in short, in his wonderful critical ability, unrelieved by a single grain of human feeling?

Iago is more of a Mephistopheles than of a man. His hunger and thirst for human failings and his appreciation of his own keenness in disclosing them swallowed up in him all capability for effort on his own part, all tenderness and pity, all sympathetic appreciation of the good and true. So little of humanity was in him that not even its frailties clung to him, and the temptations with which he lured others to destruction presented no attractions to him. Untroubled, then, by either the virtues or the vices of man-

kind, he merely stood aside and sneered with Satanic delight at the defeats and mistakes in the battle of life in which he took no part.

Thus Iago's faults were rather fatal limitations ; for it is as if instead of heart and soul there had been given him only a second pair of eyes wherewith to pry into other people's souls. Hence, there were wanting in him all sense of reverence, all appreciation of nobleness of any kind, all inclination to struggle upward or to help his fellow-man struggle upward. It was not that he had more malignity than other people, but that he had more ability to carry out a mean purpose, and none of the restraints of simple human feeling to keep him from doing so. His exquisite perceptions, his tenacity, his subtle penetration, the whole tremendous power given him wherewith to live his own life, ran to waste for lack of aim, because nothing appealed to him higher than his own intellectual amusement, and there was nothing left for him to do but to pry into other people's lives and to work mischief there.

Yes, Iago was right. Without his critical ability he was truly nothing—a little nature, wholly possessed by a petty spite. With it he was maker or undoer of all the lives with which he came in contact ; Iago, the prince of villains. Had he utilized his supreme insight in keeping others from mistakes which their duller eyes could not see, he would have fulfilled the office of the critic, the true critic, he who helps his fellow-man by sympathy aided by keener wit. But lacking this sympathy he became the man for whom there is no place in the universe and no name in the dictionary, the man who can do nothing but criticise.

Viewed in this light the story of Iago becomes suggestive in these days of overmuch criticism. To every man whose ambition it is to start out with his scalpel on a career of moral, literary or artistic vivisection, it brings a warning. Let such a man first be sure of his motive—that it is not

petty, like Iago's, but mighty enough to correspond with the greatness of his talent. Then let him in all modesty remember his limitations ; for the critic is no less liable to err than is the artist. Moreover, a man cannot measure another by anything higher than his own conceptions, and it may be that the critic's little ideals shall shrink to nothing before the sublimity of what his victim's clearer eyes could see. Desdemona's purity, an appreciation of which lay within the reach of stupid Cassio's lofty soul, was utterly beyond the grasp of Iago's keener intellect. Then let the critic remember that a little ability for building up is worth a great deal of talent for tearing down, and that anybody can break the exquisite bit of Venetian glass which only the most skillful hand can fashion. And last of all, let him be sure of his aim, sure that he is honestly trying to raise this world's standard, and is not merely selfish or utterly purposeless. For otherwise the day will come, when, finding the death of some noble aspiration or of some worthy effort laid at his door, he will recognize the uselessness of it and will fain cry the cry of Othello—

“ O. Iago, the pity of it ! the pity of it, Iago ! ”

In short, let him remember Iago—Iago, at once the prince of villains and the master critic,

“ More fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea.”

MARGARET P. SHERWOOD, '86.

AN ASPECT OF ROGER WILLIAMS' CHARACTER.

It is with something akin to reverence that we regard the man whose whole bearing expresses the conviction that he must look to himself for a knowledge of the way in which he was meant to live, and for the impulse to the good of which he is capable ; who claims his life from intrusion, not through selfishness but from the desire that it may fulfil

the purpose for which it was designed. An independence like this may be the natural attitude of a simple, untaught life, or it may be the result of thought and experience, and it is sure to be the outgrowth of true education.

The great men of the world have been men of strong individuality. Their greatness has consisted not so much in the possession of great powers as in the readiness to put their powers to the fullest use. They have felt, and instinctively followed, the impulse within them to take hold just where they were, of the tangled ends of affairs, and help what they could toward the straightening. Such was Luther, with his "Here I stand ; I can not do otherwise. God help me !" Such, in the more subtle region of thought, was Francis Bacon, whose university life only roused him to attack the monstrous system of scholastic learning and to prove it false and barren. Such, again, was Roger Williams. Many had followed the letter of the Reformation, but he had in his character its spirit, and was one of the few to illustrate that spirit in his life. He was learned and conscientious, generous and brave. He had his own views on the questions of his time and made much stir by his fearlessness in expressing them. Oppressed by the restrictions placed upon him in England, and finding that he could not conscientiously remain a member of the English Church, he came to Massachusetts, with the expectation that he should there find free scope for the exercise of his independent spirit. On leaving England he wrote to the daughter of Sir Edward Cope : "Truly it was as bitter as death to me when Archbishop Laud persuaded me out of this land, and when my conscience was persuaded against the National Churches and ceremonies and Bishops beyond the conscience of your dear father."

He was cordially received as a godly minister in the Colony ; but when he began to make known his views—to denounce the English Church and charge the Puritans with

inconsistency in not wholly separating from it, to question the right of the English king to the lands of the Indians, to find fault with the Puritan Theocracy—there was a change in the feeling of the Colonists toward him. In setting up the form of government which they believed to be nearest perfection of any they could imagine, the Puritans had counted no sacrifice too great, and they were ready to defend it to the utmost in their power. It is not strange, then, that Roger Williams' life among them was a continual conflict with the governing body of the Colony ; for he was of too firm and fearless a spirit to be kept from upholding what he believed to be right by the fact that it called down displeasure and persecution upon him. Rather than submit to restraint in expressing his own thoughts and his conscientious convictions, he was ready, in his own words, "to be bound, and banished, and even to die in New England." At last it was determined to banish him from the Colony, and he was forced to flee, in order to escape being sent back to England. He determined to form, on the shores of Narragansett, a New Settlement, which should be a "refuge for all who were oppressed for conscience." The right he demanded for himself he was willing to concede to others. His purpose for the colony was fulfilled, and many years after its founding he was able to write: "A great number of weak and distressed souls, scattered, are flying hither from Old and New England. The Most High and Only Wise hath in his infinite wisdom provided this country and this corner as a shelter for the poor and persecuted according to their several persuasions." Who can estimate the worth of Roger Williams' free spirit in forming that later New England which is a model of a free and well-governed State? It is always in the exercise of an independent spirit that new truth is brought home to the minds of men.

There is in the world to-day no greater need than the

need of independence of character. We are apt to think that there are now-a-days no enemies to freedom of thought and action, but the truth is that a power more subtle and mighty than that of old threatens to bind us fast. This power is public opinion. There has grown up in the public mind a spirit of criticism which makes us shrink from any positive expression of our individuality. It makes us fear to attract attention. It encourages the desire to please and demands that, in the effort to fit ourselves to the standards of all persons, we be hourly ready to tear ourselves down and build ourselves up anew.

Now we cannot be forever looking around us to see what is required of us. If the act or the thought is to have any real worth, the springs of thought and action must have their source within. No sooner does one begin to be anxious about his influence than it begins to leave him. "Only when the man is loyal to himself will he be prized." Much of the force of our natures is lost in the effort to be consistent. We forget that if we always act out our true selves, our conduct will be in true harmony from day to day, even should it seem on the surface to be contradictory and inconsistent. "He serves all who dares be true." This is not saying that our natures are to be allowed to run wild, that we are to follow blind impulse without check or regulation; but that, laying aside all thought of selfish indulgence, we shall not be afraid to live out our lives according to the characters God has given us.

Another foe to independence of character is an undue self-depreciation, a false idea of humility. Independence of character is consistent with the truest humility; for not in making ourselves smaller than we are, but in standing at our full height and looking up to something above us, are we most truly humble. A vital element in the power of Christianity is the teaching of men to respect themselves. It makes them lay hold on the truth of the divine destiny

of human character. It shows a man that his humanity is in its possibilities one and the same with the humanity of the greatest as well as the least, even with the humanity of God ; and so it keeps him from being discouraged by what others have done before him, or by the greatness of what he sees still to do.

IDA R. CHASE, '86.

GREEK AND MODERN TRAGEDY.

The father of epic poetry, in the Iliad and Odyssey, narrates actions and events as past and remote from the reader's mind. This kind of poetry had existed for many centuries in all its beauty and grandeur when, at the time Greece was in the fullest bloom of her development, the drama had its birth. The dramatic poet, too, narrates external events, but he depicts them as real and present. He excites feelings of mirth and sadness which are immediate and vehement. When he writes in a sportive strain, we recognize what is known as comedy ; when he deals with grave subjects and in a serious manner, the result is tragedy.

The drama had its origin in the religion of the Greek nation and especially in the worship of Dionysus. This god was connected with nature and the seasons, for he discovered the vine and the cultivation of the soil. Accordingly, his devotees believed that he was affected by the changes of nature and represented him as dying, rescued, or victorious. So every one of his worshippers was fired with the desire to escape from self—to fight, suffer, and conquer with him. A peculiar enthusiasm, therefore, proceeding from an impassioned sympathy with the events of nature and a participation in her conflicts and struggles was an essential part of the celebration of these festivals. It be-

came a favorite contest among the Greek poets to compose odes which should be selected by the priests and inserted into the ceremony in honor of Dionysus. Either because a goat was the principal sacrifice at the altar or the prize awarded to the successful competitor, the name tragedy or "goat-song" was applied to these productions.

These odes formed the basis of the Greek play, which at first was but the chorus. Thespis, with a wagon for a stage, as Horace tells us, added a single actor to the chorus, and thus a dialogue could be maintained. Out of this rude material Æschylus constructed the drama as we now behold it. He removed the chorus into the background and added a second actor. Sophocles, who came to the front as a tragic writer about this time, made the number of actors three, and by reason of his remarkable enlightenment and devoutness was able to impart an exquisite finish to tragedy. In the time of Euripides, Athens's third great tragedian, the drama began to decline.

For the presentation of plays vast amphitheatres were built, and thirty thousand people often witnessed the performance of a piece; for it was every citizen's duty to be present. To correspond to the colossal size of the theatre and stage various devices were resorted to: the cothurnus, a high-heeled boot, was worn to increase the height of the actor; several robes to give the body proper proportion; masks to enlarge the features; and, by means of mechanism, the voice was made to reverberate that it might penetrate to the most remote corners of the theatre.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Greek stage was the chorus. It consisted of a band of sympathetic listeners, whose office it was to soothe the suffering, point out dangers, strengthen the good, and sing hymns to the gods. Their dances were full of mysterious meaning.

By this study of its origin we are helped to a conception of the ideas of tragedy. According to Aristotle its object

is "to purge the passions through pity and terror." It is often asked why crowds assemble night after night to see Hamlet slain and Desdemona smothered. Is it not because it satisfies the craving for something to relieve the monotony of every-day life? It is not that man is fond of beholding suffering, but he enjoys seeing represented the experiences of his fellow-creatures; for the same fate may await him. Everything appeals to him. He seems to recognize himself in every word, every gesture, every act of the hero.

The differences between the ancient and modern tragedy are but slight; for the chorus, masks, and cothurnus are but machinery. A few dissimilarities, however, are worthy of notice. The Greek love of beauty permitted no scene of ugliness on the stage. But the coarser Teutonic nature is fond of bloodshed and scenes of horror. Hence it is that Œdipus's eyes are not put out in the sight of the audience; this is supposed to be done between the scenes, and a simple account of the deed is given. The fierce conflict between Macbeth and Macduff, however, is tolerated by Shakespeare. In the drama of the ancients, growing as it did out of the nation's religion, there was a certain sanctity and awfulness. Something far removed from ordinary life was depicted by figures so noble, voices so profound, and features so unchanging. The rule of modern tragedians, on the other hand, is that the characters be ordinary personages, and thus the supernatural element is excluded. The aim of modern art is to represent what is real and individual; of ancient art, what is ideal. The chorus, which was found so useful and attractive on the Greek stage, has disappeared. In modern times it is thought to retard the plot and to cause confusion, and doubtless its absence is now a benefit. Simplicity pervades the Greek tragedy, while the predominant characteristic of Shakespeare, the perfecter of the modern drama, is variety and vividness. There is little wonder that tragedy crept into literature

in very early times, for we have present within us a tragic element. Human life is itself and in its very nature a tragedy. A striving after something higher is innate to us, but the limitations of our finite existence hem us in on every side ; when we consider how weak we are in comparison with the powers of nature, how ephemeral is all human endeavor and success ; when we reflect upon the constant warfare against enemies both within and without ourselves, and remember that death is always lurking in the background. Such thoughts as these can not but fill the mind with a melancholy which only the feeling that there is something better and beyond this life renders endurable.

Tragedy brings men into contact with a higher order of things ; it shows that human beings have a divine origin and are under the control of a divine being, that sorrows must be endured and difficulties overcome. It teaches that voluntary resignation is the best solution to the problem of life. Crime and passion should not be regarded as necessary elements. Tragedy is a tale of suffering and death—the common lot of us all. We know to our sorrow that crime comes into many human lives and accordingly it incidentally forms a part of this branch of literature. It has been well said that “tragedy of the true sort softens, and yet strengthens and elevates.”

LOUISE L. NEWELL, '86.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

SHOULD RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION BE GIVEN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS? YES.

What shall be taught to children, was once asked of Agesilaus, King of Sparta. His sensible reply was : "What they will need to practice when they grow up." Our present system of Public Instruction is based on the supposition that if children only know such things as the "perpendicular height of the Himalaya mountains, the logical predicate, the surrender at Yorktown, they will get along in life." It seems to be complete without inculcating the necessity of strong principles of character to meet the hard realities of the world, its tests and temptations. It offers no facilities for cultivating the heart together with the mind.

It might seem, at a superficial glance, that this sin of omission could be obviated quietly and easily by introducing a system of moral instruction into the school curriculum ; but this suggestion leads us at once to one of the most important problems of the day : Can Morals be divorced from Religion? Undoubtedly some morality could be taught without any reference to religion. It might be possible to draw up a code of conduct, and to require children to learn a list of things they must do and things they must not do. Ethics might be taught in much the same manner as many people learn etiquette—purely external. But does ethical instruction consist in telling children that they must not lie or steal, swear or get drunk? It would be a very stupid boy who did not want to know why he must not do these

things. Shall he be told that he must not get drunk simply because drunkenness is not respectable, or because God has said no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven? A belief in a personal God and individual responsibility to Him, in immortality and a future judgment, will often help to answer questions regarding conduct, for which no rules have been laid down, and to which no ready-made answers can be quoted.

Holding the view, then, that teaching morality must necessarily mean teaching religion, we are called upon to settle another question. If we lived in a country where all agreed in the confession of one faith, there would be no difficulty; but when society is made up of numerous diverse elements, and when it contains many religious persuasions, all teaching different, and sometimes contradictory beliefs, and when it includes many who have no faith at all, has the State a right to enforce religious instruction in schools supported by all for the use of all, and if so, how shall it be accomplished?

"The chief end of the State," it has been said, "is to guard the natural rights of the people, and to render life, liberty, and property secure in every part of its domain." It is a well-established fact that the most religious communities are the most law abiding, and this should be an argument in favor of religious instruction in our schools. Some say that such instruction should be given over to the Church, the Sunday-school, and the fireside. But the Church and Sunday-school can not teach the young mind the truth which has been practically ignored, if not contradicted, all the week. It has been truly said, "One hour a week can not be set against thirty, with all the impressions and associations which the school-day brings." And if the Sunday-school be impotent for this task, how much less should it be relegated to the fire-side, when, in many families, the name God is never heard except in curses! We

can but hang our heads in shame when the Roman Catholic priest "points to Mackin, the ballot-box stuffer of Chicago, or to Jaehne, in New York City, and declares them to be the product of our godless schools."

Our Catholic friends feel very strongly on this subject, because their faith commands parents to instruct children in accordance with the principles of their creed. Moreover, they hold that religion can not be divorced from education. Therefore, to deprive them of the right of religious instruction in the schools is to deprive them of the right to practice their religion according to their consciences. Is this just, when we consider that the underlying principle in the founding of this country was religious toleration? And then, is it honorable to compel them to establish parochial schools, and yet tax them for the support of the public schools, when they are forbidden by their consciences to send their children to them?

Having decided that religion should be taught, the problem is still a complicated one, from the fact that we have to struggle with antagonistic views regarding the mode in which this instruction should be conveyed. The Catholics hold that denominational schools are the only solution of the question. They say that the denominational system exists in almost every nation of Europe and gives better results than ours.

The principal objection to separate schools lies in the fact that, as it now is, the Public School is a great cohesive and equalizing force. To divide the schools and school moneys is to deprive our system of the advantage it possesses in holding together and blending the various formative elements in our national life.

The best plan that has yet been suggested is to have the instruction for the greater part of the day of entirely secular nature, but given by teachers of pure and noble character. Then at the close—or better, at the beginning—of

the day, let representatives of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish churches be allowed to teach their respective beliefs ; the Protestant, of course, could give only the general principles of the Protestant religion without entering the debatable grounds of sectarianism. Those children whose parents desired no such instruction could be excused from attendance, but should be required to perform some duty in substitution.

In conclusion, let us say that it should be one of the objects of wise statesmanship to devise some method by which religious instruction can satisfactorily be given ; for we firmly believe with one of the deep thinkers on this subject, that "Education without the aid of Christian doctrine can not fail to produce a race which, given up to their own judgment and depraved appetites, will be a source of the greatest evils to private families and to the republic."

LILLIE F. SWEETSER, '86.

SHOULD RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION BE GIVEN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS? NO.

The principal function of government is protection ; under this everything else may be included. The State gives this protection in many ways : directly, by punishing and thus repressing crime ; and indirectly, by increasing the public intelligence and prosperity and so taking away many of the causes of crime. Whenever the State has gone beyond its sphere, namely, that of protection, and has entered the realm of conscience and has attempted to make men religious, only political and religious disaster has followed. The Spanish Inquisition, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the civil wars in England, are all striking instances of this. The greatest freedom must be secured to the individual, and in every case where it is possible, the State

should resign its own activity in favor of that of the citizen. As is seen in all our wasteful and foolish systems of public works the government can almost never carry on business enterprises as successfully as private citizens. The individual has a stronger interest in doing the work well and he can do it more cheerfully and more intelligently; therefore where State action is unnecessary it is also undesirable. This is an axiom of modern politics.

Our constitution is based upon the principle that with the religious beliefs of the citizens the State has no more to do than she has with their professions. Rendered wise by experience, our fathers incorporated this into the constitution in order to secure to the citizens of the new republic the freedom in religious matters that the motherland had denied. Legislative interference in religion necessarily favors certain opinions, neglects or represses others, and narrows the scope of the individual man. The connection of Church and State is bad from a political point of view not only, but also from a religious; for the standard of the Church, in both conduct and creed, is lowered when the Church authorities are burdened with temporal affairs. A State Church becomes, as Mr. Lowell has aptly said, a sort of refined police force. The reader of the *Saturday Review* knows how many men support the Church from political or rather partisan reasons only.

Religion lies entirely outside of State action: so do many other noble and precious things. The people themselves must support and decide upon their religious services, and must be allowed perfect freedom to make these decisions.

As a condition of self-preservation, it is the duty of the State to increase the intelligence of her citizens. This is done by means of the copyrights, by encouraging the founding of schools and colleges in making them exempt from taxation, and by means of the public schools—that is, schools which are open to all and which are supported by

funds to which all have contributed. The aim of these schools is to educate the pupils in those branches which are necessary to make them good citizens, and which will enable them intelligently to support the government. This education should be given with no distinction of social classes and with the least expense to the State.

Can there be religious instruction in this public institution?

By religious instruction we mean, instruction in regard to a Divine Being, a life hereafter, and the promise of punishments and rewards for our conduct in this life and the manner of attaining these rewards.

The youthful mind is peculiarly susceptible to religious impressions and it is the right of parents to direct the religious education of their children in the way that they consider best. In religion the rights of the minority as well as the majority must be observed, and unless there are separate schools for all the religious sects there can be no religious instruction. To have separate schools or even separate classes is admitted not to be practicable. Such an arrangement would necessitate having a teacher for each sect represented in the school, and this would greatly increase the expense. Then, a sectarian education is always narrowing in its effects, and the distinction made in religion would extend to other matters and would destroy in a great measure the common interests of the students. This system of having separate classes for religious instruction has been adopted in the schools of Germany, and from a religious standpoint only the result has been so bad that Christlieb, the eminent German theologian, says, "the religious instruction is given so badly that it is one of the chief causes of the common rationalism and infidelity and religious indifference among the educated classes."

But it should be remembered that in keeping religious instruction out of the schools we do not also keep out

morality. To say that morality can only be taught in connection with some form of religious institution is an unwarranted assertion. There is no necessary connection between religion and morals. When we use the term religion with the mere meaning, belief in God and in a life hereafter, we see many people who conscientiously hold to this belief and pray to God and long for heavenly happiness, who yet do not live up to some of the common moral laws. If we consider the religious nations of the world we see in many cases the absence of morality. Scotland is one of the most religious nations and also the most drunken. Ireland is very religious, but its standard of truthfulness is the lowest of the northern nations. On the other hand, how many men like John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer have not been religious but have been perfectly moral.

The morals that need to be taught in the schools are not simply Protestant, Catholic or Hebrew morals, but those ideas of truth and justice which are binding upon the life and conduct of all men alike. The State is only interested in those ideas and principles of conduct which are of universal application.

Morality may be taught in three ways: First, by specific, definite instruction; that is, by bringing before the minds of the students the idea of goodness in such a way as to make them love goodness and hate evil; by teaching them to reverence truthfulness and patriotism in others and to strive after it in themselves. This may be done to some extent by the study of the lives of good men in both religious and secular histories. Secondly, morality is taught in the schools by practice. Each student is subject to certain rules and restrictions, and as he becomes accustomed to obeying these in the school he will unconsciously obey them in after life. The third and vastly the most important way is by means of the moral atmosphere of the school. Let those teachers be chosen who will have healthful influence

over the minds of the students and who will teach morality by example. Every successful school owes its success to the personal and moral influence of some good man. The moral character of our teachers is as important as their knowledge. The life that a man leads is of more importance and has far more influence than the opinions he expresses. This is especially true in the relation of teacher and student. The religious belief of the teacher may be Christian or Hebrew, but his morality must come up to the standard common to all religions. Our schools should be moral in their influence and teaching, but religion should be left to the Churches and the homes.

FRANCES SOUTHWORTH, '86,

UNDER THE PINES.

My grandfather's back porch faces a wide sunny field sloping toward the town of Hastings and bounded by a line of tall Italian poplars. On the left the jagged edges of the field, stretching out into mid-air, seem on the point of sliding down the precipice of the deep marble quarry below. Beyond, in the valley, flows the great Hudson, so near that it seems under the very brow of the hill. In the midst of this field are three sister evergreens. Their interlacing branches form a natural tent in which we children used to spend the summer months. On August days, when all the field was quivering with heat, this spot seemed like a cool shady island in a sea of burning glare.

The furniture of our tent was scanty. There was a weather-beaten platform and a shakily bench and a dingy white marble roller half buried in the ground, that served to support a sea-saw. We had a carpet too—a brick-red carpet of fallen pine-needles on which the scattered sunlight that struggled through the branches wove a changing

pattern. But the never-failing attraction of the pines was the high swing. How we delighted in flying up among the high boughs and trying to touch them with our toes. Sometimes we wished the limbs were all cut away, so that we might swing round in a circle. There were two smaller swings with ropes of worn-out clothes-line and seats that fell out whenever the ropes did not break. These we regarded with affection, for they were our own handiwork. The lower limbs of the pines, bent nearly to the ground and covered with scars, gave evidence of their use as gymnastic poles. On these we could climb, hang by our arms and drop from limb to limb in monkey fashion.

The keen eyes of children see new wonder and beauty everywhere; so we did not tire of our limited surroundings. A company of ants, frightened by the lifting away of the stone that formed the roof of their dwelling, distractedly hurrying to and fro with their precious eggs, or a moth just out of its cocoon, expanding its wet, shrivelled wings—these were as exciting and suggestive to us, as would be to others the latest play or a new zoölogical collection. Then, too, we could dig wells in the loose soil, build court yards with sticks and set traps for moles in the long furrows.

Man is "the animal with the upward eye." Humanity is ever striving toward a higher sphere, and children are happiest in the tree-tops. What a feeling of triumph thrilled us, when, after long hanging by our arms and scrambling with our feet we had attained the first limb! Then every new branch seemed a new-discovered country. We cared little for the turpentine that held our hands fast to the branches, or the dead twigs that knocked off our hats and caught in our hair, and when we had seated ourselves on the highest limb that would bear our weight, and, turning to look around us, saw our own house-top and all the house-tops in the village, and the Long Dock stretching

out into the river, and the steep ridges of the Palisades rolling away in blue hills to the north, we felt like Balboa when the first view of the Pacific burst upon him. How sublimely one could sit in this swaying cloud of pine and survey the world below ! We might have remained for hours except for the dreaded voice of our great-aunt from the bay-window : " You children, quit it ! come straight down !" But it was not all play under the pines ; for it was there that we studied French. To learn a page of Fasquell's grammar was bad enough, but to attempt to teach one to a younger brother, who sat with a finger in each ear, singing at the top of his voice to drown all explanations, was indeed a forlorn hope ! I quite agreed with him, though, that French was a stupid, ugly language and spent much time in inventing a prettier one to supplant it. For under the pines was my ideal place for inventing wonderful schemes and building air-castles. Sitting with eyes fixed on the dazzling play of sunlight across the water, I could travel in spirit over all the world, could visit Queen Victoria and the Czar of Russia, or call the shades of Cicero and Cæsar up from Hades and reveal to them the wonders of our modern life. Or on some gloomy day when the cedars on the distant hill looked like a hostile army, marching down upon the village, I thought how some day there would be a great war, and dreamed of going out like Joan of Arc to save my country. But to children at least, the real is as beautiful as the ideal ; and this was more than ever true under the pines. How we loved to watch the busy white sloops that clustered in the bay above the Long Dock, or sped down the river with open wings. Towards evening came the day-boats with their rushing wheels. How we welcomed them like friends returning home, and stood on the marble roller to read their names when they were close to the shore ! But most of all, did I love the great wide river, flowing so slowly and so grandly

under the shadow of its cliffs, that seemed to stand eternally on guard and bid defiance to the storm. When the sky was veiled with a soft haze, and all things seemed in bright repose, every calm feature was pictured in the placid stream. But when the storm-cloud rose above their brow and rode over the shuddering waves, how grand and terrible did those crags stand out in the darkness as they rolled the thunder back! Again, how beautiful were those days when the long cloud-shadows came sweeping down from the hills and over the waving fields and across the water. Then the wind seemed like the ever-moving spirit of nature, thrilling all her children with her own wild joy. Then the pine trees tossed their boughs and sang, the face of the mountains lighted up, and every white-capped wave leaped against its neighbor, while the children chased one another through the long grass and among the nodding daisies. Such days should never die. It always made me sad to see the sun's great yellow ball sink slowly behind the trees that fringed the cliffs, and to watch the last ray fade as it slanted over the dark wall, and across the rosy haze that filled the valley. Then we used to walk out into the fields and see the shadows creeping up the eastern hills, till every glimpse of sunshine was gone from the earth. But in the western sky, the sun had left dazzling tracks of gold above the dark rocks. Then cloud after cloud caught fire till the whole sky from east to west shone with purple, crimson and gold. The ruddy light tinged the silver streaks on the river and lit up every sail. Soon the evening star shone through the red, the night fell fast and the pines grew dark and dismal. The children stood a moment counting the red and green lights on the river, then started homeward through the wet grass.

ANTONIA C. MAURY, '87.

Editors' Table.

The soul of the MISCELLANY editor has often been filled with envy because she could not discuss that ever fertile subject, athletics, with which the college journals are filled ; but the Vassar students' out-of-door sports, for the most part, have consisted in quiet rows upon the Lake, occasional excursions to Cedar Ridge, Mohunk or Boardman's, contests between a few with the ball and racket, and walks and walks. None of these have proved very inspiring to a literary endeavor, but in the hand-bills lately posted on the College pillars and announcing our First Annual Tennis Tournament, we saw a gleam of hope. Not only as material for an editorial, however, was our Tournament serviceable, for we are sure that the participants who practiced so faithfully during the few preceding weeks gained strength and skill which will stand them in good stead in the coming summer months. The spectators spent a most enjoyable day, while the winners were furnished with an exercise for their mental powers in trying to consider the medals which they received of as much value as the prizes talked of by the committee and disapproved of by the Faculty. The competitors were not many, but they played in such a spirited manner that the smallness of their number was forgotten in the interest with which they were regarded. A vote of thanks is due the originators of the plan and those who so efficiently carried it out, and we hope that the title of First ANNUAL Tournament will be remembered next year, and that a second contest will be one of the events of the spring of '87.

Table.

that no cultured people read newspapers—having been informed—we still wish to read. We admit that 'they say' and 'they do' are prominently in their columns, that they are full of sensation, that they often contain what they are crowded with trivialities, that advertisements fill a large part of their pages. On the other hand, they spread among the masses the best thoughts of our great thinkers; they contain the best scientific treatises, and the work of our great legislatures. Every great living issue of morals, politics, religion, science, and literature is spread broadcast over our land, and one can use a magnifying glass to find the good. We only ask that the papers be read in moderation. It would be worse to devote our time to them than to other things than not to read them at all. We are familiar with the inveterate newspaper reader, generally to be seen lounging about in a corner of a hotel, his hat on the back of his head and his mouth open. For those who are situated as we are, newspapers are really the only means of communicating with the outside world. When we are at home we can do so by proxy, but here we must do our own communicating this duty—if we may call it such—provides not only of information on the topics of the day, but also of much enjoyment.

The Literary societies has recently taken a step which has caused surprise on all sides and some unpleasant feelings. In making arrangements for next year, Chapman has excited both critics and critiques from her friends. Chapman has not lowered the character of her society by taking this step; on the contrary, she has raised



The critiques which are read at our chapter meetings are, for the most part, mere farces. The element of criticism does not enter into them. Everyone who has taken part in the preceding entertainment is praised, whether deserving of commendation or not. The style of the critique is intended to be humorous and piquant, an intention which often ends in signal failure. Often, too, severe comments are passed upon the meetings of sister chapters, comments which show from their very nature that they are born of poorly-concealed jealousy. Such is the character of the ordinary critique. Far from reflecting honor upon a chapter, it is a source of discredit. Shall we not, then, with the coming year either abolish them altogether as Beta has done, or make them what they should be, true criticisms?

It is the custom of the age to write books about books; perhaps we may be permitted to write an editorial about editorials. Probably all readers of the MISCELLANY have observed the fact that the subject-matter of its editorials varies within rather narrow limits. It is not improbable that an editorial in our latest issue may discuss a subject which has been fully treated of several months ago. We exonerate ourselves from all blame in the matter, however. When the students are really tired of hearing about some particular subject, they may avail themselves of a sure and speedy means of relief. The familiar editorial beginning "The books in the Library" will no longer be seen in our columns when every student is too honorable to steal books temporarily and too thoughtful to misplace them. When five-bottles and sardine-cans are no longer thrown out of windows, the return of spring will no longer bring round an editorial on the appearance of our lawn. When every girl waits for her turn at mail-time, when the Library and reading-room are invariably quiet, when crowding at Hall

plays is unknown,—then, and only then, will editorials on these subjects disappear and leave no trace. In short, as soon as public opinion is strongly in favor of some needed change or reform, the work of the MISCELLANY is done; but till that time, do not blame us if we re-iterate the same old tiresome facts.

The odor of camphor is abroad on the air, and the loiterer in the corridor must keep both eyes open or stumble over yawning packing-boxes and receive vicious scratches from battered trunks. Boxes on all sides! Boxes of books, containing the usual medley of lexicons, grammars, mathematical works, volumes of poetry and essays, and perhaps a few novels; boxes of household “goods and chattels,” revealing new, second-hand and third-hand curtains and table covers, together with dishes, glass-ware, peacock feathers, and ‘extra’ blankets. To the students, such collections are very suggestive, bringing vivid memories of hard work and unalloyed fun in the past. To the uninitiated outsider, they must suggest chiefly the heterogeneous aspect of human nature. The half-filled trunks have a meaning of their own. They bring visions of recreation—of home enjoyment or visits to sea-shore and mountains. The sight of them causes a feeling of freedom and disquiet. Though we dislike to leave, even for a time, the old College where so many pleasant hours have been spent, yet the spirit of restlessness is upon us, and we are in haste to say good-bye, to wish our friends and comrades a joyful vacation, and to set out in search of summer adventures.

HOME MATTERS.

The close of our Sophomore year brought added responsibilities, and we felt more than ever that the end of our

course was not so very far away when it came time for us to choose our class tree. After tea, on May 29, we gathered beneath the favored elm and after a song, which was well rendered by the Glee Club, listened to our first tree oration, by Miss Shaw. The orator addressed many witty remarks to the tree as well as many observations to us concerning our class. We assented to all with an enthusiasm which proved us proud of '88. After Chapel the exercises were resumed in the Lyceum. The "literary exercises" were marked by such originality and genuine fun that the walls fairly rang with the continued applause of the delighted listeners. On opening our unique and attractive programmes, we found that our "Tree Ceremonies" were not even then to be finished, and the unexpected continuation the next evening in the candy-room was most delightful. We had not one, but three celebrations, and at the end of our third we were all of one mind, that celebrating by installments the choice of a class tree was by far the most delightful way. Throughout the whole, the committee won our admiration by the ability shown in the exercises and the smoothness with which they passed off.

When College work was over, at noon on June 3rd, the Sophomores felt that for them the work was not quite closed ; for that evening they were to become the happy owners of a class club, the parting gift of '86. Gathered at sunset time in the Senior parlor, and under the spell of its luxury and comfort, we accepted with much contentment the good advice with which "Qui Vive's" president, Miss Sherwood, seasoned her presentation speech. Our president elect, Miss Shaw, fittingly responded, and "Qui Vive" was ours. Then came a feast of reason and a flow of soul, whose joys were enhanced by delicious strawberries, ice cream, and cake, and regretfully we parted

at the sound of the Chapel bell. We shall long remember the delightful hospitality of '86 on this occasion and on Halloween.

The first Annual Lawn Tennis Tournament was held Friday, June 4. The playing began promptly at half past eight o'clock in the morning and continued until 6 o'clock in the evening. There was a large, appreciative audience and with each game the interest increased. Most of the players were at their best and showed a considerable degree of skill. Gold medals of dainty design were awarded to the winners. The medal for championship in the single games was given to Miss A. M. McKinlay. Miss Skinner and Miss A. M. McKinlay received the medals for championship in the double games. The score was as follows :

SINGLES.

{ M. L. Burge, {	1	1	{					
{ M. L. McKinlay, {	6	6	{	2	3	{		
{ H. C. Butler, {	3	2	{	6	6	{		
{ A. M. McKinlay, {	6	6	{			{	4	6 6 6
{ L. P. Acer, {	(disabled),		{			{	6	4 2 2
{ B. Skinner, {			{	6	6	{		
				2	1			
{ I. S. Platt, {	6	6						
{ G. T. Pompilly, {	5	3						

DOUBLES.

{ M. L. McKinlay, {	2	6	6	{				
{ C. M. Blackwell, {				{	6	6	{	
{ E. B. Leach, {	6	1	2	{			{	2 4
{ H. C. Butler				{			{	
{ E. E. Burtis.				{	3	4	{	
{ J. C. Bush,				{			{	
{ B. Skinner,				{	6	6	{	
{ A. M. McKinlay,				{			{	6 6
{ I. S. Platt,				{	2	1	{	
{ J. J. Edwards,				{			{	

The Senior Auction took place on Saturday, May 29. The great attractions of the morning were the band of music stationed at the main end of the corridor, and the Art Gallery. The valuable collection of pictures was appreciated by all beholders and our only regret was that it could not be on exhibition longer. Some of the pieces which attracted most attention were "My Native Land," "Horse Fair," (after Rosa Bonheur), "Paradise," and "Two Old Masters." In the afternoon an entirely new feature was introduced—a free lunch was served to all purchasers of bric-à-brac. The sale in the evening was well attended. The chapters embraced the opportunity and supplied their wardrobes for the coming year. The articles which brought the most money were the representations of the "powers that be" and two illustrations of scenes in Faculty meeting. On the whole the auction was a great success, and we congratulate '86.

For several days preceding June 5, the Observatory, which is always regarded with love and reverence, had received more than its usual amount of attention. Even those unfortunates who did not possess a card bearing the magical words, "Dome Party," knew the meaning of the air of preparation that hovered over the building. At half-past eight on that eventful Saturday morning, Seniors whose faces wore a look of serene contentment and Juniors with an air of eager expectancy turned their backs upon the outside barbarians who were not members of the Astronomy department and sought the Observatory. They were received with kindly greetings by Professor Mitchell and her assistant, Miss Whitney. Soon after our arrival breakfast was served in the dome and the meridian-room. As we sat down for the first time under the vaulted roof, with the great telescope nearly over our heads, a hush fell

upon us and a feeling of awe stole into our hearts. It seemed almost a desecration of the place to touch the tempting viands spread before us. Soon, however, our subdued tones grew louder and when breakfast was finished we were ready to laugh heartily at the poetry. Each member of the department heard her praises told in poems written by Professor Mitchell and Miss Whitney. We might have become self-satisfied at hearing ourselves so highly exalted, if we had not rather felt a thrill of gratitude towards our dear professor and her assistant for their kind forgetfulness of our many faults. The reading of other poems followed. The "choir," seated on the steps by the great equatorial, sang pleasing songs composed for the occasion, and the dome rang with laughter and applause at each well-aimed joke. All too soon the poetry and songs were ended. Each member of the Senior Astronomy class received from Professor Mitchell a view of the Observatory painted by her niece, Miss Macy, souvenirs not needed to recall many happy hours in that most beautiful of our College buildings, but nevertheless highly valued by those who are so happy as to possess them. The time for departure was at hand ; so, each with her rose and poem, we bade our loved hostess good-bye, with the unspoken wish in our hearts that she may ever be as happy as she makes us. As we returned to the College, the lines just sung were recalled to our minds :

“ And the party she gives us each year, tra la,
Has something to do with the case.
For not all the joys of these years, tra la,
Not even our sorrows and tears, tra la,
Its memory can ever efface.
For, though we must grieve at the parting that's near,
We'll all meet again at the breakfast next year.”

Commencement week for '86 opened with the morning service on Sunday, June 6th. It is always inspiring to see

the Chapel seats filled, and we were glad of one more opportunity to hear Dr. Kendrick's voice in the pulpit.

The President took for his text Romans xiv, 7: "For none of us liveth unto himself," and in a most interesting and forcible manner he impressed that truth upon our minds and hearts. "Our influence," he said, "has two forms, the voluntary and the unconscious, and by far the more potent of the two is that which I have styled *unconscious*. The Æolian harp is not so tremblingly alive to every wandering zephyr, nor the sensitive plant to the lightest touch, as is the human heart to every whispered word or silent look. It may safely be affirmed that we do far more good or evil when not distinctly contemplating any moral aim at all than when we are working with a fixed purpose in view. And our influence, let us not forget, can not be confined to the immediate scene in which it first goes forth and takes effect. Like a circle in the water it extends and is propagated from heart to heart, until it traverses the wide sea of humanity. For our influence, unconscious as well as conscious, we are justly responsible, and if we will be sure of making mankind something better by our presence in the world, we must begin early the work of building up a noble character. The text which I have used in its apparent sense suggests what the supreme aim of a true life must be. If we consent not to live unto ourselves alone, and if we wish to live unto others aright, we must first of all and above all live unto the Lord."

From his address to the Graduating Class we quote a few words: "Your class motto, *Non nobis solum*, is substantially my text. How well during your entire course you have lived up to the high calling implied in this confession of faith, I can not testify from personal observation. I do know and can say, however, so far as one year's association with you warrants the judgment, that you are fairly entitled to your motto. As related to the entire College I take

pleasure in declaring that my experience has been one of surprising satisfaction, insomuch that this year of singular, unsought, and undesired service will always be regarded by me as a charming episode in my life history."

The day was fitly closed by an organ recital in the Chapel by Miss Hubbard, and thus the last Sunday in the year passed.

The Commencement Concert was given Monday evening, June 7. Most of the performers belonged to the Graduating Class in the School of Music. All of the selections were given with spirit and decision; the interpretations were intelligent and gave evidence of excellent work in technique.

The programme was as follows :

Blumenstück.....	<i>Schumann.</i>
MISS HINES.	
Bolero, op. 19.....	<i>Chopin.</i>
MISS RABE.	
The New Kingdom.....	<i>Tours.</i>
MISS PROCTOR.	
Nocturne.....	<i>Leschetizky.</i>
MISS ORTON.	
Capriccio, op. 33, No. 1.....	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
MISS BREWSTER.	
Will He Come.....	<i>Sullivan.</i>
MISS SHERA.	
a.—Nocturne, op. 15, } b.—Etude, G flat, }	<i>Chopin.</i>
MISS GOLDSTINE.	
a.—Adagio, } b.—Non So Spiegar, }	<i>Cramer.</i> <i>Rembt.</i>
Organ.....	
MISS THURSTON.	
a.—The Angel.....	<i>Rubinstein.</i>
b.—Non So Spiegar.....	<i>Iotti.</i>
MISSSES SHERA AND PROCTOR.	
Tarantelle.....	<i>Moszkowski.</i>
MISS HAYMAN.	
March from Tannhäuser.....	<i>Wagner-Liszt.</i>
MISS KECK.	

The four songs in the programme were received with great applause. Miss Shera and Miss Proctor have clear strong voices, their enunciation is distinct, and above all they seem perfectly self-possessed. Some of our favorite pianists graduate this year, and although we are sorry to lose them we can not but congratulate them upon the success of their Commencement Concert.

It is only at the annual exhibition in Commencement week that we have an opportunity of seeing the work done in the School of Painting. As we pass through the studio at this time we are impressed by the amount of earnest, enthusiastic labor which must have been expended during the year to produce such successful results. The pictures exhibited this year show, as heretofore, many phases of the studio work. There are drawings and paintings. There are copies of pictures and casts, studies from nature, crayons made from photographs, and a large number of still-life studies. The work of the graduating class is interesting and pleasing and we can see a decided change between their exhibits last year and this. Mrs. Macfarlane's original illustrations for "Two College Girls" are a pleasing novelty. We thought one or two of her paintings remarkably good. Among the copies of flowers we enjoyed greatly Miss Banfield's narcissus, Miss Haidluf's roses and Miss Betts's chrysanthemums. The still-life studies do not interest the untrained observer so much as pictures whose value depends less upon the technique, and we do not dare to discuss their merits. Indeed, we do not presume to criticise any of the works of the Art department and we trust that any mistakes we have made in giving our impressions will be forgiven. We can say that we always heartily enjoy the time we can spend in the bright attractive studio.

The morning of Class Day dawned clear and beautiful, filling many anxious hearts with joy. Everything conspired to make '86's Class Day one not to be soon forgotten in Vassar history. Three o'clock found the Chapel crowded with an eager and appreciative audience. After a graceful speech of introduction by the president, Miss Wooster, the exercises were opened by the orator, Miss Morrill. In her treatment of their unselfish motto, *Non nobis solum*, it stood before us clothed with fresh power and beauty. Miss Morrill's manner combined those two essentials of a good delivery, grace and dignity. The career of '86, though marked by no great disturbances external or internal, furnished material for a bright and witty history in Miss Ferris's skillful hands. With unflagging interest we followed the chronicler as she recounted the history of her class from their early Freshman days to the attainment of Senioric pride and glory. Miss Lingle then proceeded to give us a glimpse into the future of those whose history had proved such a pleasant and happy one. Miss Lingle proved a bright, kind, and altogether satisfactory Sibyl. Both rhyme and prose did duty in showing us a little of the good fortune that the fates had in store for each of her class-mates. At the tree Miss Foster, in a bright speech, presented the spade to the Junior Class. Her charge was full of kind, elder-sisterly advice to those who were about to take the place of '86. She assured '87 that although she had never proved "an ideal little sister" yet '86 parted from her with sorrow and wished her all success and happiness. Miss Jenckes responded in a manner which surely filled all Junior hearts with pride in their representative. The exercises at the tree closed with the burial of the records and the singing of the farewell song. Class Day evening was occupied by the usual promenade concert with dancing.

The large number of visitors in the Chapel on the morning of June 9, the anxious faces of the ushers, the slight touch of solemnity that rested upon everything, told plainly enough that the occasion was Commencement, even before the strains of Dr. Ritter's voluntary were heard, and the procession of College dignitaries began to pass up the aisle. We print the programme of the exercises in full.

PROGRAMME.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

PRAYER.

Conversation as a Fine Art.

CARRIE LINDLEY BORDEN.

Fair Treatment of the Indian a Point of Honor.

HELEN CULBERTSON BOTSFORD.

An Aspect of Roger Williams' Character.

IDA REBECCA CHASE.

Greek and Modern Tragedy.

LOUISE LINCOLN NEWELL.

ADAGIO.....*Volckmar.*

MISS MOIR.

Fair Treatment of the Negro a Necessity.

EMMA LOUISE NELSON.

The Knights of Labor.

ESTHER WITKOWSKY.

Careers for Women.

HELEN REED.

SONG—"Es war eine Traum.".....*Lassen.*

MISS HARKER.

Iago's Opinion of himself.

MARGARET POLLOCK SHERWOOD.

Should Religious Instruction be given in the Public Schools? Yes.

LILLIE FLORENCE SWEETSER.

Should Religious Instruction be given in the Public Schools? No.

FRANCES SOUTHWORTH.

RHAPSODIE HONGROISE.....*Liszt.*

MISS POMPILLY.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

Address of Welcome to the President-Elect.

THE REV. J. R. KENDRICK, D.D., Acting President.

Response.

PRESIDENT JAMES M. TAYLOR.

DOXOLOGY.

Miss Borden's essay treated of the power of conversation both historically and in relation to the present time. Miss Botsford and Miss Nelson maintained the propositions which they had chosen as subjects, with feeling and energy. Taking Roger Williams as an example, Miss Chase ably demonstrated the necessity of independence of character. Miss Newell's essay showed careful study and thought, and Miss Reed's essay pleased us by its directness and simplicity. Both sides of the debate were so well sustained that it would be hard to decide which had the victory, and Miss Witkowsky's clear, logical discussion of the labor question was heard with evident and well-deserved interest. Of Miss Sherwood's essay it would be almost impossible to speak too highly; we print it in another column. The music which gave variety to the exercises was exceptionally good. In due time the sonorous Latin words which dismissed '86 from Vassar were spoken, and as Dr. Kendrick added a kindly exhortation to the class and a no less kindly and characteristic welcome to the new President, every one felt how faithfully the trust had been discharged which our Acting President was laying down. Miss A. M. Ely, of '69, the Marshal of the day, addressed a few warm words of welcome to the new President in behalf of the Alumnae, and Miss A. K. Green gracefully performed the same office in behalf of the students,—who, by the way, owe her a vote of thanks for assuming this responsibility at exceedingly short notice. We listened to the response of Mr. Taylor with intense interest; it would have given us confidence in him had we known nothing of him, and we have

bright hopes for the future of the College under the government of one whose ideas of what a college should be are so just and so definite. The singing of the Doxology closed this especially impressive and memorable service.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, preached in the Chapel on the morning of May 23.

Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange" and "The Lady or the Tiger," accompanied by his wife, spent Saturday and Sunday, June twenty-third and fourth at the College.

The Sophomore tree-exercises took place May twenty-eighth and were followed by an entertainment in the Lyceum, from which all but the members of the class were scrupulously excluded.

The committee for next year's Senior parlor has been appointed, with Miss Cleveland as chairman.

The annual excursion of the Dickens and Shakespeare clubs took place on the twenty-second of May. A trip to Lake Mohunk had been planned by the very efficient committee and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of a perfect day.

The results of the elections of class and society officers for the ensuing year, in addition to those published in last month's MISCELLANY, are as follows :

For '88—

President,	-	-	-	MISS KOUNTZE.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS A. WARD.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS E. M. WALLACE.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS F. CURTIS.

For '89—

President,	-	-	-	MISS DREXEL.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS GRIGGS.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS M. E. CHESTER.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS TENNICLIFF.

For the Students' Association—

President,	-	-	-	MISS CLEVELAND.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS BRADLEY.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS A. G. CHESTER.

For the Philalethian Society—

President,	-	-	-	MISS BERRY.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS JONES.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS RIDEOUT.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS T. L. WOOSTER.

For Chapter Alpha—

President,	-	-	-	MISS JENCKES.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS FRANK.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS KEEN.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS BURTIS.

For Chapter Beta—

President,	-	-	-	MISS CANFIELD.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS TERRY.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS ROBINSON.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS A. D. WALLAC

For Chapter Delta—

President,	-	-	-	MISS ROYCE.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS CRITCHLEY.
Secretary and Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS AUSTIN.
Editor of the "Echo,"	-	-	-	MISS HOY.

For the Young Women's Christian Association—

President,	-	-	-	MISS LEARNED.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS BRADLEY.
Recording Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS MACCREERY.
Corresponding Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS A. G. CHESTER.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS M. E. CHESTER.

For the Dickens Club—

President,	-	-	-	MISS CLEVELAND.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS JONES.
Secretary and Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS BLACKWELL.

For the Shakespeare Club—

President,	-	-	-	MISS VANCE.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS E. C. GREENE.
Secretary and Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS T. L. WOOSTER.

For T. and M.--

Managing Officer,	-	-	-	MISS BEMIS.
Secretary and Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS FRANK.

For Qui Vive—

President,	-	-	-	MISS SHAW.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS LEWL.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS WEEKS.

For Exoteric—

President,	-	-	-	MISS E. THOMPSON.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	MISS A. KING.
Secretary,	-	-	-	MISS SKIDMORE.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	MISS ASHLEY.

The First Annual Tennis Tournament was called at 8:30 A. M., June fifth and was finished at 6:30 P. M. It was much enjoyed by the spectators, but the players found the

day a long one. After some exciting playing, Miss A. M. McKinlay, '88, won the medal for singles, and Misses Skinner, '87, and A. M. McKinlay that for the doubles.

The "Senior howl" was given with zest on the night of May twenty-fifth. The appreciative Seniors with their supply of "Jackson balls" amply rewarded the efforts of their Junior friends toward making the exercises interesting. The toasts were excellent, the one to Superintendent Van Vliet receiving vociferous applause.

The Senior auction of May twenty-ninth was a decided success. The bidding was more spirited than usual, while the "Immortal Nine" sold at prices astonishing even to themselves.

Sophomore, to her Junior friend.—I have just finished an essay on the Characteristics of Elia.

Junior, anxiously.—What's that? A country or what?

The following books have been just added to the Library under the Students' Subscription Fund:

Evelina.....	Miss Burney.
Cecelia.....	" "
Ranthorpe.....	George H. Lewes.
Sallambô.....	Flaubert.
Aunt Karenina.....	Lyof N. Tolstol.
The Sphinx's Children.....	Rose Terry Cooke.
The Wind of Destiny.....	A. D. Hardy.
L'Epingle Rose.....	Du Boisgobey.
L'as De Coeur.....	" "
Le Coeur D'Acier.....	Paul Féval.
Le Docteur Claude.....	Hector Malot.

The Students' Subscription Fund for 1886 has amounted to one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and ten cents.

The Senior vacation began May twenty-fifth.

The Dome Party was given June fifth.

Room K was this year used as an Alumnae parlor during Commencement week and was tastefully arranged by Misses Hartwell, Brown, Tunnicliff and Comfort, of '89. The illustrations on the blackboard were especially appreciated.

The appointment by the Trustees of Miss Goodwin to the Associate Professorship of Latin and of Miss Leach to the Associate Professorship of Greek gives sincere pleasure to their many friends in the College.

Class Day was celebrated June eighth.

The Commencement exercises were held on the ninth of June.



PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'68.

Miss Ely, who was appointed by the Trustees to marshal on this Commencement Day, was the first marshal the College ever had, as she led the procession in '67.

'73.

Mrs. Wilder-Bellamy went abroad May 18.

'74.

Miss Helen Arnold is editing *Book News* for Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Miss Annie Brown has enlarged her school in New York

and is very prosperous. She has with her Miss Kirby, '72, and Miss Weed, '73, who has charge of the departments of history and Latin.

'76.

Twelve members of '76 were present at the reunion. The report of the class showed that out of the forty-six who were graduated three have died, Mrs. Knox-Peat, Mrs. Rankin-Holden and Miss Markham : eighteen are married ; there are thirty-one children, twenty-two being boys and nine girls ; four of the members have taken second degrees.

Miss Nora A. Large has returned from California to Du-buque, Ia.

Miss Macomber is engaged in poultry farming at West-field, N. Y.

The class baby, Elizabeth Lyman Cocheran, is living in Droomiah, Persia. When two years of age she spoke English, Syriac and Turkish.

Died in April, at Philadelphia, Harold, son of Laura Mangam Fetterolf.

Miss M. A. Scott, of the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, is to spend the next year studying in the Moral Sciences Tripos, at the University of Cambridge, England. She is to read for the Tripos examinations in Moral and Political Philosophy.

'77.

Miss Ida Wood is President of the Philadelphia Branch of the Collegiate Alumnae Association which was formed this winter.

'78.

Married, at Warren, Penn., June third, Miss Jessie M. Davis to Dr. McAlpine.

Miss Fullick has had charge of the Art Department in

the Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, W. T. She is to spend the summer in the East and will join a company of artists on a sketching tour.

'79.

Miss Evelyn Hakes will resume her position as teacher in Miss Graham's School, New York, in the fall.

The class baby, Catharine Schiff, gave twenty-five dollars to the Observatory Endowment Fund. Mrs. Burch-Schiff and her husband will return to their home in London, June nineteenth.

Dr. Morey, formerly of '79, has given up her position of assistant physician in the New England Hospital, Boston, and has assumed that of assistant physician in the Kankakee Insane Asylum.

'80.

Mrs. Katharine Aldrich-Black is to spend the summer in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Married, June 16, at Manistee, Mich., Miss Carrie Canfield to Mr. William Thosen.

'81.

Miss Josephine Harrison is in Denver, Col., on account of the health of her sister, who is with her.

Miss Marion Burke is in Evanston, Ill.

Died, at Elmira, N. Y., May 14, Mrs. Adele Pratt-Thompson.

'84.

Miss Shoecraft will take Miss Shattuck's ('85) place at Miss Middleberger's school, Cleveland, in the fall.

Miss McMillan has been teaching school in Wisner, Neb.

'85.

We have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Shattuck to Dr. Fulton, of New York, at Norwich, N. Y., June 13.

Miss Ricker will return to her home in Kirkwood, Mo., for the summer, after her winter's teaching in Brooklyn.

Miss Goldstine will continue to prepare students for Vassar, at her home in Cairo, Ill., during the summer.

The following alumnae visited the College during Commencement week :

Miss A. M. Ely, '68 ; Miss Elizabeth Coffin, '70 ; Miss E. Folsom, '71 ; Miss E. Kirby, '72.

'73.

Mrs. H. Swinburne-Hale, Miss V. Swinburne, Miss Morse, Miss A. Skeel, Miss Hopson, Dr. Whitney, Miss Brewer, Mrs. L. Brownell-Collier.

'75.

Miss L. Pudden, Dr. M. Taylor-Bissell, Mrs. M. Clement-Davis.

'76.

Miss Flemming, Miss Mowry, Mrs. Halton-Carpenter, Miss Husey, Miss Macomber, Miss Brigham, Miss Hansell, Miss Lapham, Miss Olmstead, Mrs. Fisher-Miller.

'78.

Miss M. L. Bernard, Miss M. R. Botsford, Miss L. H. Brown, Miss Dickey, Miss S. B. Freeman, Miss M. T. Hubbard, Miss Ives, Miss Pierson, Miss Ray, Mrs. Nelson-Tillinghost.

'79.

Miss G. Palmer, Miss Emily Jordon-Folger, Miss McFadden, Miss J. F. Wheeler, Miss M. R. Sanford, Miss G. W. Morrill.

'80.

Miss L. A. Mitchell, Miss K. Patterson, Miss H. Jenckes, Miss Carrie Griffith.

'85.

Miss Durfee, Miss A. Lester, Miss Cochran, Miss L. Davis, Miss Loving, Miss Smiley, Miss Leonard, Miss A. Goldstine, Miss M. Cooley.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

If we had only dared, we should have 'cribbed' the editorial on magazine reading from the *Williams Lit.* We feel quite sure that we shall never find a time more favorable to asking for indulgence than now, when we have aroused sympathy and contempt—we know how it is, for we have a big brother—on account of our ignorance of the base-ball score. But we feared to presume too far. We thank you for your kind advice; but wouldn't it be as well to try an explanation before declaring that "we couldn't learn anything about base-ball if we should devote our whole life to it!" A good explanation might do wonders. Along with the *Williams Lit* with its air of superiority, comes the *Yale Lit* with a goodly supply of sympathy. But it imagines us very much deeper in despair than we are. Really, we did not think that such a weighty bundle of parchment as the *Yale Lit* could be guilty of such comments on Vassar. They are worse than the newspaper's "chestnuts."

The new editor of the *Colby Echo* evidently has serious intentions of reforming the world—the college world. He devotes pages to criticism of his exchanges. We quote: “Two-thirds of all the papers that pretend to have an exchange column contain nothing more in it than a short column or so of the merest notices of those papers which they wish to compliment or acknowledge.” His advice to the *Occident* is very apt. The criticism is a little harsh, but it sounds as though it were written in a kindly spirit.

The *Michigan Argonaut* gives an account of the Ann Arbor Freshman Party, and our Freshmen turn green with envy as they read it. The *Argonaut* has given a new line to the usual ‘effusions on spring.’ Unfortunately it is borrowed. We were just about to say thanks, but will turn aside and bestow our gratitude upon the *Record*.

TO THE FIRST MOSQUITO.

Repulsive sign of more repulsive season,
When come thy mates to drive away man's reason,
Avaunt, and wail not round my busy head
Or I will strike thee dead.

Avaunt, I pray, and leave me here alone,
See'st thou this hand? It is as hard as stone,
Begone, thou fell destroyer of my ease,
Or else, by Zeus, I'll squeeze.

What? Sing'st thou still? On this I draw the line—
My arm sweeps forth; one crash—and thou art mine,
And in my hand thou liest, silent, still:
Powerless to work more ill.—*Record*.

The *Stevens Indicator* has appeared again after a long absence. We are glad to see it once more before going away for the summer. We wish we might take it and all our other clever exchanges with us.

In the *St. Nicholas* for June, Mrs. Burnett's serial, “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” and the historical sketch, “George

Washington," are continued. Frank Stockton gives a brief sketch of "Queen Paris" which is beautifully illustrated. "The Kelp-gatherers," a story of the Maine coast, is begun by J. T. Trowbridge. "The Boy's Paradise," "A Boy's Camp," and "The Dog Stories" are sure to delight the boys.

The *Century* for June has for its frontispiece a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, and it is accompanied by "Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Franklin." "A Literary Ramble" takes the reader along the Thames from Fulham to Chiswick. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer furnishes the second paper on "American Country Dwellings." The War Papers and "The Minister's Charge," by that clever novelist, W. D. Howells, are continued.

The greater part of the *Atlantic* for June is taken up by the serials "The Golden Justice," "In the Clouds," and "The Princess Cassamassima." "James, Crawford, and Howells" is a very well written article. "A Roman Gentleman under the Empire," "Valentine's Chance" and "Honoré De Balzac" complete the list of subjects.

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VASSAR ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the General Alumnae Association of Vassar College was held at the College, June 8, 1886.

The meeting was called to order at 10 A. M., by the President, Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell, '75. On motion the reading of the minutes was omitted.

After briefly referring to the work of the Association the President read the names of those Alumnae who had died since the last meeting.

'72 Miss C. E. Finch died October 1, 1885, at Morrisania.

'75 Miss F. B. Wheat, March 7, 1886, at Leavenworth, Kan.

'78 Mrs. Emma Woods Lord, April 1, 1886, at New Haven.

'81 Miss J. E. Murray, September 11, 1885, at Cleveland.

Miss Ely, '68, moved that a committee be appointed by the chair to draw up a set of resolutions endorsing the election of the new President of the College and expressing the cordial wishes and support of the Alumnae. This motion was carried, and Miss Hersey, '76 and Miss Leach, '85, were appointed to draw up these resolutions.

Miss Davis '78 then presented the Report of the Treasurer of the Endowment Fund Committee as follows:

REPORT OF TREASURER OF ENDOWMENT FUND COMMITTEE.

Amount of Endowment Fund, June 9, 1885.....	\$7581 43
Deposited January 8, 1885.....	33 00
Interest received,.....	259 06

Amount on hand January 10, 1886.....\$7873 49

Contributed in '85-'86.	To the Endowment Fund.	N. Y. Obs. Fund.	Total.
By Class of '67.....	\$ 13 00	\$ 00 00	\$ 13 00
" " '68.....	66 00	57 00	123 00
" " '69.....	90 00	50 00	140 00
" " '70.....	9 00	44 00	53 00
" " '71.....	145 00	10 00	155 00
" " '72.....	54 00	72 00	126 00
" " '73.....	102 00	5 00	107 00
" " '74.....	18 00	47 00	65 00
" " '75.....	57 00	31 00	88 00
" " '76.....	199 00	15 00	214 00

By Class of '77.....	598 00.....	27 00.....	625 00
“ “ '78.....	132 00.....	27 00.....	159 00
“ “ '79.....	124 00.....	87 00.....	211 00
“ “ '80.....	114 00.....	00 00.....	114 00
“ “ '81.....	76 00.....	10 00.....	86 00
“ “ '82.....	127 00.....	18 00.....	145 00
“ “ '83.....	69 50.....	27 00.....	96 50
“ “ '84.....	51 00.....	25 00.....	76 00
“ “ '85.....	120 01.....	15 00.....	135 01
“ former students not graduates	198 00.....	57 00.....	255 00

Totals.....	\$2362 51	\$624 00	\$2,986 51
Cost of printing and postage.....			5 00

Remainder\$2,981 51

Of this amount, the sum of \$500 was given by Mrs. Thaw-Thompson, of '77, on condition that the fund be voted to the Observatory; the N. Y. Fund \$624 00 was given with the same condition: also, other sums amounting to \$172 00, making a total of \$1296 00 so conditioned.

Total increase during '85-'86 including conditional gifts.....	\$2,981 51
Amount on hand January 10, 1886.....	7873 49
Interest due July 1, 1886.....	167 40

Total amount of Endowment Fund July 1, 1886, will be.\$11,022 40

Additional sums pledged

By Class of '72.....	\$25 00
“ “ '74.....	20 00
“ “ '75.....	25 00
“ “ '82.....	15 00
Total.....	\$85 00

Endowment Fund including pledged gifts.....\$11,107 40

On motion this report was accepted.

Miss Sanford, '82, read the following report of Miss Sheppard, '77, Chairman of the Endowment Fund Committee:

REPORT OF THE ENDOWMENT FUND COMMITTEE.

The Committee on the Endowment Fund announce, with much pleasure, the accomplishment of the work entrusted to them.

The pressing needs of the College, and the possible completion, at this time, of the ten thousand dollar fund moved them to make a special appeal to the generosity of the Alumnae, and the results as already stated by the treasurer of the committee, have been most satisfactory.

The plan for raising money has been, substantially, that used by former committees, except that special requests have been made, to about one hundred and twenty alumnae, for sums larger than the regular assessment of three dollars.

The committee also thought best to apply to former students, not graduates, whose interest in the College and its welfare was known.

There has been a thorough canvass of all the alumnae; and, in most cases, personal letters, explaining the condition of the fund, the needs of the College, and the probable disposition of the money, have been sent with the circulars.

This has been done, with special care, in the case of those alumnae who were so situated that they had not been able generally to attend the meetings of the Alumnae Associations.

The committee unanimously recommend that the fund be at once applied to the Department of Astronomy.

They express this opinion, not merely as their personal preference, but to voice the almost unanimous sentiment of alumnae, who are not here to vote to-day, but whose choice has been expressed in their letters.

Besides the conditional gifts, amounting to about one thousand dollars, many sums of the larger amount raised this year have been given on the assumption that the fund would be devoted to the observatory.

The committee also wish to express their appreciation of the promptness and liberality that have been shown by a majority of the alumnae—and of the hearty co-operation of class-collectors and other alumnae who have helped, in the work of collecting.

SARAH FLETCHER SHEPPARD,

Chairman of Com. on End. Fund.

Miss Palmer, '79, moved a reconsideration of the recommendation of the Endowment Fund Committee made at the meeting of January 31, 1885, that the Fund be appropriated to the Observatory. Carried.

Mrs. Collier, '74, moved that the recommendation of the Endowment Fund Committee be accepted. Carried.

Mrs. Folger, '79, moved that the General Association appropriate to the Observatory the Fund \$11,107 40 that has been collected.

Miss Sanford, '82, moved to amend this motion as follows: That the money in hand remaining after the fund of \$10,000 has been presented to the Trustees, be at once presented to the director of the Observatory to be expended by her in the repair of instruments.

Miss Hersey, '76, moved to consider an invitation to the Seniors to be present, as a previous question. Carried.

A motion was then made and carried to invite the Senior Class to attend the meeting of the Association.

After much discussion, the motion as amended by Miss Sanford was carried.

Miss Hersey, '76, presented the following resolutions :

WHEREAS, The Alumnae Association of Vassar College now holds the sum of ten thousand dollars, subscribed for purposes of endowment ; and

WHEREAS, The Association desires that the Astronomical Department of the College continue to be worthily maintained ; and

WHEREAS, The Association desires also to give expression to its appreciation of the valuable services of Professor MARIA MITCHELL, who for twenty-one years has occupied the chair of this department ; be it

Resolved. That the sum so held, being ten thousand dollars, be at once presented to Vassar College by being paid to the Board of Truetees, to be held by said Vassar College in trust, to invest the same and keep the same invested forever as an endowment fund for the Astronomical Department, the entire income of which fund shall be appropriated to the educational and scientific uses of said Department, and for no other purpose whatever ; on condition that if said fund or the income arising therefrom shall be used or appropriated for any purpose other than that herein designated, or if the object to which the same is intended to be applied shall for any reason fail ; then said fund shall revert to and become presently payable to the Alumnae Association of Vassar College.

Resolved. That this fund shall be called the Alumnae Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund.

Resolved. That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to present this gift to the Board of Trustees, and to ask for its acceptance on the conditions herein named.

Mrs. Tillinghast, '78, moved that each resolution be voted on separately. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the first resolution be adopted. Miss Davis, '78, moved the following amendment, " the entire income of which fund be used for the first two years as a repair fund and after that be appropriated." After some discussion, this motion was lost. The first resolution was then adopted.

The second resolution was read and a motion made to adopt it. Miss Hersey, '76, moved that resolutions 2nd and 3rd be made 3rd and 4th, and the following introduced as a second resolution :

Resolved. That the Association of the Alumnae of Vassar College respectfully recommend to the Honorable Board of Trustees that the income of the accompanying fund, for the next two years be appropriated to the repair of the instruments of the Observatory.

This motion was lost.

The second and third resolutions were then adopted.

Miss Hersey, '76, then moved that the resolution she had previously introduced accompany the resolutions just adopted. Miss Sanford, '82, moved to amend the resolution to read "the entire income." The motion as thus amended was carried.

Misses Hersey, '76, Davis, '78, Bliss, '77, were appointed by the chair to present the fund to the trustees.

Miss Ely, '68, moved that the Endowment Fund Committee present the remaining sum to Professor Mitchell. Carried.

Mrs. Collier, '74, moved that the consideration of the Constitution be still further delayed.

Miss Folsom, '71, moved the following amendment: That the subject of the Constitution be referred to a committee to be considered by them, and again brought before the Association at their next annual meeting. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, submitted the following report on Physical Culture:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

	June, '86.
Amount pledged, June, '85.....	\$ 6,000 00
" collected " ".....	1,933 00
New Haven Alumnae (by Miss Ives), July 2.....	100 00
Dividend on money invested, July 10.....	60 00
" " " " October 10.....	75 00
Mrs. Dan. Tallmadge.....	25 00
Boston Alumnae, (Authors' Readings) December.....	162 50
Dividend, December 10.....	75 00
" March.....	75 00
Mrs. Talbot Walker (Special).....	200 00
Miss Ely, '68.....	100 00
Mrs. Coffin, (Special).....	5 00
Mrs. Dickinson-McGraw, '69.....	5 00
Mr. Champney's Charcoal Talks.....	160 00
Boston Alumnae. Second Authors' Readings.....	79 00
Miss Ames, (Special).....	5 00
Dr. Bissell, Health Talks.....	81 00
Miss Colgate.....	10 00
Mrs. Stowell, '70.....	5 00
Mrs. Boardman-Williams (Special).....	5 00
Total collections, June, '86.....	3,153 50
Collected prior to June, '85.....	1,933 00
Received '86-'86.....	<u>\$1,220 50</u>

SUBSCRIBED—'85-'86, NOT COLLECTED.

Mrs. D. D. Parnly.....	\$ 100 00
Mrs. Capwell-Allen.....	25 00
<hr/>	
Total subscriptions and collections of years '85-'86.....	\$1,345 00
Previous year '86.....	7,933 00
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$9,278 00
Increase in value of invested money.....	1,749 43
<hr/>	
Making a total of.....	\$11,027 46

MARY SEYMOUR PRATT, Treasurer.

In presenting this report, your committee beg leave to add a word, regarding the object of their work.

Physical Training has obtained so important a place in the educational world, that all the leading colleges for men, regard a well-equipped gymnasium as a necessity; while our sister colleges Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and Smith already point with pride to their buildings affording excellent facilities for specialized training.

We too, must prove to the world, that the student gains at Vassar physical strength, as well as trained mental faculties, to do this, we absolutely need the well-appointed, well-designed modern Gymnasium, where each student may receive the exercise most needed for her special development. Your committee find the appeal for money met most heartily by those of the Alumnae and former students nearest to other educational centres who invariably attest to the growing interest in this subject.

The College has already introduced the best and most approved methods of physical training; but the work is greatly restricted by their limited room: therefore, your committee most earnestly hope, that the remaining \$9,000, necessary at this time, to complete the fund, may be collected during the ensuing year, that the college may at once reap the full benefits therefrom.

To ensure this result, all are most urgently requested to give most generously and especially do they hope that those of our number, fortunate in possessing large means, may give large amounts, believing that in no other manner, can they so surely prove their belief in the possibilities of woman—increase her power everywhere—and through her larger growth, promote best the welfare of the whole human race.

A. M. ELY, Chairman.

This report was adopted.

Mrs. Collier, '74, moved the appointment of additional members to the committee on Physical Culture by the chair. Carried.

The Report of the Committee on Alumnae Representation presented by Mrs. Collier, was read and adopted.

The Committee appointed to prepare a plan for Alumnae Representation for the consideration of the Association at its present meeting respectfully submit the following report :

That, in their judgment, it is unwise to press the subject of Alumnae Representation at this time, for the following reasons :

First : Though the majority of the Board of Trustees at last became convinced of the necessity of accepting the resignation of the late President, if the College were to retain the confidence and support of the public and of its Alumnae, a not insignificant minority regarded the active interference of the latter in the affairs of the College as quite beyond their legitimate province. We have no reason to believe that this opinion has been essentially modified. Until the event shall have justified our course, any attempt to secure Alumnae Representation will doubtless be actively opposed.

Second : The recent canvass for President has exhibited to the Trustees our Association engaged in an excited struggle for and against a certain candidate. While the heated debate and strong personal feeling developed in the Board itself probably does not strike our governing body as unmanly, there is abundant proof that our warm discussion of the merits of this candidate has appeared to some of the Trustees decidedly unwomanly, and has prejudiced us in their eyes.

Third : The Board has shown a spirit of conciliation and even a strong determination to satisfy the Alumnae Association by refusing to elect a candidate who was opposed by many of its members, and by selecting a man who gives promise of being all that we can desire in the President of Vassar. Would it not be gracious in us to accept without reservation this tribute to the weight of our influence ?

Fourth : Our petition must depend for its success largely upon the attitude assumed toward it by the President. Should that officer throw his powerful influence upon the side of our wishes, we should be much more likely to gain our end. But our new President is not yet firmly established in his seat ; he knows comparatively little of the College, its workings, its needs, its officers, its Alumnae. We cannot ask him to express thus prematurely his opinion on this subject, even if he have the right to form one with so little knowledge of the conditions of the problem. The Board would rightly distrust a judgment so hastily formed and counsel so rashly offered.

Fifth : For the past three or four years, while the future of the College has seemed doubtful, the efforts of the Alumnae to increase the number of students and to raise money for the College have somewhat relaxed. Some

of the Trustees have felt that cheap criticism was more popular with us than earnest work. If, before making further demands, we recognize the conciliatory attitude of the Board by uniting in a hearty attempt to place the College on a firm basis of popular favor and financial success, this prejudiced construction of our past course will be gradually modified.

Sixth : If Alumnae Representation is to accomplish what we hope from it, it must be accepted by a large majority of the Board with at least a tolerable degree of cordiality ; if it were forced by a small majority, which is all the most sanguine can hope to obtain at present, the distrust and hostility of the minority would tend to nullify our influence and to introduce discord into the Board at a time when harmonious counsels are especially needed. We have already petitioned the Board for representation in their body. Continual harping on the subject will be liable to render it distasteful and to cause the postponement of its favorable consideration. Should the President, after studying the subject from the standpoint of both Alumnae and Trustees, take that interest in it which we confidently expect, he may be relied upon to present it to the Board in its most acceptable and practicable form.

Seventh : Age and experience are regarded by men past middle life as indispensable qualifications for positions of responsibility. The youth of our members has doubtless been quite as powerful an argument against admitting us to any share in the government of the College as our sex. Every year weakens this objection. Conservatism, too, is gradually becoming accustomed to seeing women in official position.

Your Committee therefore advise still further delay, being convinced that our object will be sooner attained by awaiting a more favorable opportunity for its presentation.

ALLA W. FOSTER,

Committee.

Miss Gerrish, '73. read the report of the Conference Committee.

The report of the Conference Committee for the year ending June 8, 1886, can be very briefly stated.

In accordance with the action taken at the last meeting of the Association in June, '85, a copy of the petition asking for Alumnae representation on the Board of Trustees was presented to the Trustees. Beyond the acknowledgment of its receipt, no communication concerning it has been received.

In July, letters strongly commending Dr. Anderson, then a candidate for the presidency of the college, were received from members of the Western Association, and were forwarded to Dr. Elmendorf.

Since then, neither individual alumna nor associations of alumnae have

propounded inquiries or asked for information ; so that, while in spirit the committee has been as willing as ever, in actual work it is found wanting.

C. M. GERRISH,
M. P. RHOADES,
H. D. BROWN,
M. A. B. KNIGHT,
BERTHA HAZARD.

This was accepted.

Miss Prudden, '75, moved that the committee to which the constitution was referred be the original committee with the power to fill existing vacancies. Carried.

On motion fifteen minutes was given to an informal discussion of the Constitution.

Miss Hersey, '76, moved the previous question of report of the committee on resolutions. Carried.

The following resolution was then adopted :

MR. PRESIDENT :

In behalf of the Association of the Vassar Alumnae, I wish to express their sincere pleasure in your election to the presidency of the college.

It is with confident hope that they see the administration of the college entrusted to your hands, believing that under your control its future progress will be secured.

They wish also to assure you, Mr. President and the Honorable Board of Trustees of the cordial desire on their part to render to you and to the college any service in their power.

They are glad of this opportunity to express their constant loyalty to the institution to which year by year their debt of gratitude increases.

Miss Botsford, '78, as delegate from the Association of Chicago and the Northwest, submitted the following report :

As the Vassar Alumnae Association of Chicago and the West holds its yearly meeting in October, its delegate asks leave to present a statement of its work condensed from the minutes of October 10, 1885.

This statement comprises the yearly report of the Vassar Educational Fund committee : the report from the Chairman of the committee on Preparatory Schools ; and the report from the President of the Home Study Club.

The yearly report of the Vassar Educational Fund committee as presented at the last annual meeting of the Western Association, October, 1885, is as follows :

Entertainments given during the years Oct. '84-'85.....	\$ 572 82
Alumnae Subscriptions, "	408 00
Interest.....	111 09
Total	\$1,092 51
Amount reported October, '84	884 32
Total amount of Fund	\$1,976 83

The investment of \$1,000 in a mortgage on real estate, interest at nine per cent. has already been reported. Through the aid of friends of the Fund, who supplied the temporary deficit, there was made on June 27, a similar investment of the second thousand with interest at eight per cent.

The collections of this year exceed those of the previous sixteen months by \$176.49. The list of alumnae subscribers has increased from 28 to 41. If we add to this number those who have contributed to the Fund entertainments, the result includes almost the entire membership of the Association. There is a growing disposition on the part of each individual alumna to do her share, whether small or great, to give something to the Fund regularly each year. With our present numbers and the custom of annual contribution by a very large proportion we are justified in expecting for the Fund a yearly increase, which shall not be less than one thousand dollars.

ELIZABETH E. POPPLETON, Chairman and Treasurer
of the Fund Committee.

The report of the committee on Preparatory Schools was as follows :

Miss Liggett's school in Detroit, Mich., has prepared and is now preparing students for admission to the College. The Misses Grant's Seminary, the oldest and best known of the schools in Chicago, advertises a special course preparatory to Vassar. Mrs. Babcock's Collegiate School, also of Chicago, prepares for Vassar, but advertises also courses for Smith and Wellesley. The Lake View High School of Chicago which fits for college and has already prepared students for Smith and Wellesley, sent this year a candidate who passed unconditionally at the Vassar examinations. The north side High School in Chicago also enters students at Vassar by certificate. The Omaha High School has a course fitting for college, which can with slight variations fit for Vassar. The same can be said of the High Schools at Madison, Wisconsin, and at Racine, Beloit and Morone of that State. A student is now being prepared for Vassar at the High School in St. Paul, Minn. Superintendents of Public Schools in six towns of Nebraska have been notified of the examinations held at Omaha and the certificate system of Vassar. Several High Schools in Iowa have entered students unconditionally, and have therefore the privilege of certificates. In the state of Michigan many public schools have preparatory courses for the state University. These courses are sufficient for a Vassar preparation, though for the interest of the University no influence will be brought to bear on the students to induce them to go elsewhere than to Ann Arbor. The efforts of the committee therefore must be turned toward the elevation of the course of study at private schools.

ELIZABETH W. WHITNEY, Chairman
of the Preparatory Schools Committee.

Report of the Home Study Club for '84-'85; Claire Rustin, President. Although the project of forming a Study Club among the Western Vassar Alumnae had been much discussed no definite steps were taken in the matter until the beginning of 1885. Mrs. Knight, the President of the Western Association, after written consultation with other members of the Association found it to be the unanimous desire (1) That a Home Study Club be formed among the Western Alumnae: (2) That the general plan of the club consist of correspondence on subjects of study among members and dependence on the correspondence University. (3) That the Vice President of the Western Alumnae Association act as President of the Club. Considerable delay was occasioned in correspondence with the University and with other clubs of home study and it was found best to extend the general plan to include instructions from any satisfactory source. By the middle of March a circular had been sent out to all Vassar graduates whose places of residence were within the circle of the Association, giving an outline of the proposed method of study and a list of possible instructors. A small class in Shakespeare was formed for the very brief remainder of the year. A practical working plan was agreed upon and a Secretary was appointed to regulate the intervals of correspondence and the amount of work done.

The following is an outline of the report of the Shakespeare Class of the Home Study Club. Secretary, Mrs. G. W. KNIGHT.

The number enrolled for the seven weeks remaining in the Collegiate year was small but sufficient to test the working plan of the club. The class began the study of the Comedies in chronological order under the ultimate direction through their Secretary, of Professor Demmon, of the English Department in Michigan University. Two weeks were given to the study of each play. In addition to a full list of references the Secretary sent out a numbered list of questions and a list of suggestions for each play. The questions were answered formally by numbers; the suggestions received more or less formal attention in the paper written by each member of the class. The answers to the questions and the essays were after the end of two weeks submitted to the criticism of the instructor—and the papers were then exchanged among the members, a copy of the criticism being sent to each. The plays studied were "Midsummer Nights' Dream," "Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It."

As but seven weeks of the collegiate year remained the active work of the club was necessarily small, but it seemed to show that Vassar Alumnae may do scholarly work together after the method adopted and that the club is founded on a real interest and need. The President reports that facilities for correspondence classes are improving in every direction and there is no reason why the club should not study under the best grade of instructors, if classes sufficiently large can be formed.

The officers of the Association for the current year are:—President, Miss

M. L. Avery, '63; Vice-President, Miss Claire Rustin, '80; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss E. W. Towner, '79; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mary Cooley, '83.

President of the Home Study Club, Mrs. G. W. Knight, '80.

Miss Gerrish, '73, moved that the present officers retain their positions.

Vice-President Folger, '79, then took the Chair. Dr. Bissell, '75, withdrew her name.

On motion, her resignation was not accepted.

The present board of officers was then elected for another year.

A motion to the effect that the officers appoint an Executive Committee to arrange the details of the meeting was carried.

The Association moved that a vote of thanks be extended to Mr. S. St. John McCutchen for his legal services in revising the resolutions to accompany the gift of \$10,000.

The report of the Treasurer, Miss Bernard, '78, was read and accepted.

Association of Vassar Alumnae in account with M. L. BERNARD, Treasurer.

June 8, 1886.

CREDIT:

Collection taken at meeting, June 7, 1885.....\$40 50

DEBTOR:

June 9, 1885,	For printing invitations.....	\$ 9 40
	Repaid money advanced.....	1 60
July 11, "	For printing minutes of June meeting..	10 00
" "	For postage on reports sent to Alumnae..	7 57
Sept. 1, "	For 25 ¢ expenses of Conference Com...	10 16

\$38 73 38 73

Balance on hand.....\$ 1 77

DEBTS:

Balance expenses of Conference Committee.....	\$30 46
Expenses of invitations for June meeting.....	13 45

Total.....\$43 92

It was moved and carried that each Alumnae in the College be assessed seventy-five cents.

A letter was read from the MISCELLANY editor asking for items concerning the Alumnae.

The Committee appointed to convey to the Trustees the gift of the Alumnae Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund reported that it had a conference with the Board of Trustees, and that they wish it to bring to the As-

sociation their grateful acceptance of the generous gift of \$10,000, and their assurance that the Fund shall be administered in exact accordance with the instructions contained in the resolutions.

A motion was made and carried that the minutes of this meeting be printed and sent to each alumna.

Mrs. Folger, '79, moved that the work of the Endowment Fund Committee be carried on as before, and the money be appropriated to the Physical Culture Fund until that sum reaches \$20,000. Carried.

Miss Sanford, '82, was appointed Chairman of Endowment Fund Committee and was authorized to fill Miss Sheppard's place on that committee.

Miss Sanford declined the position of chairman, but agreed to appoint some one in that place.

It was moved and carried that a vote of thanks be extended to the Endowment Fund Committee.

There being no further business, on motion the meeting adjourned.

E. H. BREWER, '73, Secretary.



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MISS E. WITKOWSKY, BUSINESS MANAGER,

Vassar Miscellany,

Vassar College,

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

VOL. XV.

NO. 4.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

January, 1886.

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NO. 5.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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119071

VOL. XV.

NO. 6.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

March, 1886.

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119071

VOL. XV.

NO. 7.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

April, 1886.

ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINT, POUGHKEEPSIE.

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119071

VOL. XV.

NO. 9.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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VOL. XV.

NO. 10.

The
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINT, POUGHKEEPSIE.

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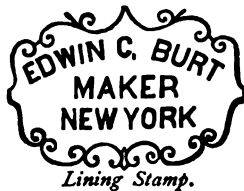
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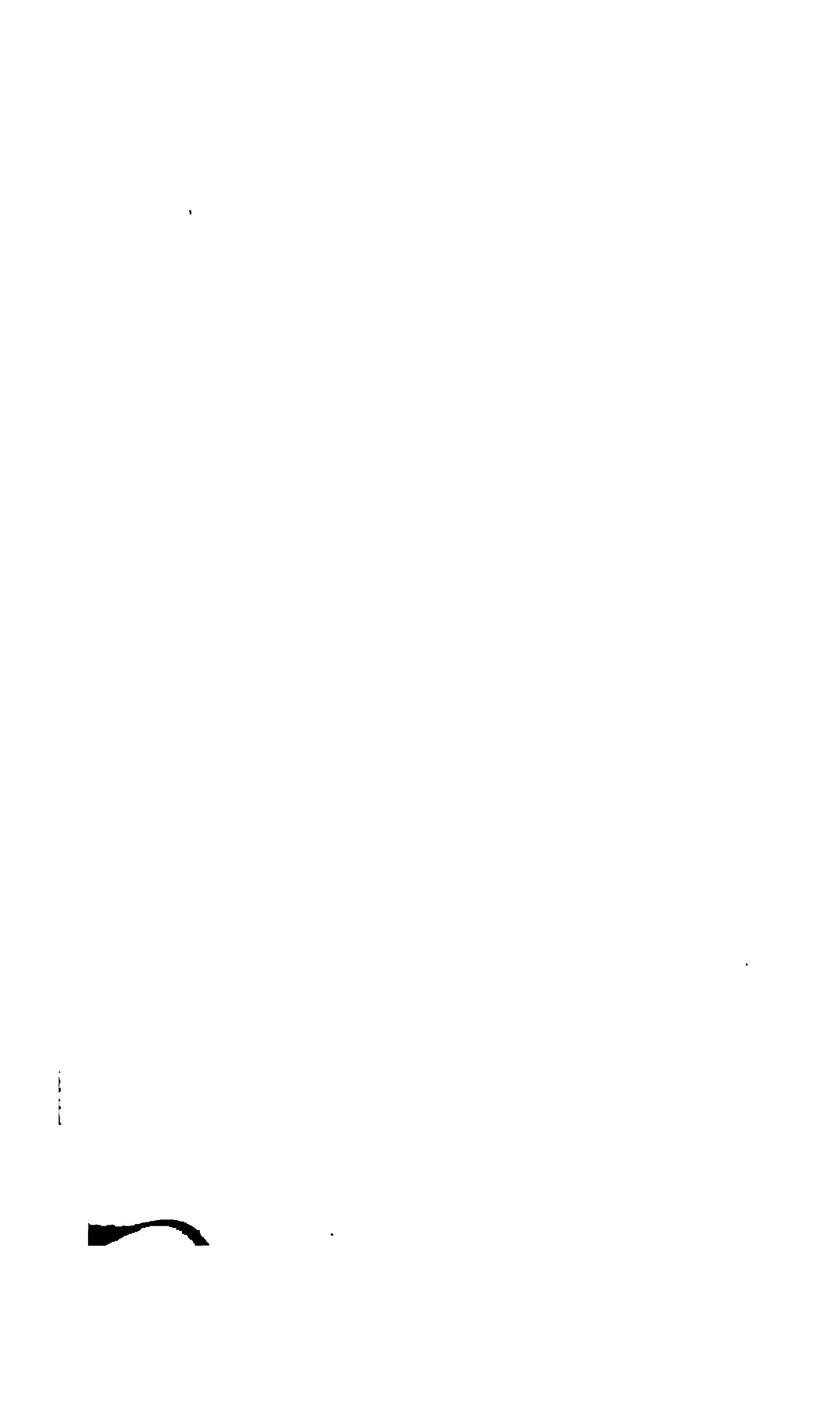
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